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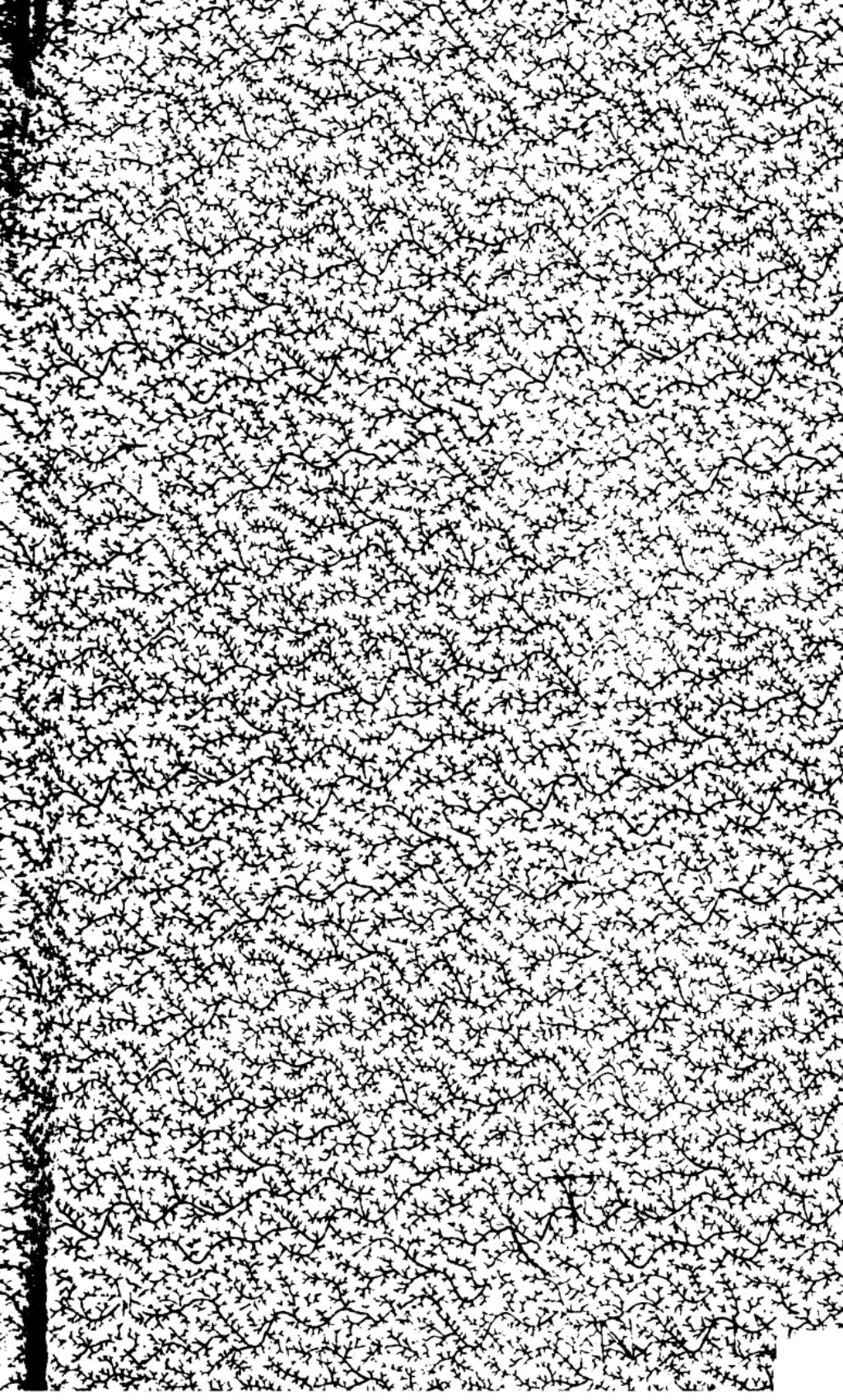
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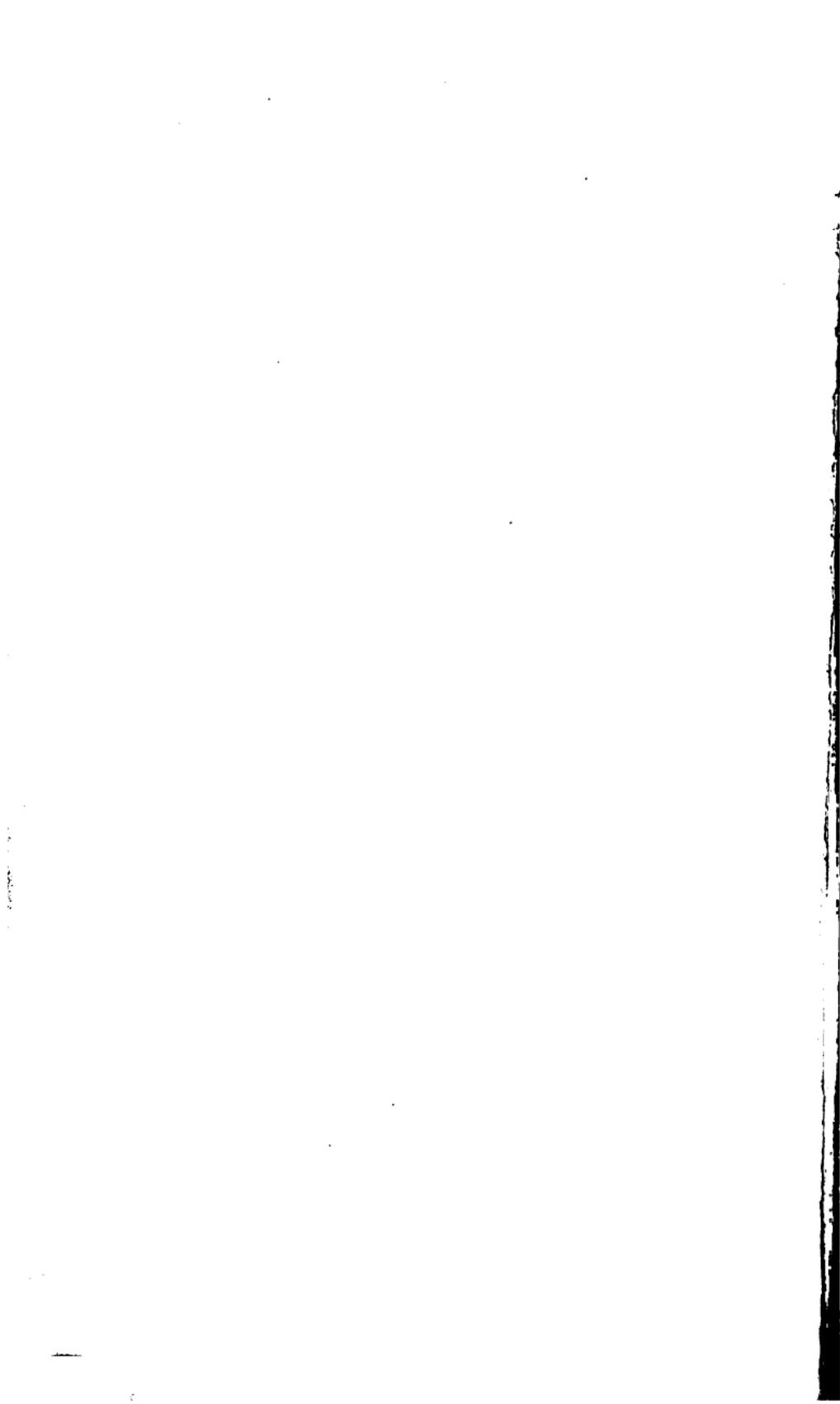
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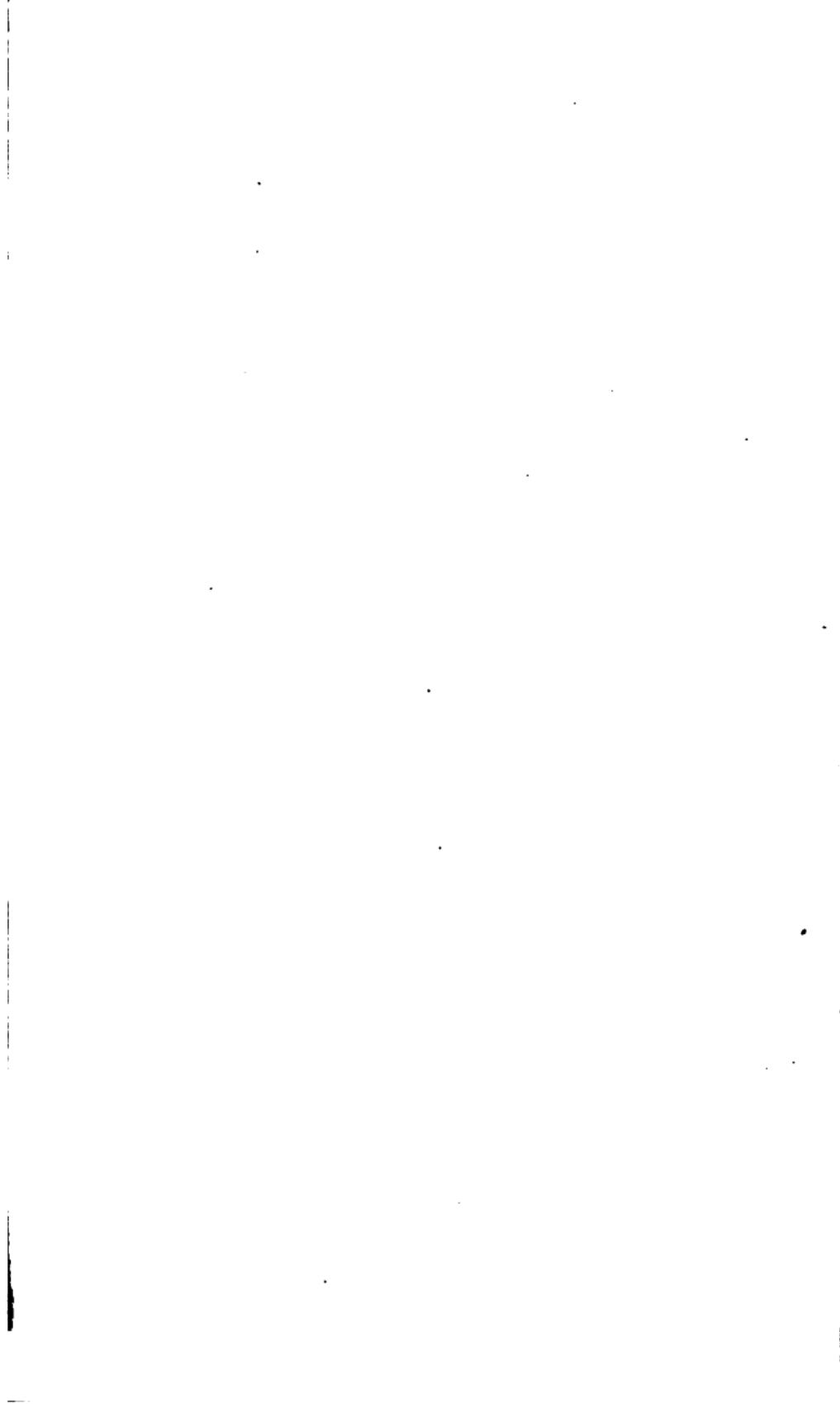
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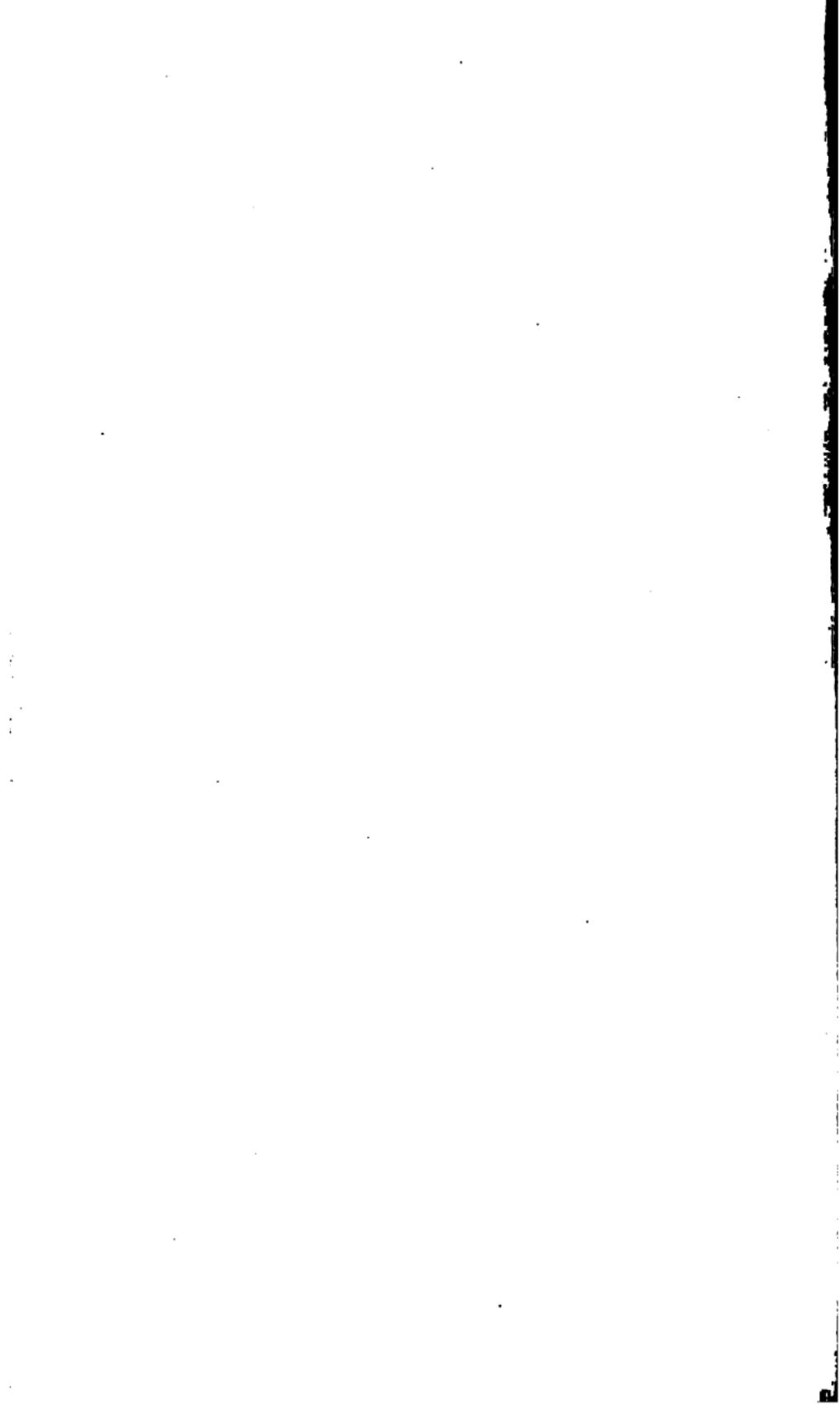
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ANALYSIS  
OF THE PRINCIPLES OF  
RHETORICAL DELIVERY

AS APPLIED TO

READING AND SPEAKING.

BY EBENEZER PORTER, D. D.  
PRESIDENT OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER.

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## ADVERTISEMENT

### TO THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE author of this work originally considered it as an experiment on public opinion, respecting a department of instruction, in which diversities of taste have had more scope for exercise than in almost any other. His best hopes therefore have been far exceeded by the speedy demand for a second, and now again for a third edition, and by other unequivocal marks of favor with which the publication has been generally received. Very few changes have been made in this edition, as the author's state of health and absence from home rendered this impossible. This edition is reprinted, page for page from the second, with only the correction of typographical and other small errors, which were occasioned by mistake. The peculiar character of the book is such, that breaking up its identity, as to order of references, would render it impossible for all the editions to be advantageously used, by the same class. Should another edition be called for, and should it ever be in the power of the author to make any substantial improvement in the same, it may then become necessary to change the method of printing.

The author will only add, that he has not still relinquished the hope of preparing, in compliance with various solicitations which he has received, a smaller work, on the same general principles, for the use of academies and the higher schools.

Theological Seminary, }  
Andover, April 1830. {

## PREFACE.

---

DELIVERY is but a part of rhetoric ; and rhetoric, in the common acceptation of the term, is but a part of the business in which I am called to give instruction. The great purpose of my office is, to teach young men, who are preparing for the sacred ministry, how to preach the gospel. In pursuance of this purpose; it became my duty to give a course of lectures on eloquence generally, and more particularly on style ; and another course on preaching, including the history of the pulpit, and the structure and chief characteristics of sermons, and the personal qualities requisite in the Christian preacher. Besides the study demanded in traversing a field so important, and so unfrequented, at least in this country ; the necessity of combining individual with classical instruction in this department, makes its labors more than sufficient to engross the time of one man.

In these circumstances, it may seem strange that I should turn aside from higher duties, to publish a book, more adapted to the earlier stages of education than to that which is directly preparatory to the ministry. The truth is, that I have been gradually and almost unfeelingly drawn into this measure.

As an instructor of theological students, my attention was, many years ago, called to some prevalent defects in delivery. These I ascribed chiefly to early habits, contracted in the schools ; and to the want of adequate precepts in books on reading and speaking. The worst faults in elocution, originate in *want of feeling*. But when these faults become confirmed, no degree of feeling will fully counteract their influence, without the aid of analysis, and patient effort to understand and correct them. Still, in this process of correction, there is danger of running into formality of manner, by withdrawing the attention from that in which the soul of eloquence consists,—emotion. For the purpose of guarding against this tendency, and at the same time of accomplishing the ends at which Walker aims, in his Ele-

ments of Elocution, I have much desired to see a manual for students, free both from the obscurity and the extreme particularity of his system.

In the winter of 1821, during a necessary absence from the Theological Seminary, on account of health, I addressed to the students a number of letters on elocution. The plan of these letters\* required them to embrace all the subjects included in this publication, and besides these, the following ;—the importance to a preacher of a good delivery ; necessity of earnestness in his manner ; causes which influence his intellectual and moral habits ; the influence of personal piety on the preacher's eloquence ; circumstances of the age, which are unfavourable, and those which are favourable to the cultivation of eloquence ; the utility of preparatory exercises, with hints of advice relative to these ; preservation of lungs, and the mistakes that are often fatal to this organ in public speakers ; pronunciation as restricted to single words ; and management of voice in public prayer.

One of these papers, that on inflections, was since committed to the press ; and, though not intended to be *published*, yet having been circulated to a considerable extent, some respectable individuals requested that I would enlarge and reprint this pamphlet ; and others, that I would publish a book, for the use of Colleges, and of students generally who are forming their habits of elocution. In this wish the Rhetorical Society in the Theological Seminary united ; and their committee addressed letters to several of the Presidents of Colleges, and to other gentlemen, to ascertain whether such a publication was deemed necessary, by those who are most interested in the subject. In reply to this inquiry, a concurrent opinion was expressed, that our Seminaries of learning greatly need a work on Elocution, different in many respects from any thing hitherto published ; and a concurrent wish that I should proceed in the preparation of such a work, was also expressed, though with different degrees of interest by different gentlemen.

I have been the more ready to engage in this undertaking, from the conviction that, whatever aid it may render to Instructors of our Academical Seminaries, and whatever use-

\* Some of them I have since thrown into Lectures, with enlargement.

---

ful influence it may have on the pupils of these Seminaries, will be a clear gain in my own official duties, in respect to such of these pupils as may afterward come under my instruction. The fewer bad habits are carried from elementary schools to the college, and from the college to professional studies, the easier, at each stage, becomes the progress of improvement. And the more deeply the spirit of improvement in Elocution takes hold of young men, in our literary institutions, the greater will be their annual contribution of eloquent men for the pulpit, as well as for secular professions. The fifteen years in which I have been connected with a Theological Seminary, which receives its members from all the Colleges, have enabled me to observe, as I have done with much satisfaction, a gradual and growing advance, in our educated young men, as to the spirit of delivery. This advance has been especially obvious since several of these Colleges have had able Professors of Rhetoric and Oratory, a department of instruction in which it is presumed none of them can much longer remain deficient, consistently with the claims of public opinion.

Had I been fully aware of the labor it would require to select the examples, and apply the notation, in the first part of the Exercises, I should have been deterred from the undertaking. With much pleasure I acknowledge my obligations to Mr. GEORGE HOWE and Mr. SAMUEL C. JACKSON, for the important assistance they have rendered, especially in correcting the press, and selecting pieces for the second part of the Exercises. This assistance has been the more necessary on account of my infirm health, and the urgency of official duties.

I add only two remarks here. One is, that I consider this little book as an *experiment*, on a subject environed with difficulty, both from the inadequate attention it has hitherto received, in our systems of education, and from the prevalence of conflicting tastes respecting it. The other is, that, having transferred all pecuniary concern in this publication to the Rhetorical Society abovementioned, I have no personal interest in its success, beyond the hope that it may, in some degree, promote the purposes to which my life is devoted.

## **DIRECTIONS TO TEACHERS.**

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To those who may use this book, I have thought it proper to make the following preparatory suggestions.

1. In a large number of those who are to be taught reading and speaking, the first difficulty to be encountered arises from bad habits previously contracted. The most ready way to overcome these, is to go directly into the analysis of vocal sounds, as they occur in conversation. But to change a settled habit, even in trifles, often requires perseverance for a long time ; of course it is not the work of a moment, to transform a heavy, uniform manner of delivery, into one that is easy, discriminating, and forcible. This is to be accomplished, not by a few irresolute, partial attempts, but by a steadiness of purpose and of effort, corresponding with the importance of the end to be achieved. Nor should it seem strange if, in this process of transformation, the subject of it should at first appear somewhat artificial and constrained in manner. More or less of this inconvenience is unavoidable, in all important changes of habit. The young pupil in chirography never can become an elegant penman, till his bad habit of holding his pen is broken up ; though for a time the change may make him write worse than before. In respect to Elocution, as well as every other art, the case may be in some measure similar. But let the new manner become so familiar, as to have in its favour the advantages of habit, and the difficulty ceases.

2. The pupil should learn the distinction of inflections, by reading the familiar examples under one rule, occasionally turning to the Exercises, when more examples are ne-

cessary ; and the Teacher's voice should set him right whenever he makes a mistake. In the same manner, he should go through all the rules successively. If he acquires the habit of giving too great or too little *extent* to his slides of voice, he should be carefully corrected, according to the suggestions given, p. 43, 50, 51, and 88.—After getting the command of the voice, the great point to be steadily kept in view, is to apply the principles of emphasis and inflection, just as nature and sentiment demand. In respect to those principles of modulation, in which the power of delivery so essentially consists, we should always remember too, that, as no theory of the passions can teach a man to be pathetic, so no description that can be given of the inflection, emphasis, and tones, which accompany emotion, can impart this emotion, or be a substitute for it. No adequate description indeed can be given of the nameless and ever varying shades of expression, which real pathos gives to the voice. Precepts here are only subsidiary helps to genius and sensibility.

3. Previous attention should be given to any example or exercise, before it is read to the Teacher. At the time of reading, the student should generally go through, without interruption ; and then the Teacher should explain any fault, and correct it by the example of his own voice, requiring the parts to be repeated. It would be useful often to inquire why such a modification of voice occurs, in such a place, and how a change of structure would vary the inflection, stress, &c. When the examples are short, as in all the former part of the work, reference may easily be made to any sentence ; and in the long examples, the lines are numbered, on the left hand of the page, to facilitate the reference, after a passage has been read.

4. When any portion of the Exercises is committed to

memory for declamation, it should be *perfectly* committed, before it is spoken ; as any labor of recollection is certainly fatal to freedom, and variety, and force in speaking. In general it were well that the same piece should be subsequently once or more repeated, with a view to adopt the suggestions of the Instructer. The selected pieces are short, because, for the purpose of improvement in elocution, a piece of four or five minutes, is better than one of fifteen. And more advance may be made, in managing the voice and countenance, by speaking, several times, a short speech, though an old one, like that of Brutus on the death of Cæsar, (if it is done with due care each time to correct what was amiss,) than in speaking many long pieces, however spirited or new, which are but half committed, and in the delivery of which all scope of feeling and adaptation of manner, are frustrated by labor of memory. The attempt to speak with this indolent, halting preparation, is in all respects worse than nothing.

**KEY OF INFLECTION. KEY OF MODULATION.**

- denotes monotone. (°) high.
- rising inflection. (°°) high and loud.
- falling inflection. (°) low.
- circumflex. (°°) low and loud.
- (..) slow.
- (||) rhetorical pause.

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## CHAPTER I.

### READING. ITS CONNEXION WITH SPEAKING.



**DELIVERY**, in the most general sense, is the communication of our thoughts to others, by oral language. The importance of this, in professions where it is the chief instrument by which one mind acts on others, is so obvious as to have given currency to the maxim, that an indifferent composition well delivered, is better received in any popular assembly, than a superior one, delivered badly. In no point is public sentiment more united than in this, that the usefulness of one whose main business is public speaking, depends greatly on an impressive elocution. This taste is not peculiar to the learned or the ignorant; it is the taste of all men.

But the importance of the subject, is by no means limited to public speakers. In this country, where literary institutions of every kind are springing up; and where the advantages of education are open to all, no one is qualified to hold a respectable rank in well-bred society, who is unable at least to *read*, in an interesting manner, the works of others. They who regard this as

a polite accomplishment merely, forget to how many purposes of business, of rational entertainment, and of religious duty, the talent may be applied. Of the multitudes who are not called to speak in public, including the whole of one sex, and all but comparatively a few of the other, there is no one to whom the art of reading in a graceful and impressive manner, may not be of great value.

Besides, as the prevalent faults of public speakers arise chiefly from early habits contracted in reading, the correction of those faults should begin by learning to read well.

Reading then, like style, may be considered as of two sorts, the *correct*, and the *rhetorical*.

*Correct* reading respects merely the sense of what is read. When performed audibly, for the benefit of others, it is still only the same sort of process which one performs silently, for his own benefit, when he casts his eye along the page, to ascertain the meaning of its author. The chief purpose of the correct reader is to be *intelligible*; and this requires an accurate perception of grammatical relation in the structure of sentences; a due regard to accent and pauses, to strength of voice, and clearness of utterance. This manner is generally adopted in reading plain, unimpassioned style, such as that which we find to a considerable extent in those Psalms of David, and Proverbs of Solomon, where the sentences are short, without emphasis. It often prevails too in the reading of narrative, and of public documents in legislative and judicial transactions. The character and purpose of a composition may be such, that it would be as preposterous to read it with tones of emotion, as it would to announce a pro-

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position in grammar or geometry, in the language of metaphor. But though merely the correct manner, suits many purposes of reading, it is dry and inanimate, and is the lowest department in the province of delivery. Still the great majority, not to say of respectable men, but of *bookish* men, go nothing beyond this in their attainments or attempts.

*Rhetorical* reading has a higher object, and calls into action higher powers. It is not applicable to a composition destitute of emotion, for it supposes *feeling*. It does not barely express the thoughts of an author, but expresses them with the force, variety, and beauty, which *feeling* demands. And just here it is that the most stubborn difficulty in elocution meets us;—a difficulty arising from the genius of written language.

The value of the graphic art consists in its being a medium for the *acquisition* of knowledge, and for the *communication* of it. In the former case, I refer to the use we make of language in silent reading. The facility with which this is done depends on our acquaintance with the characters of which words are formed; the meaning of words, singly; and the principles which govern their combination in sentences. Our eye may glance over a page in our own tongue, so as to perceive all its meaning, in the same time that would be employed on a short sentence of a language, which we are only beginning to learn. But in silent reading, though the eye perceives at a look the form and meaning of words, it cannot perceive the meaning of sentences, without including also grammatical relation. Hence points or pauses are indispensable in the graphic art, as designed merely for the eye. We

may take as an example the celebrated response of the Oracle ;

*Ibis et redibis nunquam peribis in bello.*

The eye has no means of judging whether the meaning is, *you shall never return*, or *you shall never perish*, unless a pause is inserted before or after *nunquam*, to determine with which verb it is grammatically connected.

So far the principles of written language go ;—they embrace words and pauses, and here stop. But the moment we come to transform this *written* language into *oral*, by reading aloud, a new set of principles come in with their claims, for which the arts of writing and of printing have made no provision. Here the reader becomes a speaker, and is required to mark with his voice the degrees of emphatic stress, and all the varieties of pitch, quantity of sound, and rate of utterance which sentiment demands. But he is trammelled with the narrowness of language as presented to the eye. He has been accustomed to regard words and pauses only, and all the movements of his voice are adjusted accordingly. You may tell him that he has a tone, but he knows not what you mean. Tell him to be natural,—to be in earnest, and you have given him an excellent direction indeed, but how to apply it to the case in hand, is the difficulty. He is more rapid perhaps, or more loud, for this admonition, but under the dominion of inveterate habit, he goes on with his tone still.

To the above defect in the art of printing, let another fact be added, that a great proportion of language, as it appears in books, neither demands nor admits any variety of tones and emphasis ; and another still, that, in most

men, habits of voice, once established, cannot be changed without great and persevering efforts ; and it will not seem strange that the number of good readers is so small, even among educated and professional men. British writers have constantly complained of the dull, formal manner in which the Liturgy and the sacred Scriptures are read in their churches. And often, in the pulpits of this country, the reading of the Bible is apparently so destitute, not of feeling and devotion merely, but of all just discrimination, as to remind one of the question put by Philip to the nobleman of Ethiopia ; “Understandest thou what thou readest ?”

When we consider the extent to which these faults prevail in rhetorical reading, and the correspondent faults which of course prevail in public speaking, it is time that this greatly neglected subject should receive its due share of attention, amid the general advances in other departments of literature and taste.

Now, if there could at once spring up in our country a supply of teachers, competent, as living models, to regulate the tones of boys, in the forming age,—nothing more would be needed. But, to a great extent, these teachers are to be themselves formed. And to produce the transformation which the case demands, some attempt seems necessary to go to the root of the evil, by incorporating the principles of spoken language with the written. Not that such a change should be attempted in respect to books generally ; but in books of elocution, designed for this single purpose, visible marks may be employed, sufficient to designate the chief points of established correspondence between sentiment and voice. These prin-

ples being well settled in the mind of the pupil, may be spontaneously applied, where no such marks are used.

But as this subject is to be resumed under the head of inflections, I drop it here, with a remark or two in passing.

Be it remembered then, that all directions as to management of the voice, must be regarded as subsidiary to expression of *feeling*, or they are worse than useless. ‘Emotion is the thing. One flash of passion on the cheek, one beam of feeling from the eye, one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue,—have a thousand times more value than any exemplification of mere rules, where feeling is absent.’\* The benefit of analysis and precept is, to aid the teacher in making the pupil conscious of his own faults, as a prerequisite to their correction. The object is to unfetter the soul, and set it free to act. In doing this a notation for the eye, designed to regulate the voice in a few obvious particulars, may be of much advantage: otherwise why shall we not dismiss *punctuation* too from books, and depend wholly on the teacher for pauses, as well as tones?

The reasonable prejudice which some intelligent men have felt against any system of notation, arises from the preposterous extent to which it has been carried by a few popular teachers, and especially by their humble imitators. A judicious medium is what we want. Five characters in music, and six vowels in writing, enter into an infinitude of combinations in melody and language. So the elementary modifications of voice in speaking are few, and easily

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\* Knowles.

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understood ; and to mark them, so far as distinction is useful, does not require a tenth part of the rules, which some have thought necessary.

The intellectual and moral qualities indispensable to form an orator, are brought into view in the following pages, no farther than they modify delivery. The parts of external oratory, as voice, look, and gesture, are only instruments by which the soul acts ;—when the inspiration of soul is absent, these instruments cannot produce eloquence. A treatise on delivery then, must presuppose the existence of genius, mental discipline, and elevation of moral sentiment ;—though a distinct consideration of these belongs to RHYTHM, as a branch of intellectual and Christian philosophy.

The parts of delivery, to be considered in their order, are,—ARTICULATION, INFLECTION, ACCENT and EMPHASIS, MODULATION, AND ACTION.

I premise here, once for all, that I employ terms according to the best modern use, with as little as possible of technical abstractness. Elocution, which anciently embraced style, and the whole art of rhetoric, now signifies manner of delivery, whether of our own thoughts or those of others. Pronunciation, which anciently signified the whole of delivery, is now equivalent to orthöepy, or the proper utterance of single words. It were easy, by a critical disquisition, to trace out the etymological affinities of all these terms, and to teach the pupil a distinction between an orator, and an eloquent man, between articulation, and distinct enunciation of words &c ; but instead of the scientific air adopted in some works on elocution, it seems to me that the better, because the simpler course, is

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to use words as they will be most readily understood by men of reading and taste.

In this view I have chosen to make the head of Modulation so generic, as to include pitch, quantity, rate, rhetorical pause, transition, expression, and representation.



## CHAP. II.

### ARTICULATION.

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—Graiiis dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.—

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#### SECT. 1. *Importance of a good articulation.*

ON whatever subject, and for whatever purpose, a man speaks to his fellow men, they will never listen to him with interest, unless they can hear what he says ; and that without effort. If his utterance is rapid and indistinct, no weight of his sentiments, no strength or smoothness of voice, no excellence of modulation, emphasis, or cadence, will enable him to speak so as to be heard with pleasure. For his own sake too, the public speaker should feel the importance of a clear articulation. Without this, the necessary apprehension that his voice may not reach distant hearers, will lead to elevation of pitch, and increase of quantity ; till he gradually forms a habit of vociferation, at the expense of all interesting variety, if not, (as in too many cases it has turned out,) with the

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sacrifice of lungs and life. Every one who is accustomed to converse with partially deaf persons, knows how much more easily they hear a moderate voice with clear articulation, than one that is loud, but rapid and indistinct. In addressing a public assembly, the same advantage attends a voice of inferior strength, which marks the proper distinction of letters and syllables.

For these reasons the ancients regarded articulation as the first requisite in delivery ;—without which indeed, all other acquisitions are vain. On this account Cicero says,\* the Catuli were esteemed the best speakers of the Latin language ; their tones being sweet, and their syllables uttered without effort, in a voice neither feeble nor clamorous. So fastidious was the Roman ear, even among the uneducated, that the same orator says, “in repetition of a verse, the whole theatre was in an uproar, if there happened to be one syllable too many or too few. Not that the crowd had any notion of numbers ; nor could they tell what it was which gave the offence, nor in what respect it was a fault.” It was not because the fire of genius was wanting in the youthful orator of Athens, that his audience repeatedly met his first efforts in speaking, with hisses ; but it was on account of his feeble, hurried, stammering utterance. To correct these faults it was that he betook himself to speaking amid the sound of dashing waves, the effort of walking up hill, and the inconvenience of holding pebbles in his mouth ; that he might acquire a body to his voice, and a habit of distinct and deliberate utterance.

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\* *De Officiis*, Lib. I.

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It has been well said, that a good articulation is to the ear, what a fair hand-writing, or a fair type is to the eye. Who has not felt the perplexity of supplying a word, torn away by the seal of a letter ; or a dozen syllables of a book, in as many lines, cut off by the carelessness of a binder ? The same inconvenience is felt from a similar omission in spoken language ; with this additional disadvantage, that we are not at liberty to stop and spell out the meaning by construction. I have heard a preacher with a good voice, in addressing his hearers with the exhortation, “repent, and return to the Lord,”—utter distinctly but three syllables, namely *pent*,—*turn*,—*Lord*. Who would excuse the *printer*, that should mutilate this sentence in the same manner ? When a man reads Latin or Greek, we expect him to utter nouns, pronouns, and even particles, so that their several syllables, especially those denoting grammatical inflections, may be heard distinctly. Let one noun in a sentence be spoken so that the ear cannot perceive whether it is in the nominative, or accusative, or vocative, or ablative ; or one verb, so as to leave it uncertain to what mood or tense it belongs, and the sense of the whole sentence is ruined.

But in the English language, abounding as it does with particles, harsh syllables, and compound words, both the necessity and the difficulty of a perfect utterance are greater still. Our thousands of prefix and suffix syllables, auxiliaries, and little words which mark grammatical connexion, render bad articulation a fatal defect in delivery. One example may illustrate my meaning. A man of indistinct utterance reads this sentence ; “the magistrates ought to prove a declaration so publicly made.” When

I perceive that his habit is to strike only the accented syllable clearly, sliding over others, I do not know whether it is meant that they ought to *prove* the declaration, or to *approve* it, or *reprove* it,—for in either case he would speak only the syllable *prove*. Nor do I know, whether the magistrates *ought* to do it, or the magistrate *sought* to do it.

A respectable modern writer on delivery says; “In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over; nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor as it were melted together into a mass of confusion. They should be neither abridged, nor prolonged; nor swallowed, nor forced; they should not be trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They are to be delivered out from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight.”\*

### SECT. 2. *Causes of defective articulation.*

This arises from bad organs, or bad habits, or sounds of difficult utterance.

Every one knows how the loss of a tooth, or a contusion on the lip, affects the formation of oral sounds. When there is an essential fault in the structure of the mouth; when the tongue is disproportionate in length or width, or sluggish in its movements; or the palate is too high or too low; or the teeth badly set or decayed, art may diminish, but cannot fully remove the difficulty.

In nine cases out of ten, however, imperfect articula-

\* Austin's Chironomia.

tion comes not so much from bad organs as from the abuse of good ones. Sheridan says; "In several northern countries of England, there are scarce any of the inhabitants who can pronounce the letter *R* at all. Yet it would be strange to suppose that all those people should have been so unfortunately distinguished from other natives of this island, as to be born with any peculiar defect in their organs, when this matter is so plainly to be accounted for upon the principle of imitation and habit." Though provincialisms are fewer in this country than in most others, a similar incapacity is witnessed, in families or districts more or less extensive, to speak certain letters or syllables, which are elsewhere spoken with perfect ease. The same fact extends to different nations. There are some sounds of the English language, as the nice distinction between *d* and *t*, and between the two aspirated sounds of *th*, that adult natives of France and Germany cannot learn to pronounce. Some sounds in their languages are equally difficult to us; but this implies no original difference of vocal organs. And surely no defect in these need be supposed, to account for stubborn imperfections in the utterance of those who from infancy have been under the influence of vulgar example.

Besides the mischief that comes from early imitation, the animal and intellectual temperament doubtless has some connexion with this subject. A sluggish action of the mind imparts a correspondent character to the action of the vocal organs, and makes speech only a succession of indolent, half-formed sounds, more resembling the muttering of a dream than the clear articulation, which we ought to expect in one who knows what he is saying.

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Excess of vivacity, on the other hand, or excess of sensibility, often produce a hasty, confused utterance. Delicacy speaks in a timid, feeble voice; and the fault of indistinctness is often aggravated in a bashful child, by the indiscreet chidings of his teacher, designed to push him into greater speed in spelling out his early lessons; while he has little familiarity with the form and sound, and less with the meaning of words.

The way is now prepared to notice some of those difficulties in articulation, which arise from the sounds to be spoken.

The *first* and chief difficulty lies in the fact that *articulation consists essentially in the consonant sounds*, and that many of these are difficult of utterance. My limits do not allow me to illustrate this by a minute analysis of the elements of speech. It is evident to the slightest observation that the open vowels are uttered with ease and strength. On these, public criers swell their notes to so great a compass. On these too, the loudest notes of music are formed. Hence the great skill which is requisite to distinct articulation in music; for the stream of voice, which flows so easily on the vowels and half vowels, is interrupted by the occurrence of a harsh consonant; and not only the sound, but the breath, is entirely stopped by a mute. In singing, for example, any syllable which ends, with *p*, *k*, *d*, or *t*, all the sound must be uttered on the preceding vowel; for when the organs come to the proper position for speaking the mute, the voice instantly ceases. Let any experienced singer, carefully try the experiment of speaking, in the notes of a slow tune, these lines;—

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With earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look.

Each syllable should be spoken by itself, with a pause after it. In this way it will appear that where the syllable ends with a consonant, especially a mute, the stream of sound is emitted on the preceding vowel, but is broken off when the consonant is finished. This is the case with the syllables *mind*, *Gad*, *look*; the moment the organs come into a position to speak *d* or *k* they are shut, so as to stop both sound and breath. But in the syllables *my*, *to*, *thee*, *I*,—the closing vowel sounds are perfectly formed at once, and may be continued indefinitely, without any change of the organs. The common mode of singing, indeed, is but a mere succession of musical notes, or open vowel sounds, varying in pitch, with little attempt to articulate the consonant sounds. This explains what has sometimes been thought a mystery, that stammering persons find little difficulty in reading poetry, and none in singing;\* whereas they stop at once in speaking, when they come to certain consonants. Any one who would practically understand this subject, should recollect that the distinction between human speech, and the inarticulate sounds of brutes, lies not in the vowels, but in the *consonants*; and that in a defective utterance of these, bad articulation primarily consists.

 [The reader is apprised that the marginal numbers beginning at this place, direct to correspondent numbers in the EXERCISES. To avoid confusion in the body of the work, but few examples for illustration are inserted. Any

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\* This is partly owing also to a deliberate, metrical movement.

principle that requires special attention and practice is marked with figures on the left hand, and the same figures in the Exercises point to examples which should be practised with a view to the more perfect understanding of the principle.]

1.] A *second* difficulty arises from the *immediate succession of the same or similar sounds*. The poet who understood the principles of euphony in language better than any other English writer, has exemplified this in translating a line of Homer respecting the stone of Sisyphus, where the recurrence of the aspirates and vowels is designed to represent difficulty.

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

In another case he purposely produces a heavy movement, by the collision of open vowels ;

Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire.

Every scholar knows that the Greeks adopted many changes in the combination of syllables to render their language euphonic, by avoiding such collisions.\*

But a greater difficulty still is occasioned by the immediate recurrence of the same consonant sound, without the intervention of a vowel or a pause. The following are examples ; “ For Christ’s sake.” “ The hosts still stood.” “ The battle lasts still.” The illustration will be more intelligible from examples in which bad articulation affects the sense.

Wastes and deserts ;—Waste sand deserts.

To obtain either ;—To obtain neither.

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\* On this account they wrote πάντα ἔλεγον for πάντα εἶλεγον ; ἀφ’ οὐ for ἀπὸ οὐ ; καὶ γὰρ for καὶ ἔγω ; δίδωκεν αὐτῷ for δίδωκε αὐτῷ , &c.

His cry moved me ;—His crime moved me.  
He could pay nobody ;—He could pain nobody.

Two successive sounds are to be formed here, with the organs in the same position ; so that, without a pause between, only one of the single sounds is spoken ; and the difficulty is much increased when sense or grammatical relation forbids such a pause ; as between the simple nominative and the verb, the verb and its object, the adjective and its substantive. In the last example, “ he could pain nobody,”—grammar forbids a pause between *pain* and *nobody*, while orthöepy demands one. But change the structure so as to render a pause proper after *pain*, and the difficulty vanishes ;—thus, “ Though he endured great pain, nobody pitied him.”

2.] A *third* difficulty arises from the *influence of accent*. The importance which this stress attaches to syllables on which it falls requires them to be spoken in a more full and deliberate manner than others. Hence, if the recurrence of this stress is too close, it occasions heaviness in utterance ; if too remote, indistinctness. An example of the former kind, we have from the poet before mentioned ;

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

This too is an additional reason for the difficult utterance of the line lately quoted from the same writer ;

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

The poet compels us, in spite of metrical harmony, to lay an accent on each syllable.

But the remoteness of accent in others cases involves a greater difficulty still ; because the intervening syllables

are liable to be spoken with a rapidity inconsistent with distinctness, especially if they abound with jarring consonants. When such close and harsh consonants come together in immediate succession, and without accent, the trial of the organs is severe. Combinations of this kind we have in the words *communicatively, authoritatively, terrestrial, reasonableness, disinterestedness*. And the case is worse still where we preposterously throw back the accent so as to be followed by four or five syllables, as Walker directs in these words *r  ceptacle, p  reemptorily, acceptableness*. While these combinations almost defy the best organs of speech, no one finds any difficulty in uttering words combined with a due proportion of liquids, and a happy arrangement of vowels and accents.

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o  r the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

The euphony of the Italian, in which it is distinguished from all other languages, consists chiefly in its freedom from harsh consonants.\*

3.] A fourth difficulty arises from a tendency of the organs to *slide over unaccented vowels*. Walker says, "Where vowels are under the accent, the prince and the lowest of the people, with very few exceptions, pronounce them in the same manner: but the unaccented vowels, in the mouth of the former, have a distinct, open sound; while the latter often totally sink them, or change them into some other sound." There is a large class of words beginning with *pre* and *pro*, in which this distinction sel-

\* Even the flowing Greek has such unseemly junction of consonants as to make προσφ  γχτικ  ς κακομηχ  νουμαι, κακε  σιν.

dom fails to appear. In *prevent, prevail, predict*, a bad articulation sinks *e* of the first syllable so as to make *pr-vent, pr-vail, pr-dict*. The case is the same with *o* in *proceed, profane, promote*; spoken *pr-ceed, &c.* So *e* is confounded with short *u* in *event, omit, &c.* spoken *urvent, ummit*. In the same manner *u* is transformed into *e*, as in *populous, regular, singular, educate, &c.* spoken *pop-e-lous, reg-e-lar, ed-e-cate*. A smart percussion of the tongue, with a little rest on the consonant before *u*, so as to make it quite distinct, would remove the difficulty.

The same sort of defect, it may be added, often appears in the indistinct utterance of consonants ending syllables; thus in *at-tempt, at-tention, ef-fect, of-fence*, the consonant of the first syllable is suppressed.

To the foregoing remarks, it may be proper to add three cautions.

The first is, in aiming to acquire a distinct articulation, take care not to form one that is *measured* and *mechanical*. Something of preciseness is very apt to appear at first, when we attempt to correct the above faults; but practice and perseverance will enable us to combine ease and fluency with clearness of utterance. The child in passing from his spelling manner, is ambitious to become a swift reader, and thus falls into a confusion of organs that is to be cured only by retracing the steps which produced it. The remedy, however, is no better than the fault, if it runs into a *scan-ning, pe-dan-tic for-mal-i-ty*, giving undue stress to particles and unaccented syllables; thus, "He is *the* man of all *the* world whom I *rejoice to* meet. Perhaps there is something in the technical formalities of language attached to the bar, which inclines

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some speakers of that profession, to this fault. In the pulpit, there is sometimes an artificial solemnity, which produces a drawling, measured articulation, of a still more exceptionable kind.

In some parts of our country, inhabited by descendants of foreigners, especially the Dutch, there is a prevalent habit of sinking the sound of *e* or *i* in words where English usage preserves it, as in *rebel*, *chapel*, *Latin*,—spoken *reb'l*, *chap'l*, *Lat'n*. In other cases, where English usage suppresses the vowel, the same persons speak it with marked distinctness, or turn it into *u*; as *ev'n*, *op'n*, *heav'n*, pronounced *ev-un*, *op-un*, *heav-un*.

The second caution is,—*let the close of sentences be spoken clearly*; with sufficient strength, and on the proper pitch, to bring out the meaning completely. No part of a sentence is so important as the close, both in respect to sense and harmony.

The third caution is,—*ascertain your own defects of articulation, by the aid of some friend, and then devote a short time stately and daily, to correct them*. It is impossible, without a resolute experiment, to know how much the habit of reading aloud, besides all its other advantages, may do for a public speaker in giving distinctness to his delivery.\* At first, this exercise should be in the hearing of a second person, who may stop the reader, and

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\* A friend of mine, a respectable lawyer, informed me that, in a court which he usually attended, there was often much difficulty to hear what was spoken at the bar, and from the bench. One of the judges, however, a man of slender health, and somewhat advanced in age, was heard with perfect ease in every part of the court room, whenever he spoke. So observable was the difference between him and others, that the fact was mentioned to him as a

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point out, at the moment, the fault to be corrected. For some time the rate of utterance should be slower than usual, and directed to the single point of distinctness, dismissing all regard to the sense of words, lest this lead him to forget the object. To make sure of this end, if he cannot do it otherwise, he may pronounce the words of a common vocabulary. At any rate, let him make a list of such words and combinations as he has found most difficult to his organs, and repeat them as a set exercise. If he has been accustomed to say *omnip-e-tent*, *pop-e-lous*, *pr-mote*, *pr-vent*, let him learn to speak the unaccented vowels properly.

#### IMPEDIMENTS.

As directly connected with articulation, a few remarks on *impediments* seem to be necessary. Stammering may doubtless exist from such causes, and to such degree as to be insurmountable ; though in most cases, a complete remedy is attainable by the early use of proper means. They who have given most attention to this defect, suppose that it should generally be ascribed to some infelicity of nervous temperament. When this is the cause, eagerness of emotion, fear of strangers, surprise, anxiety, —any thing that produces a sudden rush of spirits, will communicate a spasmodic action to the organs of speech. The process of cure in such a case, must begin with such attention to bodily health, as will give firmness to the ner-

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subject of curiosity. The judge explained it by saying, that his vocal powers, which were originally quite imperfect, had acquired clearness and strength by the long continued habit of reading aloud, for about half an hour, every day.

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vous system, and produce a calm, clear, and regular action of the mind.

With this preparation, it is best not to put the stammerer at first to the hardest task of his organs, but to begin at a distance, and come to the difficulty by regular approaches. The course that has been pursued, with perfect success, by one respectable teacher, is this. The pupil is to begin with reading verse ; the more simple and regular, the better :—he is to mark the *feet* distinctly with his voice, and beat time with his hand or toe to the movement. From verse of this regular structure, he may proceed to that which is less uniform in metrical order ; then to prose, of the elevated and poetic kind ; then to common prose ; and then by degrees to the difficult combinations at which he had been accustomed to stammer.

In repeating certain words there may be an obstinate struggle of the organs ; as in the attempt to pronounce *parable*, the *p* may be spoken again and again, while the remainder of the word does not follow. In such a case, the advice of the celebrated Dr. Darwin was, that the stammerer should, in a strong voice, eight or ten times, repeat the word, without the initial letter, or with an aspirate before it ; as *arable*, *harable* ; and then speak it softly, with the initial letter *p*,—*parable*. This should be practised for weeks or months, upon every word, where the difficulty of utterance chiefly occurs.

## CHAP. III.

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### TONES AND INFLECTIONS.

THE former of these terms is more comprehensive than the latter, embracing, in its most extensive sense, all sounds of the human voice. In a more restricted and proper sense, we mean by tones those sounds which stand connected with some rhetorical principle of language. In a few cases passion is expressed by tones which have no inflection; but more commonly inflection is what gives significance to tones. Except a few general remarks here, no consideration of tones seems necessary, distinct from the subjects of the following chapters, especially Modulation.

#### SECT. 1. *Tones considered as a language of emotion.*

SIGHT has commonly been considered as the most active of all our senses. As a source of emotion, we derive impressions more various, and in some respects more vivid, from this sense, than from any other. Yet the class of tender emotions, such as grief and pity, are probably excited more strongly by the ear than the eye.

Whether any reason can be assigned for this or not, the fact seems unquestionable. A groan or shriek uttered by the human voice, is not only more intelligible than words, but more instantly awakens our sensibility than any signs of distress, that are presented to the sight. Our

sympathy in the sufferings of irrational animals, is increased in the same way. The violent contortions of the fish, in the pangs of death, being expressed without the aid of vocal organs, very faintly excite our compassion, compared with the plaintive bleatings of an expiring lamb. And a still stronger distinction seems to prevail among brutes themselves. For while the passion of fear in them, is associated chiefly with objects of sight, that of pity is awakened, almost exclusively, by the sense of hearing. The cry of distress from a suffering animal, instinctively calls around him his fellows of the same species, though this cry is an unknown tongue to animals of any other class. At the same time his own species, if he utters no cries, while they see him in excruciating agony, manifest no sympathy in his sufferings.

Without inquiring minutely into the philosophy of vocal tones, as being signs of emotion, we must take the fact for granted that they are so. And no man surely will question the importance of this language in oratory, when he sees that it is understood by mere children; and that even his horse or his dog distinguish perfectly those sounds of his voice which express his anger or his approbation.

## SECT. 2. *Utility of systematic attention to tones and inflections.*

Analysis of vocal inflections bears the same relation to oratory, that the tuning of an instrument does to music. The rudest performer in this latter art knows, that his first business is to regulate the instrument he uses, when it is so deranged as to produce no perfect notes, or to produce

others than those which he intends. The voice is the speaker's instrument, which by neglect or mismanagement is often so out of tune as not to obey the will of him who uses it. To cure bad habits is the first and hardest task in elocution. Among instructors of children scarcely one in fifty thinks of carrying his precepts beyond correctness in uttering words, and a mechanical attention to pauses. So that the child who speaks the words of a sentence distinctly and fluently, and "minds the stops," as it is called, is, without scruple, pronounced a good reader. Hence, among the multitude who consider themselves as good readers, there are so few who give by their voice that just expression of sentiment, which constitutes the spirit and soul of delivery.

The unseemly tones which are contracted in childhood, are often so deeply fixed, as not easily to yield to the dictates of a manly intellect, and a cultivated taste, in after life. These habits are acquired, almost unavoidably by children, in consequence of their being accustomed to read what they do not understand. The man who should prepare a school-book, containing proper lessons for beginners in the art of reading, with familiar directions for managing the voice, would probably do a greater service to the interests of elocution, than has yet been done by the most elaborate works on the subject, in the English language.\* The tones of the common school are of-

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\* Since this remark was made in my pamphlet on Inflection, several small works, well adapted to the purpose above-mentioned have been published; and one is now in press, entitled *Lessons in Declamation*, by Mr. Russell of Boston, concerning the utility of which high expectations are justified by the skill of the Author, as a Teacher of Elocution.

ten retained and confirmed at the college, and thence, (with some distinguished exceptions,) are carried in all their strength to the bar, and especially to the pulpit. This fault is by no means peculiar to America ; it prevails certainly not less in the schools and universities of England and Scotland, than in our own.

But what is the remedy ? It has often been said, the only good canon of elocution is,—“enter into the spirit of what you utter.” If we were to have but one direction, doubtless this should be the one. Doubtless it is better than all others to prevent the *formation* of bad habits ;— and better than any other alone, as a *remedy* for such habits ; but when these are formed, it is by no means sufficient of itself for their cure. To do what is right, with unperverted faculties, is ten times easier than to undo what is wrong. How often do we see men of fine understanding and delicate sensibility, who utter their thoughts in conversation, with all the varied intonations which sentiment requires ; but the moment they come to read or speak in a formal manner, adopt a set of artificial tones utterly repugnant to the spirit of a just elocution. Shall we say that such men do not understand what they speak in public, as well as what they speak in conversation ? Plainly the difference arises from a perverse *habit*, which prevails over them in one case, and not in the other. Many instances of this sort I have known, where a man has been fully sensible of *something* very wrong in his tones, but has not been able to see exactly what the fault is ; and after a few indefinite and unsuccessful efforts at amendment, has quietly concluded to go on in the old way. So he must conclude, so long as good sense and emo-

tion are not an equal match for bad habits, without a knowledge of those elementary principles, by which the needed remedy is to be applied.

Skill in vocal inflections, it is granted, cannot of itself make an orator. Nor can skill in words. Who does not know that with an ample stock of words at command, a man may be little more than a chattering animal? Yet who can be an orator without words? We have seen that a man, with no defects of intellect or of sensibility, may have great faults in the management of his voice as a speaker. These perhaps he acquired in childhood, just as he learned to speak at all, or to speak English rather than French,—by imitation. His tones both of passion and of articulation, are derived from an instinctive correspondence between the ear and voice. If he had been born deaf, he would have possessed neither. Now in what way shall he break up his bad habits, without so much attention to the analysis of speaking sounds, that he can in some good degree distinguish those which differ, and imitate those which he would wish to adopt or avoid? How shall he correct a tone, while he cannot understand why it needs correction, because he chooses to remain ignorant of the only language in which the fault can possibly be described? Let him study and accustom himself to apply a few elementary principles, and then he may at least be able to understand what are the defects of his own intonations. I do not say that this attainment may be made with equal facility, or to an equal extent, by all men. But to an important extent it may be made by every one; and that with a moderate share of the effort demanded by most other valuable acquisitions; I might say with one

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half the time and attention that are requisite to attain skill in music.

It may be doubted, however, by some, whether any theory of vocal inflections, to be studied and applied by the pupil, must not tend to perplex rather than to facilitate delivery. The same doubt may as well be extended to every department of practical knowledge. To think of the rules of syntax, every sentence we speak, or of the rules of orthography and style, every time we take up our pen to write, would indeed be perplexing. The remedy prescribed by common sense in all such cases, is, not to discard correct theories, but to make them so familiar as to govern our practice spontaneously, and without reflection.

But if one has already the perfect management of his voice, of what service, it is said, are theoretic principles to him? Of very little certainly; just as rules of syntax would be needless to him, who could write and speak correctly without them. But the number of those who suppose themselves to be of this description, is doubtless much larger, than of those who really are so. And besides, this reasoning hardly applies to those who are destined for literary professions. A mere peasant may speak a sentence of good English, and do it with proper emphasis and inflections; while he is a stranger to all the principles of grammar, and of elocution. But a scholar should aim at something more. The question as to voice, is, are there any settled principles in elocution? When a skilful teacher has read to his pupils a sentence for their imitation, is there any *reason* why he should have read it as he did? —or why he or they should read it again in the same man-

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ner? Can that reason be made intelligible? Doubtless it may, if it is founded on any stated law of delivery. The pupils then, need not rest in a servile imitation of their teacher's manner, but are entitled to ask *why* his emphasis, or inflection, or cadence was so, and not otherwise; and then they may be able to transfer the same principles to other cases. Then too one skilful teacher, by means of such intelligible analysis, may assist other teachers, whose capacity is equal to his own, but whose experience has been less than his. For myself, I must say, that after all I have read of Garrick, I had no distinct conception of his manner in delivering any given passage, till I saw Walker's description of his inflections in the grand and terrible adjuration of Macbeth. [See Ex. p. 202.] if Quintilian had given me the same precise information respecting the turns of Cicero's voice, in some interesting passage of his orations, it would be no small gratification of my curiosity.

Now, while every tyro has known for centuries, that the verb has a stated, grammatical relation to its nominative, and while certain tones have occurred in as stated a relation to certain sentiments of the mind; it is but a short time since the tones of articulate language have been considered as capable of any useful classification. Several years of childhood are particularly devoted to acquire a correct orthography, and accentuation; and to promote a knowledge of these and of syntax, rules have been framed with great care. But what valuable directions have our elementary books contained as to the management of the voice in reading?—an art which lies at the bottom of all good delivery. Here our embryo orators, on their

way to the bar, the senate, and the pulpit, are turned off with a few meagre rules, and are expected to become accomplished speakers, without having ever learned to read a common passage, in a graceful and impressive manner. Fifty years ago the general direction given by teachers in reading was, that in every sort of sentence the voice should be kept up in a rising tone till the regular cadence is formed, at the close. This was exactly adapted to ruin all variety and force, and to produce a set of reading tones completely at variance with those of conversation and speaking. The more particular directions as to voice, formerly given in books for learners, are the three following: that a parenthesis requires a quick and weak pronunciation;—that the voice should rise at the end of an interrogative sentence,—and fall at the end of one that is declarative. The first is true without exception;—the second, only in that sort of question which is answered by *yes or no*; and the third is true with the exception of all cases where emphasis carries the voice to a high note at the close of a sentence. So that, among the endless varieties of modification which the voice assumes in speaking, but *one* was accurately marked before the time of Walker. To his labors, imperfect as a first effort of the kind necessarily must be, the world will ultimately acknowledge great obligations. Such, however, is the intrinsic difficulty of representing *sounds*, by symbols adapted to the *eye*, that no precepts on this subject can be made completely intelligible, without the aid of exemplification by the teacher's voice. The ear too is an organ, which in different men, possesses various degrees of sensibility and accuracy in discriminating sounds; though it may acquire

a good degree of skill in speaking tones, without skill in music, as appears from the case of Walker himself.

### SECT. 3. *Description of Inflections.*

The absolute modifications of the voice in speaking are four ; namely, monotone, rising inflection, falling inflection, and circumflex. The first may be marked to the eye by a horizontal line, thus, (—) the second thus, (‘) the third thus, (‘) the fourth thus, (‘).

The monotone is a sameness of sound on successive syllables, which resembles that produced by repeated strokes on a bell. Perhaps this is never carried so far as to amount to perfect sameness ; but it often approaches this point, so as to be both irksome and ludicrous. Still, more or less of this quality belongs to grave delivery, especially in elevated description, or where emotions of sublimity or reverence are expressed. Any one would be shocked, for example, at an address to Jehovah, uttered with the sprightly and varied tones of conversation. The following lines have often been given as a good example of the dignity and force attending the monotone when properly used.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind ;  
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Shōw’rs, on her kings’ barbaric, pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat.

The rising inflection turns the voice upward, or ends higher than it begins. It is heard invariably in the direct question ; as, *Will you go to-day ?*

The falling inflection turns the voice downwards, or ends lower than it begins. It is heard in the answer to a question ; as, *No ; I shall go tomorrow.*

As the whole doctrine of inflections depends on these two simple slides of the voice, one more explanation seems necessary, as to the degree in which each is applied, under different circumstances. In most cases where the rising slide is used, it is only a gentle turn of the voice upward, one or two notes. In cases of emotion, as in the spirited, direct question, the slide may pass through five or eight notes. The former may be called the *common* rising inflection, the latter the *intensive*. Just the same distinction exists in the falling inflection. Many, not aware of this difference, have carried Walker's principles to an extreme. In the question, uttered with surprise, "*Are you going to-day?*" the slide is intensive. But in the following case, it is common, "*as fame is but breath, as riches are transitory, and life itself is uncertain, so we should seek a better portion.*" To carry the rising slide in the latter case, as far as in the former, is a great fault, though not an uncommon one. See p. 88 and 226.

The circumflex is a union of the two inflections, sometimes on one syllable, and sometimes on several. Walker's first example extends it to three syllables, though his description limits it to one. It begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide. This turn of the voice is not so often used, nor so easily distinguished as the two simple slides just mentioned; though it occurs, if I mistake not, especially in familiar language, much oftener than Walker seems to suppose. In many cases where it is used, there is something conditional in the thought; as, *I may go to-morrow, though I cannot go today.* Irony or scorn is also expressed by it; as "*They tell us to be moderate; but they, they, are to revel in profusion.*" On the words marked in these examples, there is a significant twisting

of the voice downwards and then upwards, without which the sense is not expressed.\*

As to Mr. Walker's remarks on another circumflex, which he calls the falling, I must doubt the accuracy either of his ear or my own; for in his examples I cannot distinguish it from the falling slide, modified perhaps by circumstances, but having nothing of that distinctive character, which belongs to the circumflex just described. In mimickry and burlesque, I can perceive a falling circumflex, in a few cases, but it is applicable I think very rarely, if ever, in grave delivery.†

Besides these absolute modifications of voice, there are others which may be called relative, and which may be classed under the four heads of *pitch*, *quantity*, *rate*, and *quality*. These may be presented thus;

<i>Pitch.</i>	{	high;	<i>Quantity.</i>	{	loud;	<i>Rate.</i>	{	quick;	<i>Quality.</i>	{	lively.
		low;			soft;			slow;			pathetic.

As these relative modifications of voice assume almost an endless variety according to sentiment and emotion in a speaker, they belong to the chapter on modulation.

\* We may take an example, which gives these three inflections of voice successively; though perhaps it will hardly be intelligible to a mere beginner. The abrupt clause in Hamlet's soliloquy,—*To die, to sleep, no more*, is commonly read with the falling slide on each word, thus; *to die, to sleep no mōre*, expressing no sense, or a false one; as if Hamlet meant, “When I die, I shall no more sleep.” But place the rising inflection on *die*, the falling on *sleep*, and the circumflex on *no more*, and you have this sense; “To die?—what is it?—no terrible event;—it is merely falling asleep:”—thus, *to die,—to sleep,—no more*. Some skilful readers give the rising slide to the last clause, turning it into a question or exclamation;—*no mōre!—“is this all?”* But the circumflex seems better to represent the desperate hardihood with which Hamlet was reasoning himself into a contempt of death.

† I am aware that some, whose opinion I greatly respect, think Walker to be right on this point. Doubtless they mean something by falling circumflex, of which I have been able to gain no distinct apprehension, except as stated above.

SECT. 4. *Classification of Inflections.*

This is the point on which, most of all, Walker is defective. The conviction that he was treating a difficult subject, led him into the very common mistake of attempting to make his meaning plain by prolixity of remark, and multiplicity of rules. One error of this respectable writer is, that he attempts to carry the application of his principles too far. To think of reducing to exact system all the inflections to be employed in the delivery of plain language, where there is no emotion, and no emphasis, is idle indeed. Many who have attempted to follow the theory to this extreme, perplexed with the endless list of rules which it occasions, have become discouraged. Whereas the theory is of no use except in reference to the *rhetorical* principles of language, where tones express sentiment. And even in passages of this sort, the significant inflections belong only to a few words, which, being properly spoken, determine of necessity the manner of *speaking the rest*.\* The maxim, that "there cannot be too much of a good thing," has led some to multiply marks of inflection on unimportant words: just as others, in their zeal for emphasis, have multiplied Italic words in a page, till all discrimination is confounded.

Another fault of Walker is, that the elements of speaking tones are not presented in any intelligible method; but are so promiscuously intermingled throughout his work, as to give it the character of obscurity. The view of these elements to which he devotes about a hundred

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\* This I endeavor to illustrate in the discussion of Emphasis and Modulation.

and fifty pages, after he enters on inflections, I here attempt to comprise in a short compass. In order to render the new classification which I have given intelligible, I have chosen examples chiefly from colloquial language; because the tones of conversation ought to be the basis of delivery, and because these only are at once recognised by the ear. Being conformed to nature, they are instinctively right; so that scarcely a man in a million uses artificial tones in conversation. And this one fact, I remark in passing, furnishes a standing canon to the learner in elocution. In contending with any bad habit of voice, let him break up the sentence on which the difficulty occurs, and throw it, if possible, into the colloquial form. Let him observe in himself and others, the turns of voice which occur in speaking familiarly and earnestly, on common occasions. Good taste will then enable him to transfer to public delivery the same turns of voice, adapting them, as he must of necessity, to the elevation of his subject.

The examples set down under each rule, should be repeated by the student, in the hearing of some competent judge, till he is master of that one point, before he proceeds to another. If more examples, in the first instance are found necessary to this purpose, they may be sought in the exercises.

As the difficulty of the learner at first, is to distinguish the two chief inflections; and as the best method of doing this, is by comparing them together, the following classification begins with cases in which the two are stately found in the same connexion; and then extends to cases in which they are used separately; the whole being marked in a continued series of rules, for convenient reference.

## BOTH INFLECTIONS TOGETHER.

4] RULE I. When the disjunctive *or* connects words or clauses, it has the rising inflection before, and the falling after it.

## EXAMPLES.

Shall I come to you with a ród—or in lòve?  
 Art thou he that shòuld còme,—or look we for another?  
 The baptis'm of John, was it from heáven,—or of mèn?  
 Will you gó—or stáy?  
 Will you ride—or wálk?  
 Will you go today—or tomòrrow?  
 Did you see him—or his bròther?  
 Did he travel for health,—or pléasure?  
 Did he resemble his fáther,—or his mòther?  
 Is this book yóurs,—or mine?

5] RULE II. The direct question, or that which admits the answer of *yes* or *no*, has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling.

## EXAMPLES.

Are they Hébrews?	So am 'I.
Are they Israélites?	So am 'I.
Are they the seed of 'Abraham?	So am 'I.
Are they ministers of Christ?	I am móre. [Paul.]
Did you spéak to it?	My lord, I díd.
Hold you the watch to-night?	We dò, my lord.
'Arm'd, say you?	'Arm'd, my lord.
From top to toe?	My lord, from head to foot.
Then saw you not his face?	O yès, my lord.
What, look'd he frówningly?	A countenance móre in sorrow than in anger.
Pále?	Nay, very, pale. <i>Shak. Hamlet.</i>

6] **NOTE 1.** This sort of question ends with the rising slide, whether the answer follows it or not. But it is not true, as Mr. Walker has seemed to suppose, that every question beginning with a verb is of this sort. If I wish to know whether my friend will go on a journey within two days, I say perhaps, "Will you go to-day or to-morrow?" He may answer, "yes,"—because my rising inflection on both words implies that I used the *or* between them conjunctively. But if I had used it disjunctively, it must have had the rising slide before it, and the falling after; and then the question is, not whether he will go within two days, but on which of the two;—thus, "Will you go *to-day*—or *to-morrow*?" The whole question, in this case, though it begins with a verb, cannot admit the answer *yes* or *no*, and of course cannot end with the rising slide.

The very general habit of elocution which gives this slide to a question beginning with a verb, is superseded by the stronger principle of emphatic *contrast* in Rule 1st. Thus the disciples said to Christ, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Caésar or not? Shall we give or shall we not give?" Pilate said to the Jews, "Shall I release unto you Barábbas, or Jésus?" Let the rising slide be given on both names, in this latter case, and the answer might indeed be *yes* or *no*, but the sense is perverted, by making these, two names for the same person; just as in the following, "Was this becoming in Zoroáster, or the Philosopher of the Magí?" Such an example may help to satisfy those who doubt the significance of inflection.

**NOTE 2.** When Exclamation becomes a question, it demands the rising slide; as, "How, you say, are we to

accòmplish it? How accòmplish it!  
fearing to attempt it."

7] RULE III. When *negation* is in action, the former has the rising, and the inflection.

## EXAMPLES.

I did not say a *better* soldier,—but an *equal*.  
Study not for *amusement*,—but for *improvement*.  
Aim not to *show* knowledge,—but to *acquire*.  
He was esteemed, not for *wealth*,—but for *merit*.  
He will not come *today*,—but *tomorrow*.  
He did not act *wisely*, but *unwisely*.  
He did not call *me*,—but *you*.  
He did not say *pride*, but *pride*.

Negation alone, not opposed to any other word, does not always take the rising inflection, as *Knowles* supposes. The simple participle, the emphatic, with the intensive, fall in with the strongest monosyllables in the language. In negative and affirmative clauses come the words *not* and *but*, think of no exception to the rule but those under *emphatic succession*, Rule IX. Note

8] NOTE 1. This rule, like the last, is founded on the influence which antithesis has on the voice. The same change of inflection occurs in the following cases of comparison; as,

"He is more knàve than fool."

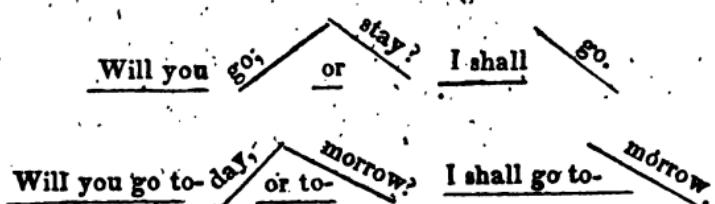
"A countenance more in sorrow than in joy."

So in the following case of simple *contraries*, in a couplet of antithetic terms, the former word has the rising inflection.

Here regard to virtue opposes insensibility to shame; purity, to pollution; integrity to injustice; virtue to villainy; resolution, to rage; regularity, to riot. The struggle lies between wealth and want; the dignity, and degeneracy of reason; the force, and the frenzy of the soul; between well grounded hope, and widely extended despair.

NOTE 2. The reader should be apprised here, that the falling slide, being often connected with strong emphasis, and beginning on a high and spirited note, is liable to be mistaken, by those little acquainted with the subject, for the rising slide. If one is in doubt which of the two he has employed, on a particular word, let him repeat both together, by forming a question according to Rule I. with the disjunctive *or*;—thus, “Did I say *gō*,—or *gō*? ” Or let him take each example under Rule I. and according to Rule II. from an answer echoing the first emphatic word, but changing the inflection; thus, “Will you *gō*,—or *stay*? I shall *gō*.” “Will you *ride*, or *walk*? I shall *ride*.” This will give the contrary slides on the same word.

But as some may be unable still to distinguish the falling slide, confounding it, as just mentioned, with the rising inflection, or, on the other hand, with the cadence; I observe that the difficulty lies in two things. One is, that the slide is not begun so high, and the other, that it is not carried through so many notes, as it ought to be. I explain this by a diagram, thus:



It is sufficiently exact to say, that in reading this properly, the syllables without slide may be spoken on one key or monotone. From this key *go* slides upwards to its highest note, and from the same high note *stay* slides downwards to the key; and *go* does the same, in the answer to the question. In the second example, the case is entirely similar. But the difficulty with the inexpert reader is, that he strikes the downward slide, not above the key, but on it, and then slides downward, just as in a cadence. The faulty manner may be represented thus:

Will you go to-day or to-morrow? I shall go to-morrow.

The other part of the difficulty in distinguishing the falling inflection from the opposite, arises from its want of sufficient extent. Sometimes indeed the voice is merely dropped to a low note, without any slide at all. The best remedy is, to take a sentence with some emphatic word, on which the intensive falling slide is proper, and protract that slide, in a drawing manner, from a high note to a low one. This will make its distinction from the rising slide very obvious.

Harmony and emphasis make some exceptions to several of these rules, which the brevity of my plan compels me to pass by without notice.

#### RISING INFLECTION.

9] RULE IV. The *pause of suspension*, denoting that the sense is unfinished, requires the rising inflection.

This rule embraces several particulars, more especially applying to sentences of the periodic structure,

which consist of several members, but form no complete sense before the close. It is a first principle of articulate language, that in such a case, the voice should be kept suspended, to denote continuation of sense.

The following are some of the cases to which the rule applies.

1. *Sentences beginning with a conditional particle or clause; as,*

“If some of the branches be broken off, and thou, being a wild olive-tree, wert grafted in among them, and with them partakest of the root and fatness of the olive tree; boast not against the branches.” “As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man.”

In what Walker calls the ‘inverted period,’ the last member, though not essential to give meaning to what precedes, yet follows so closely as not to allow the voice to fall till it is pronounced.

2. *The case absolute; as,*

“His father dying, and no heir being left except himself, he succeeded to the estate.” “The question having been fully discussed, and all objections completely refuted, the decision was unanimous.”

3. *The infinitive mood with its adjuncts, used as a nominative case; as,*

“To smile on those whom we should censure, and to countenance those who are guilty of bad actions, is to be guilty ourselves.” “To be pure in heart, to be pious and benevolent, constitutes human happiness.”

4. *The vocative\* case without strong emphasis, when it is a respectful call to attention, expresses no sense com-*

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\* I use this term as better suiting my purpose than that of our grammarians,—*nominative independent*.

pleted, and comes under the inflection of the suspending pause ; as,

*Mén, bréthren, and fathers,—hearken! “ Friends, Rómans, countrymen!—lend me your ears.”*

5. The *parenthesis* commonly requires the same inflection at its close, while the rest of it is often to be spoken in the monotone. As an interjected clause, it suspends the sense of the sentence, and for that reason only, is pronounced in a quicker and lower voice, the hearer being supposed to wait with some impatience for the main thought, while this interjected clause is uttered ; as, *Know ye not, brethren, (for I speak to them that know the law,) that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth?* The most common exceptions in this case, occur in rhetorical dialogue, where narrative and address are mingled, and represented by one voice, and where there is frequent change of emphasis.

The same sort of exception may apply to the general principle of this rule, whenever one voice is to represent two persons, thus ;

If a brother or a sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled ; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body ; what doth it profit ?

Here the sense is entirely suspended to the close, and yet the clause introduced as the language of another, requires the falling slide.

Another exception, resting on still stronger ground, occurs where an antithetic clause requires the intensive falling slide on some chief word to denote the true meaning ; as in the following example,—“ The man who is in the daily use of ardent spirit, if he does not become a

*drunkard*, is in danger of losing his health and character.” In this periodic sentence, the meaning is not formed till the close ; and yet the falling slide must be given at the end of the second member, or the sense is subverted ; for the rising slide on *drunkard* would imply that his becoming such, is the only way to preserve health and character.

In the foregoing rule, together with the VI. and IX. is comprised all that I think important in about thirty rules of Walker.

10] RULE V. *Tender emotion* generally inclines the voice to the rising slide.\*

Grief, compassion, and delicate affection, soften the soul, and are uttered in words, invariably with corresponding qualities of voice. The passion and the appropriate signs by which it is expressed, are so universally conjoined, that they cannot be separated. It would shock the sensibility of any one to hear a mother describe the death of her child, with the same intonations which belong to joy or anger. And equally absurd would it be for a general to assume the tones of grief, in giving his commands at the head of an army.

Hence the *vocative case*, when it expresses either affection or delicate respect, takes the rising slide ; as,

“Jesus saith unto her, Mary.” “Jesus saith unto him, Thomas.” “Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.”—“Sirs, what must I do to be saved?”

This inflection prevails in the reverential language of prayer.

The same slide prevails in pathetic poetry. Take an example from Milton’s lamentation for the loss of sight.

\* In the first edition, this rule was expressed too strongly to coincide with the author’s meaning, as explained in other parts of the work. It is corrected here, at the suggestion of a friend.

Thus with the year,  
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever during dark  
 Surround me—

Another example may be seen in the beautiful little poem of Cowper, on the receipt of his mother's picture :

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
 I hear'd the bell toll'd on thy burial day,  
 I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.

In both these examples the voice preserves the rising slide, till, in the former we come to the last member, beginning with the disjunctive *but*,—where it takes the falling slide on *cloud* and *dark*. In the latter the slide does not change till the cadence requires it, on the last word, *adieu*.

11] RULE VI. The rising slide is commonly used at the last pause but one in a sentence. The reason is, that the ear expects the voice to fall when the sense is finished ; and therefore it should rise for the sake of variety and harmony, on the pause that precedes the cadence.  
 —Ex.

“The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire.”  
 “Our lives, (says Seneca,) are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do.”

## FALLING INFLECTION.

The general principle suggested under Rule V, is to be borne in mind here. In the various classes of examples under the falling inflection, the reader will perceive the prevailing characteristic of decision and force. So instinctively does bold and strong passion express itself by this turn of voice, that, just so far as the falling slide becomes intensive, it denotes emphatic force. The VIII. IX. and X. rules will illustrate this remark.

12] RULE VII. The *indirect question*, or that which is not answered by *yes* or *no*, has the falling inflection; and its *answer* has the same.

This sort of question begins with interrogative pronouns and adverbs. Thus, Cicero bears down his adversary by the combined force of interrogation and emphatic series.

This is an open, honourable challenge to you. Why are you silent? Why do you prevaricate? I insist upon this point; I urge you to it; press it; require it; nay, I demand it of you.

So in his oration for Ligarius;

What, Tubero, did that naked sword of yours mean, in the battle of Pharsalia? At whose breast was its point aimed? What was the meaning of your arms, your spirit, your eyes, your hands, your ardour of soul?

In conversation there are a few cases where the indirect question has the rising slide; as when one partially hears some remark, and familiarly asks; *What is that?* *Who is that?*

The *answer* to the indirect question, according to the

general rule, has the falling slide; though at the expense of harmony; as,

*Who say the people that I am? They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again.—Where is boasting then? It is excluded.—Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The infernal serpent.*

The want of distinction in elementary books, between that sort of question which turns the voice upward, and that which turns it downward, must have been felt by every teacher even of children. This distinction is scarcely noticed by the ancients. Augustin, in remarking on the false sense sometimes given to a passage of Scripture by false pronunciation says, The ancients called that question *interrogation*, which is answered by *yes* or *no*; and that *percontation*, which admits of other answers.\* Quintilian, however, says the two terms were used indifferently.

13] RULE VIII. The language of *authority* and of *surprise*, is commonly uttered with the falling inflection. Bold and strong passion so much inclines the voice to this slide, that in most of the cases hereafter to be specified, emphatic force is denoted by it.

1. The *imperative mood*, as used to express the commands of a superior, denotes that energy of thought which usually requires the falling slide. Thus Milton supposes Gabriel to speak, at the head of his radiant files.

\* He gives an example from Paul, with the pronunciation which he proposes;—“post percontationem, *Quis accusat adversus electos Dei?* illud quod sequitur sono interrogantis enuntietur, *Deus qui justificat?* ut tacite respondeatur, *Non.* Et item percontemur, *Quis est qui condemnat?* rursus interrogemus, *Christus Jesus, qui mortuus est?* etc. ut ubique tacite respondeatur, *Non.*”

Uzziel ! half these draw off and coast the sòuth,  
 With strictest wàtch ; these other, wheel the nòorth.—  
 —Ithuriel and Zephon ! with winged speed  
 Sçarch through this gärden ; leave unsearch'd no nòok.  
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen,  
 Hitherward bent :—  
 Such where ye find, seize fàst, and hither bring.

Thus in the battle of Rokeby, young Redmond ad-dressed his soldiers ;

'Up, comrades ! up !—in Rokeby's halls  
 Ne'er be it said our courage falls.

No language surpasses the English, in the spirit and vivacity of its imperative mood, and vocative case. These often are found together in the same address ; and when combined with emphasis, separately or united, they have the falling slide, and great stréngth.

2. *Denunciation and reprehension*, on the same principle, commonly require the falling inflection ; as,

Wo unto you, Phàrisees ! for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues. Wò unto you, lawyers ! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge. But God said unto him, thou fool !—this night thy sòul shall be required of thee. But Jesus said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites ? Paul said to Elymas, O full of all subtlety, and all mischief ! Thou child of the Devil,—thou enemy of all righteousness !

In the beginning of Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Marullus, a patriotic Roman, finding in the streets some peasants, who were keeping holiday, for Cæsar's triumph over the liberties of his country, accosted them in this indignant strain ;

Hènce !—hòme, you idle creatures, get you hòme.  
 You blocks, you stònes ! You worse than senseless things !

This would be tame indeed, should we place the unemphatic, rising slide on these terms of reproach, thus :

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !

The strong reprobation of our Saviour, addressed to the tempter, would lose much of its meaning, if uttered with the gentle, rising slide, thus ; *Get thee behind me, Sàtan.* But it becomes very significant, with the emphatic downward inflection ; *Get thee behind me,—Sàtan.*

3. *Exclamation*, when it does not express tender emotion, nor ask a question, inclines to adopt the falling slide.

*Terror* expresses itself in this way. Thus the appearance of the ghost in Hamlet produces the exclamation :

‘Angels ! and ministers of grace,—defend us.\*

*Exclamation*, denoting surprise, or reverence, or distress,—or a combination of these different emotions, generally adopts the falling slide, modified indeed by the degree of emotion. For this reason I suppose that Mary, weeping at the sepulchre, when she perceived that the person whom she had mistaken for the gardener, was the risen Saviour himself, exclaimed with the tone of reverence and surprise,—*Rabbòni !* And the same inflection probably was used by the leprous men when they cried *Jesus, Mâster ! have mercy on us* ; instead of the collo-

\* The city watch is startled, not so much by the *words* of distress that echo through the stillness of midnight, as by the *tones* that denote the reality of that distress ;—“hèlp !—mùrder !—hèlp !” The man whose own house is in flames, cries, “fire !—fire !” It is only from the truant *boy* in the streets that we hear the careless exclamation, “fire, fire.”

quial tone *Jésus, Máster*, which is commonly used in reading the passage, and which expresses nothing of the distress and earnestness which prompted this cry. These examples are distinguished from the vocative case, when it merely calls to attention, or denotes affection.

14] RULE IX. Emphatic *succession* of particulars requires the falling slide.\* The reason is, that a distinctive utterance is necessary to fix the attention on each particular. The figure *qsyndeton*, or omission of copulatives, especially when it respects clauses, and not single words, belongs to this class; as,

Go and tell John what things ye have seen and heard;—the blind sée, the lame wàlk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hèar, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached.—Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity ènvieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly: seeketh not her òwn; is not easily provoked; thinketh no èvil.—Thrice was I beaten with rods; once was I stoned; thrice I suffered ship-wréck; a night and a day have I been in the deep.

In each of these examples, all the pauses except the last but one, (for the sake of harmony,) require the downward slide. The *polysyndeton*, requiring a still more deliberate pronunciation, adopts the same slide; as,

Theu shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.

NOTE 1. When the principle of emphatic series in-

\* The *loose sentence*, though it does not strictly belong to this rule, commonly coincides with it; because in the appended member or members, marked by the semicolon or colon, a complete sense, at each of these pauses, is so far expressed as generally to admit the falling slide.

terferes with that of the suspending slide, one or the other prevails, according to the nature of the case. When the structure is hypothetical, and yet the sense is such, and so far formed as to admit emphasis, the falling slide prevails, thus :

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

But when the series begins a sentence, and each particular hangs on something still to come, for its sense, there is so little emphasis that the rising slide, denoting suspension, is required ; thus,—

The pains of getting, the fear of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have made the miser a mark of satire, in all ages.

NOTE 2. The principle of emphatic series, may form an exception to Rule III. as,

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; perplexed, but not in despair ; persecuted, but not forsaken ; cast down, but not destroyed.\*

NOTE 3. Emphatic succession of particulars grows intensive as it goes on ; that is, on each succeeding emphatic word, the slide has more stress, and a higher note, than on the preceding ; thus,—

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\* All Walker's rules of inflection as to a series of *single words*, when unemphatic, are in my opinion, worse than useless. No rule of *harmonic inflection*, that is independent of sentiment, can be established without too much risk of an artificial habit, unless it be this one, that the voice should rise at the last pause before the cadence ; and even this may be superseded by emphasis.

I tell you, though ~~You~~, though all the ~~world~~, though an angel from ~~heaven~~, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it.

The rising slide, on the contrary, as it occurs in an emphatic series of direct questions, rises higher on each particular, as it proceeds.

15] RULE X. Emphatic *repetition* requires the falling slide.

Whatever inflection is given to a word, in the first instance, when that word is repeated with stress, it demands the falling slide. Thus in Julius Cæsar, Cassius says ;

You *wrong* me every way, you *wrong* me, Brutus.

The word *wrong* is slightly emphatic, with the falling slide, in the first clause ; but in the second, it requires a double or triple force of voice, with the same slide on a higher note, to express the meaning strongly. But the principle of this rule is more apparent still, when the repeated word changes its inflection. Thus I ask one at a distance, *Are you going to Boston?* If he tells me that he did not hear my question, I repeat it with the other slide, *Are you going to Boston?*\*

\* In colloquial language, the point I am illustrating is quite familiar to every ear. The teacher calls a pupil by name in the rising inflection, and not being heard, repeats the call in the falling. The answer to such a call, if it is a mere response, is " *Sir* ;" —if it expresses doubt, it is " *Sir.*" A question that is not understood is repeated with a louder voice and a change of slide : " *Is this your book?* *Is this your book?*" Little children with their first elements of speech, make this distinction perfectly.

I cannot forbear to say here, though the remark belongs to style more than to delivery, that while it is the province of dulness to repeat the same thoughts or words, from mere carelessness ; there is scarcely a more vivid figure of rhetorie than *repetition*, when it springs from genius and emotion. But as the finest strains of music derive increase of spirit and effect from repetition, so in delivery, increase of emotion demands a correspondent stress and inflection of voice. For this reason, the common method of reading our Saviour's parable of the wise and the foolish builder, with the rising slide on both parts, is much less impressive than that which adopts the falling slide with increase of stress on the series of particulars as repeated.

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man which built his house upon a rock : and the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not,—for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, that built his house upon the sand : and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell ;—and great was the fall of it.

16] RULE XI. The final pause requires the falling slide.

That dropping of the voice which denotes the sense to be finished, is so commonly expected by the ear, that the worst readers make a cadence of some sort, at the close of a sentence. In respect to this, some general faults may be guarded against, though it is not possible to tell in absolute terms what a good cadence is, because, in different circumstances, it is modified by different prin-

ciples of elocution. The most common fault in the cadence of bad speakers, consists in dropping the voice too uniformly to the same note. The next consists in dropping it too much. The next, in dropping it too far from the end of the sentence, or beginning the cadence too soon ; and another still consists in that feeble and indistinct manner of closing sentences, which is common to men unskilled in managing the voice. We should take care also to mark the difference between that downward turn of the voice which occurs at the falling slide in the middle of a sentence, and that which occurs at the close. The latter is made on a lower note, and if emphasis is absent, with less spirit than the former ; As, “This heavenly benefactor claims, not the homage of our lips, but of our *hearts* ; and who can doubt that he is entitled to the homage of our *hearts*.” Here the word *hearts* has the same slide in the middle of the sentence as at the close. Though it has a much lower note in the latter case than in the former.

It must be observed too that the final pause does not always require a cadence. When the strong emphasis with the falling slide comes near the end of a sentence, it turns the voice upward at the close ; as, “If we have no regard to our *ow'n* character, we ought to have some regard to the character of *others*.” “You were paid to fight against Alexander, not to *rail* at him.” This is a departure from a general rule of elocution ; but it is only one case among many, in which emphasis asserts its supremacy over any other principle that interferes with its claims. Indeed, any one who has given but little attention to this point, would be surprised to observe accurately,

how often sentences are closed, in conversation, without any proper cadence ; the voice being carried to a high note, on the last word, sometimes with the falling, and sometimes with the rising slide.

## CIRCUMFLEX.

17] RULE. XII. The circumflex occurs chiefly where the language is either *hypothetical* or *ironical*.

The most common use of it is to express indefinitely or conditionally some idea that is contrasted with another idea expressed or understood, to which the falling slide belongs ; thus ;—*Hume said he would go twenty miles, to hear Whitefield preach.* The contrast suggested by the circumflex here is ; *though he would take no pains to hear a common preacher.* You ask a physician concerning your friend who is dangerously sick, and receive this reply.—*He is better.* The circumflex denotes only a partial, doubtful amendment, and implies *But he is still dangerously sick.* The same turn of voice occurs in the following example, on the word *importunity*.

Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his *friend*, yet because of his *importunity* he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

This circumflex, when indistinct, coincides nearly with the rising slide ; when distinct, it denotes *qualified* affirmation instead of that which is *positive* as marked by the falling slide. This hint suggests a much more perfect rule than that of Walker, by which to ascertain the proper slide under the emphasis. See *Emphatic Inflection*, pp. 80—88.

## CHAP. IV.

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### ACCENT.

18] Accent is a stress laid on particular syllables, to promote harmony and distinctness of articulation. The syllable on which accent shall be placed, is determined by custom ; and that without any regard to the *meaning* of words, except in these few cases.

First, where the same word in form, has a different sense, according to the seat of the accent. This may be the case while the word continues to be the same part of speech, as *des'ert*, (*a wilderness*) *desert'*, (*merit*)—to *con'jure*, (*to use magic*) *to conjure'*, (*to entreat*). Or the accent may distinguish between the same word used as a noun or an adjective ; as *com'pact*, (*an agreement*) *compact'*, (*close*) *min'ute*, (*of time*) *minute'*, (*small*). Or it may distinguish the noun from the verb, thus :

<i>Ab'stract</i>	<i>to abstract'</i>	<i>ex'port</i>	<i>to export'</i>
<i>com'pound</i>	<i>to compound'</i>	<i>ex'tract</i>	<i>to extract'</i>
<i>com'press</i>	<i>to compress'</i>	<i>im'port</i>	<i>to import'</i>
<i>con'cert</i>	<i>to concert'</i>	<i>in'cense</i>	<i>to incense'</i>
<i>con'duct</i>	<i>to conduct'</i>	<i>in'sult</i>	<i>to insult'</i>
<i>con'fine</i>	<i>to confine'</i>	<i>ob'ject</i>	<i>to object'</i>
<i>con'tract</i>	<i>to contract'</i>	<i>pres'ent</i>	<i>to present'</i>
<i>con'trast</i>	<i>to contrast'</i>	<i>proj'ect</i>	<i>to project'</i>
<i>con'vert</i>	<i>to convert'</i>	<i>reb'el</i>	<i>to rebel'</i>
<i>con'vict</i>	<i>to convict'</i>	<i>ter'ment</i>	<i>to torment'</i>
<i>di'gest</i>	<i>to digest'</i>	<i>trans'port</i>	<i>to transport'</i>

The province of emphasis is so much more important than that of accent, that the customary seat of the latter is transposed in any case where the claims of emphasis require it. This takes place chiefly in words which have a partial sameness in form, but are contrasted in sense.

## EXAMPLES.

He must *increase*, but I must *decrease*.

This *corruptible* must put on *incorruption*; and this *mortal* must put on *immortality*.

What fellowship hath *righteousness* with *unrighteousness*?

Consider well what you have *done*, and what you have left *undone*.

He that *descended* is the same as he that *descended*.

The difference in this case, is no less than betwixt *decency* and *indecency*; betwixt *religion* and *irreligion*.

In the *suitableness* or *unsuitableness*, the *proportion* or *disproportion* of the affection to the object which excites it, consists the *propriety* or *impropriety* of the consequent action.\*

With those considerations respecting accent which belong especially to the grammarian, we have no concern. As connected with articulation, the influence of accent was briefly discussed, [2] page 28. As connected with inflection, an additional remark seems necessary here. *The accented syllable of a word is always uttered with a LOUDER note than the rest. When the syllable has the rising inflection, the slide continues upward till the word is finished; so that when several syllables of a word follow the accent, they rise to a higher note than that which is accented; and when the accented syllable is the*

\* In this last example, the latter accented word in each of the couplets, perhaps would be more exactly marked with the circumflex; the same case occurs often, as in p. 64, last paragraph.

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*last in a word, it is also the highest. But when the accented syllable has the falling slide, it is always struck with a higher note than any other syllable in that word.* The reader may easily understand this remark by turning to the example, page 50, at the bottom ; and then framing for himself other examples, with an accent in the middle of a long word ; as,

Did he dare to propose such interrogatories ?

Here the slide which begins on *rog* continues to rise on the three following syllables ; whereas in the question, *Will you go to dây ?* the same slide terminates with the syllable on which it begins. But no example can be framed with the *falling* inflection, (the cadence only excepted,) in which the accented syllable, where the slide begins, is not higher than any other syllable before or after it.\* This remark furnishes another opportunity to correct the very common mistake of those who think the falling inflection to consist in a sudden dropping of the voice, whereas it consists in *sliding* it down, and that from a high note, whenever there is intensive stress.

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\* I dwell a little on the above distinction, because, in my opinion Walker, and Ewing after him, have stated it incorrectly.

## CHAP. V.

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### EMPHASIS.

One elementary principle which has been more than once suggested already, respecting management of the voice, deserves to be repeated here, because of its direct bearing on the subject of this chapter and the next.

No useful purpose can be answered by attempting to establish any system of inflections in reading and speaking, except so far as these inflections do actually accompany, in good speakers, the spontaneous expression of sentiment and emotion. We say, without any scruple, that certain feelings of the speaker are commonly expressed with certain modifications of voice. These modifications we can describe in a manner not difficult to be understood. But here a serious obstacle meets us. The pupil is told how emotion speaks in a given case, and then he attempts to do the same thing *without* emotion. But great as this difficulty is, it is not peculiar to any one mode of instruction ; it attends every system of elocution that can be devised. Take, for example, the standing canon, **BE NATURAL**, which for ages has been thought the only adequate direction in delivery. This maxim is just ; it is simple ; it is easily repeated by a teacher ;—but who does not know that it has been repeated a thousand times without any practical advantage ? What is it to *be natural* ? It is so to speak that the modifications of voice

shall be such as feeling demands. But here is the same obstacle as before ;—the pupil attempts to be natural in speaking, and fails, just because he attempts to do what feeling demands, *without* feeling. This intrinsic difficulty accompanies every theory on this subject, even when no perverted habits of voice are to be encountered, and much more where such habits exist. The only remedy to be relied on is that which I have briefly urged in another place. The Teacher, who would give his pupils a just emphasis and modulation, must unceasingly impress on them the importance of entering with feeling into the sentiments which they are to utter.

EMPHASIS is governed by the laws of sentiment, being inseparably associated with thought and emotion. It is the most important principle, by which elocution is related to the operations of mind. Hence when it stands opposed to the claims of custom or of harmony, these always give way to its supremacy. The *accent* which custom attaches to a word, emphasis may supersede ; as we have seen under the foregoing article. Custom requires a *cadence* at the final pause, but emphasis often turns the voice upward at the end of a sentence ; as,

You were paid to *fight* against Alexander, not to *rail* at him.

See [16] p. 64. Harmony requires the *voice to rise at the pause before the cadence* ; whereas emphasis sometimes prescribes the falling slide at this pause, to enforce the sense ; as,

Better to reign in *hell*, than serve in *heaven*.

Now I presume that every one, who is at all accustomed to accurate observation on this subject, must be

sensible how very little this grand principle is regarded in forming our earliest habits of elocution ; and therefore how hopeless are all efforts to correct what is wrong in these habits, without a just knowledge of emphasis.

What then is emphasis ? Without staying to assign reasons why I am dissatisfied with definitions heretofore given, by respectable writers, the following is offered as more complete, in my opinion, than others which I have seen. *Emphasis is a distinctive utterance of words, which are especially significant, with such a degree and kind of stress, as conveys their meaning in the best manner.*

According to this definition, I would include the whole subject under *emphatic stress* and *emphatic inflection*.

### 19] SECT. 1.—*Emphatic Stress.*

This consists chiefly in the *loudness* of the note, but includes also the *time* in which important words are uttered. Both these are commonly united ; but the latter, since it will require some notice when I come to speak of *rate* and *emphatic pause*, may be dismissed here, as to its separate consideration, with a single remark. A good reader or speaker, when he utters a word on which the meaning of a sentence is suspended, spontaneously dwells on that word, or gives it more time, according to the intensity of its meaning. The significance and weight which he thus attaches to words that are important, is a very different thing from the abrupt and jerking emphasis, which is often witnessed in a bad delivery. Bearing this fact in mind, we may proceed to consider, more particularly, why emphatic stress belongs to some words, and not to others.

The indefinite description which was formerly given of emphasis, as 'a stress laid on one or more words to distinguish them from others,' was attended with a correspondent confusion in practice. In some books of elocution, more than half the words were printed in *Italics*, and regarded as equally emphatical. To remedy so great a fault, Walker proposed his threefold classification of words, 'as pronounced with emphatic force, accented force, or unaccented force.' The first he considered as belonging to words of peculiar significance; the second to nouns, verbs, &c.—the third to connectives and particles. But these distinctions, after all, leave a very plain subject in obscurity; for it is enough to say that emphatic force is to be governed solely by sense; and that the word, to whatever part of speech it belongs, which renders but little aid in forming the sense, should be passed over with but little stress of voice. It is indeed generally true that a subordinate rank belongs to particles, and to all those words which merely express some circumstance of a thought. And when a word of this sort is raised above its relative importance, by an undue stress in pronunciation, we perceive a violence done to other words of more significance; and we hardly admit even the metrical accent of poetry to be any excuse for so obvious an offence against propriety. One example of this sort we have in the common manner of reading this couplet of Waits—

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live.

This stress upon *a*, in the second line, shows the absence of just discrimination in the reader.\*

\* I beg leave to ask here, if it shows want of taste in the reader, in such a case, to sacrifice the sense to the syllabic accent of po-

But to show that emphasis attaches itself not to the part of speech, but to the *meaning* of a word, let one of these little words become important in *sense*, and then it demands a correspondent stress of voice.

We have an example in the two following sentences, ending with the particle *so*. In one it is used incidentally, and is barely to be spoken distinctly. In the other it is the *chief word*, and must be spoken forcibly. "And Saul said unto Michal, why hast thou *deceived* me so?" "Then said the high priest, are these things *so*?"

Another example may show how a change of stress on a particle changes the entire sense of a sentence. In the narrative of Paul's voyage from Troas to Jerusalem, it is said, "Paul had determined to sail by Ephesus." This sentence, with a moderate stress on Ephesus, implies that the Apostle meant to stop there; just as a common phrase, "the ship is going to Holland by Liverpool," —implies that she will touch at the latter place.

Now what was the fact in the case of Paul? The

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etry, why is it, that, in the sister art of *music*, as applied to metrical psalmody, no practical distinction is made between accent and emphasis? On the contrary, a choir is so trained in psalmody, as not to reflect whether one word has more *meaning* than another, but whether its relative *position* requires strong or feeble utterance. Thus a full volume of sound is poured out on a *preposition*, for example, just because it happens to coincide with a musical note at the beginning of a bar. Illustrations of this are so many that they may be taken almost at random. In the Hymn beginning,

God of the morning, at whose voice,

the musical accent, in many tunes would recur four times during the line, and two of these on prepositions. But is there no philosophy and rhetoric in music? Is the spirit of this divine art to be rigidly tied down by mere rules of harmony and metrical stress? Music is but an elegant and charming species of elocution. And, important as accent is, it should never contravene the laws of sentiment in the former, more than in the latter art.

historian says, "he hasted to be at Jerusalem, on the day of Pentecost." Therefore he could not afford the time it would require to visit his dear friends, the Ephesian church, and he chose to pursue his voyage without seeing them. But can the words be made to express this sense? Perfectly;—and that with only an increase of stress on one particle. "Paul had determined to sail *by* Ephesus."

Another example shows us a succession of small words raised to importance, by becoming peculiarly significant. In Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice, Bassanio had received a ring from his wife, with the strongest protestation that it should never part from his finger; but, in a moment of generous gratitude for the preservation of his friend's life, he forgot this promise, and gave the ring to the officer to whose kind interposition he ascribed that deliverance. With great mortification at the act, he afterwards made the following apology to his wife, an unemphatic pronunciation of which leaves it scarcely intelligible; while distinct emphasis on a few small words gives it precision and vivacity, thus :

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know ~~FOR~~ whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive ~~FOR~~ ~~WHAT~~ I gave the ring,  
And how ~~UNWILLINGLY~~ I left the ring,  
When nought would be accepted ~~BUT~~ the ring,  
You would abate the strength of ~~your~~ displeasure.

In the case that follows too, we see how the meaning of a sentence often depends on the manner in which we utter one short word. "One of the servants of the high priest, (being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off,) saith,

did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Now if we utter this, as most readers do, with a stress on *kinsman*, and a short pause after it, we make the sentence affirm that the man whose ear Peter cut off was kinsman to the high priest, which was not the fact. But a stress upon *his*, makes this servant, kinsman to another man, who received the wound.

One more example may suffice, on this point. When our Saviour said to Peter ;—" Lovest thou me more than these ?" —he probably referred to the confident professions of his own attachment to Christ, which the apostle had presumed would remain unshaken, though that of his brethren should fail ; but which profession he had wofully violated in the hour of trial. If this is the spirit of the question, it is a tender but severe admonition, which would be expressed by emphasis, thus ; " Lovest *thou* me, more than *these* ?" that is, more than thy *brethren* love me ?

But respectable interpreters have supposed the question to refer to Peter's affection merely, and to contrast two objects of that affection ; and this would change the emphasis thus ;—" Lovest thou *me* more than *these* ?" —that is, more than thou lovest thy *brethren* ?

These illustrations shows that the principle of emphatic stress is perfectly simple ; and that it falls on a particular word, not chiefly because that word belongs to one or another class in grammar, but because, in the present case, it is important in *sense*. To designate the words that are thus important, by the action of the voice in emphasis, is just what the etymological import of this term implies, namely, to show, to point out, to make manifest.

But farther to elucidate a subject, that has been treat-

ed with much obscurity, emphatic stress may be distinguished into that which is *absolute*, and that which is *antithetic* or *relative*.

20] 1. *Absolute emphatic stress.*

Walker, and others who have been implicitly guided by his authority, without examination, lay down the broad position, that emphasis always implies *antithesis*; and that it can never be proper to give emphatic stress to a word, unless it stands *opposed* to something in sense. Accordingly, to find the emphasis in a sentence, the direction given is, to take the word we suppose to be emphatical, and try if it will admit of those words being supplied, which antithesis would demand; and if the words thus supplied, agree with the meaning of the writer, the emphasis is laid properly,—otherwise, improperly.

EXAMPLE.

Exercise and temperance strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution.

The emphatic word here suggests, as the antithetic clause to be supplied;—*not merely a good constitution*; and this accords with the meaning of the writer.

Now the error of these treatises is, that what in truth is only one important ground of emphasis, is made the sole and the universal ground. Indeed, if it were admitted that there is no emphasis without antithesis, it would by no means follow, (as I shall show under *emphatic inflection*,) that all cases of opposition in thought are to be analysed in the mode above proposed. But the principle assumed cannot be admitted; for to say that there is

no *absolute* emphasis, is to say that a thought is never important, considered by *itself*; or that the figure of *contrast* is the only way in which a thought can be expressed with force. The theory which supposes this, is too narrow to correspond with the philosophy of elocution. Emphasis is the soul of delivery, because it is the most discriminating mark of emotion. Contrast is among the sources of emotion: and the kind of contrast really intended by Walker and others, namely, that of affirmation and negation, it is peculiarly the province of emphasis to designate. But this is not the whole of its province. There are other sources, besides antithetic relation, from which the mind receives strong and vivid impressions, which it is the office of vocal language to express. Thus exclamation, apostrophe, and bold figures in general, denoting high emotion, demand a correspondent force in pronunciation; and that in too many cases where the emphatic force laid on a word is *absolute*, because the thought expressed by that word is forcible of itself, without any aid from contrast. Of this the reader may be satisfied by turning to [13] p. 57, and noting such examples as these :

*'Up! comrades,—up!—  
Wo unto you, Pharisées!—  
Hence!—hōme, you idle creatures—  
'Angels! and ministers of grāce,—defend us.'*

\* The following anecdote of Whitefield, which is probably familiar to most readers, contains an illustration altogether to my purpose. It is a passage repeated by Hume, from the close of a sermon which he heard from that preacher. "After a solemn pause, Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his numerous audience: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold, and ascend to

Now, in such a case, we may speculate on the emphatic force of the exclamation, and 'try if the sense will admit some antithetic clause to be supplied ;' but it is mere trifling. The truth is, when strong passion speaks, it speaks strongly, and, if no untoward habit intervenes, speaks with just that degree and kind of stress which the passion itself demands.

### 21] 2. *Antithetic or relative stress.*

Though we cannot consider opposition in sense as the exclusive ground of strong emphasis, it is doubtless a more common one than any other. The principle on which the stress depends in this case, will be evident from a few examples.

Study, not so much to *show* knowledge as to *acquire* it.

He that cannot *bear* a jest, should not *make* one.

It is not so easy to *hide* one's faults, as to *mend* them.

We think less of the injuries we *do*, than of those we *suffer*.

It is not so difficult to *talk* well, as to *live* well.

We must take heed not only to what we *say*, but to what we *do*.

In these short sentences the antithetic words, requiring emphatic force, are so obvious that they can hardly be mistaken by any one. When the antithetic terms in a sentence are both expressed, the mind instantly per-

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heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?" Then he stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and with gushing tears, cried aloud,—"Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." The high emotion of the speaker in this case, and the powers of utterance with which that emotion was expressed, melted the assembly into tears.

ceives the opposition between them, and the voice as readily marks the proper distinction. But when only one of these terms is expressed, the other is to be made out by reflection ; and in proportion to the ease or difficulty with which this antithetic relation is perceived by the mind, the emphatic sense is more or less vivid. On this principle, when a word *expresses* one part of a contrast, while it only *suggests* the other, that word must be spoken with a force adapted to its peculiar office ; and this is the very case where the power of emphasis rises to its highest point. This part of the subject too may be rendered more intelligible by a few examples.

Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar furnishes several which are sufficiently appropriate. In the scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, the latter says,

I that deny'd thee *gold*, will give my *heart*.

Here the antithetic terms *gold* and *heart*, being both expressed, a common emphatic stress on these makes the sense obvious. But in the following case, only one part of the antithesis is expressed. Brutus says,

You wrong'd *yourself*, to write in such a ~~case~~.

The strong emphasis on *yourself*, implies that Cassius thought himself injured by some other person. Accordingly we see in the preceding sentence his charge against Brutus,—“you have wrong'd me.”

Again, Brutus says to Cassius,

You have done that you should be sorry for.

With a slight stress upon *sorry*, this implies that he had done wrong ; but suggests nothing of the antithetic meaning, denoted by the true emphasis, thus,

You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.

This emphasis on the former word implies, “Not only are you liable to do wrong, but you *have* done so already;” on the latter it implies, “though you are *not* sorry, you *ought* to be sorry.” This was precisely the meaning of Brutus, for he replied to a threat of Cassius, “I *may* do that I shall be sorry for.”

One more example from the same source. Marullus, alluding to the reverence in which Pompey had been held, says,

And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you *not* made an universal shout?

Lay a stress now on *his* in the first line, and you make a contrast betwixt the emotion felt in seeing *other* chariots, and in seeing *Pompey's*. Lay the stress on *chariot*, and it is not implied that there was any other besides his in Rome; for then the antithesis suggested is, the sight, not of his person merely, but of the vehicle in which he rode, produced a shout.

## 22] SECT. 2.—*Emphatic Inflection.*

Thus far our view of emphasis has been limited to the *degree* of stress with which emphatic words are spoken. But this is only a part of the subject. The *kind* of stress is not less important to the sense than the degree. Let any one glance his eye over the examples of the foregoing pages, and he will see that strong emphasis demands, in all cases, an appropriate inflection; and that to change this inflection perverts the sense. This will be perceived at once in the following case, “We must take heed not only to what we *say*, but to what we *do*.” By changing

this slide, and laying the falling on *say* and the rising on *do*, every ear must feel that violence is done to the meaning. So in this case,

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our *stars* ;  
But in *ourselves*, that we are underlings ;

the rising inflection or circumflex on *stars* and the falling inflection on *ourselves* is so indispensable, that no reader of the least taste would mistake the one for the other. The fact in these instances however is, that wrong inflection confounds the true sense, rather than expresses a false one. Let us then take an example or two in which the whole meaning of a sentence depends on the inflection given to a single word. Buchanan, while at the University, said, in a letter to a Christian friend,

In the retirement of a *college*, I am unable to suppress evil thoughts.

Here the emphatic downward slide being given to *college*, expresses the true sense, namely, “ How difficult must it be to keep my heart from evil thoughts amid the temptations of the *world* ; when I cannot do this even in the retirement of a *college*.” But lay the circumflex on *college* thus ; “ In the retirement of a *college*, I cannot suppress evil thoughts ;” and you transform the meaning to this, “ I cannot suppress evil thoughts *here*, in retirement, though I might perhaps do it amid the temptations of the *world*.”

In the Fair Penitent Horatio says,

I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,  
Though all *thy* force were arm'd to bar my way.

The circumflex on *thy* implies sneer and scorn. “ I might

turn aside for respectable opposition, but not for such as *thine*." But the falling slide on *thy* turns contempt into compliment. "I would not turn aside even for *thy*' force, great as it is."

One more question remains to be answered ; how shall we know when an emphatic word demands the rising, and when the falling inflection ? A brief reply to this inquiry seems indispensable, before we drop this part of the subject.

On this point, the "grand distinction" of Walker, as he calls it, is ;—"*The falling inflection affirms something in the emphasis, and denies what is opposed to it in the antithesis ; while the emphasis with the rising inflection, affirms something in the emphasis, without denying what is opposed to it in the antithesis.*"

I have always considered it a great infelicity that the many excellent remarks of this writer on emphatic inflection, are so destitute of intelligible classification. On his theory, which makes antithesis essential to emphasis, universally, and antithesis too by affirmation and negation,—the amount of more than twenty pages, designed to illustrate the above position, is simply this ;—*When affirmation is opposed to negation,—the emphatic word or clause which affirms, has the falling inflection, and that which denies, the rising.* This is so plainly an elementary principle of vocal inflection, as I have shown [7] p. 49, that it requires no farther remark, except this one, that the case here supposed implies *strong, positive affirmation*.

But the ingenious writer above named perceived that there was still something to be explained about a part of this subject ; and therefore extended his canon concern-

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ing the emphasis with the *rising* inflection by saying, “*that it affirms something in the emphasis without denying what is opposed to it in the antithesis.*” That the illustration of this point should be dark to his readers is not strange, since it evidently was so to himself. The first step he takes is to give an example, which unfortunately contradicts the theory it was designed to establish.

“Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *man*,  
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose.

His commentary on this emphasis is—“*Unworthy of a man*, though not unworthy of a *brute*.” In repeating this, most certainly I both affirm and deny. I affirm that a certain act is unworthy of a man, and deny that it is unworthy of a brute. What then becomes of the rule just stated?

Besides, if the rising emphatic inflection affirms on one side, without denying on the other, what becomes of the antithesis?—and what becomes of the broad position, that without antithesis there can be no emphasis? The truth is that this position being erroneous, the “intricacies of distinction” resulting from it are needless. One who is familiar with the simple rules of inflection, can seldom mistake as to the proper slide on an emphatic word. The voice instinctively accompanies emphatic, *positive affirmation* with the falling slide, and the antithetic negation with the rising.

But there is a large class of sentences, in which *qualified affirmation* demands the rising turn of voice, often where an antithetic object is suggested or expressed *hypothetically*. Having seen no satisfactory explanation of the

rising emphasis which occurs in such cases, I will briefly suggest my own thoughts on this point. And it should be premised that it is not the simple rising slide, but the *circumflex*, which designates this sort of emphasis. The two indeed, as I have said before, may fall on shades of thought so nearly the same, that it is immaterial which is used ; while in other cases the office of the circumflex is so peculiar as to make it quite perceptible to an ear of any discrimination. In examples like the following ;

*We should seek to mend our faults, not to hide them.*

*You were paid to fight against Alexander, not to rail at him ;*

it has been usual to mark the rising emphasis with the simple slide upwards ; whereas in unaffected conversation the twist of the circumflex is generally heard in such cases.

With this preliminary remark, I proceed to say, that the plain distinction between the rising and the falling emphasis, when antithetic relation is expressed or suggested, is, the falling denotes *positive affirmation* or enunciation of a thought with energy ; the rising either expresses *negation*, or *qualified* and *conditional affirmation*. In the latter case the antithetic object, if there is one, may be suggested ironically, or hypothetically, or comparatively ; thus—*Ironically* ;

*They tell us to be moderate ; but they, they are to revel in profusion.*

*Hypothetically* ;

*If men see our faults, they will talk among themselves, though we refuse to let them talk to us.*

*I see thou hast learn'd to rail.*

In this latter example, the *hypothetical affirmation* requires the circumflex on the emphasis, while the indefinite antithesis is not expressed, as in the preceding example, but suggested ; “ Thou hast learn’d to *rāil*, if thou hast not learn’d any thing *bētter* than this.”

*Comparatively* ;

Satan

The *tēmpter*, ere the *accūser* of mankind.

The beggar was *blind* as well as *lāme*.

He is more *knāve* than *foōl*.

Cæsar deserved *blāme* more than *fāme*.

Now if any one chooses to ask the reason why these emphatic inflections occur in this order, he may see it perhaps by a bare inspection of the foregoing examples together. In such a connexion of two correlate words, whether in contrast or comparison, the most *prominent* of the two in sense, that in which the essence of the thought lies, commonly has the strong, falling emphasis ; and that which expresses something subordinate or circumstantial, has the rising. The same rising or circumflex emphasis prevails where the thought is *conditional*, or something is *implied* or *insinuated*, rather than strongly expressed. Negative clauses perhaps so generally fall into this class of inflections because they are so often only explanatory of the main thought.

As the foregoing remarks have been confined chiefly to the inflection of *relative* emphasis, the reader may expect me to dwell a little on the same point, as connected with *absolute* emphasis.

Here the examples to be adduced will be a farther

refutation of the theory which restricts emphasis wholly to antithesis by affirmation and denial. If this theory were correct, there would be no emphatic stress nor inflection in the following cases ;

1. Of *apposition* ;

*Simon, Son of Jónas*,—lovest thou me?

To affirm this, is to contradict *Paul, the Apostle*.

In the multiplied cases of this sort, where two names are used for the same person, surely the ground of emphasis on both, is not *opposition* in sense.

2. Of the *indirect question* and its *answer*.

Who first *seduced* them to that foul revolt?

The infernal *serpent*.—

Where is *bloating* then?—It is *excluded*.

Here again the emphasis is absolute.

3. Of the *direct question*, and its *answer*.

In Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, the indignant Marullus thus chides the citizens for their blind adoration of Cæsar;

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

Knew ye not *Pompey*?

So afterwards,—

And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Again,—

Are they *Hébrews*?—So am I.

Shall Rome be taken, while I am *Consul*?—No.

In both sorts of question, there is indeed what may properly be termed contrast; and in the direct question, this contrast between question and answer is marked by

opposite inflection. But this is a case that does not at all come within Mr. Walker's rule,—“*That the falling inflection affirms something in the emphasis, and denies what is opposed to it in the antithesis; and the rising affirms without such denial.*” Let this rule be tried by the foregoing examples, and it will be apparent that no antithesis by affirmation and denial can be made out in any of them, except by an effort of fancy. Take that one ending,—“*Knew ye not Pómpay?*” and instead of puzzling the mind to discover what is *affirmed* in this rising emphasis, and what is *not denied* in a supposed antithesis, how much easier is it to say,—the case falls under that general law of interrogative inflection, which always inclines the voice upward.

But these illustrations need not be extended. The amount is, that generally the weaker emphasis, where there is tender, or conditional, or partial enunciation of thought, requires the voice to *rise*: while the strong emphasis, where the thought is bold, and the language positive, adopts the falling slide, except where some counter-acting principle occurs, as in the interrogative inflection just mentioned. Emphatic inflection varies according to those general laws of the voice which I have endeavoured to describe at some length, Chap. III. p. 42—65. For these varieties we may assign good reasons, in some cases; while in others we must stop with the fact, that such are the settled usages of elocution; and in others still, we can only say such are the instinctive principles of vocal intonation.\* In all such cases, explanation becomes ob-

\* A technical sense of this word, seems indispensable.

security, if carried out of its proper limits. Beyond these, I can no more tell why sorrow or supplication incline the voice to the rising slide, while indignation or command incline it to the falling, than I can tell why one emotion flashes in the eye, and another vents itself in tears. Nor is it reasonable to demand such explanations on this subject, as are not expected on any other. The logician rests in his consciousness and his experience as the basis of argument; and philosophy no more requires or allows us to push our inquiries beyond first principles or facts, in elocution, than in logic.

23] In closing these remarks on emphatic inflection, the reader should be reminded that the distinction suggested, p. 43, between the *common* and the *intensive* inflection, applies to every part of the subject. As emphasis varies with sentiment in degrees of strength, it requires a correspondent difference in the force, the elevation of note, and the extent of slide, which distinguish important words.

#### 24] *Emphatic Clause.*

Before I dismiss the article of emphasis, one or two points should have some notice, because they belong to the general subject, though not distinctly classed under the foregoing heads.

It will be readily perceived that the stress proper to be laid on any single word, to denote its importance, depends much on the *comparative* stress with which other words in the same sentence are pronounced. A whisper, if it is soft or strong, according to sense, may be as truly discriminating as the loudest tones. The voice

should be disciplined to this distinction, in order to avoid the common fault, which confounds vociferation with emphatic expression. Many, to become forcible speakers, utter the current words of a sentence in so loud a tone, that the whole seems a mere continuity of strong articulate sounds ; or if emphatic stress is attempted on particular words, it is done with such violence as to offend against all propriety. This is the declamatory manner. The power of emphasis, when it belongs to single words, depends on concentration. To extend it through a sentence, is to destroy it.

But there are cases in which more than common stress belongs to several words in succession, forming an *emphatic clause*. This is sometimes called *general emphasis*. In some cases of this sort, the several syllables have nearly *equal stress* : thus ;

— Heaven and earth will witness,  
If—ROME—MUST—FALL,—that we are innocent.

In uttering this emphatic clause, the voice drops its pitch, and proceeds nearly in a grave, deliberate monotone.

In other cases, such a clause is to be distinguished from the rest of the sentence, by a general increase of force ; and yet its words retain a relative difference among themselves, in quantity, stress, and inflection. This appears in the indignant reply of the youthful Pitt, to his aged accuser in debate ;

But youth, it seems, is not my only crime ; I have been accused,—of *acting a THEATRICAL part*.

And afterwards, arraigning the ministry, he said,

As to the present gentlemen,—I cannot give them my confi-

dence. Pardon me, gentlemen,—*confidence is a plant of slow growth.*

In both these cases the emphatic thought belongs to the whole clause, as marked, requiring a grave under-tone; but one word in each must have more stress than the rest, and a note somewhat higher.

The want of proper distinctions as to the emphatic clause, occasioned, if I mistake not, the difference of opinion between Garrick and Johnson respecting the seat of emphasis in the ninth commandment; “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.” Garrick laid the stress on *shalt*, to express the authority of the precept; Johnson on *not*, to express its negative character. But clearly both are wrong, for in neither of these respects is this command to be distinguished from others with which it is connected. And if we place the stress on *false* or on *neighbor*, still an antithetic relation is suggested, which does not accord with the design of the precept. Now let it be observed, that here is a *series* of precepts forbidding certain sins against *man*, our *neighbor*. Each of these is introduced with the prohibitory phrase, “thou shalt not,” and then comes the *thing forbidden*; in the sixth, *kill*;—in the eighth, *steal*;—in the ninth, “*bear false witness*.” This shows the point of emphatic discrimination. In the latter case, the stress falls not on a single word, but on a *clause*, the last word of this clause, however, in the present case, demanding more stress than either of the others.

One more example may make this last remark still plainer. Suppose *Paul* to have said merely, “I came not to *baptize*, but to *preach*.” The contrast expressed

limits the emphasis to two words. But take the whole sentence as it is in Paul's language, "I came not to baptize, but to *preach the gospel*;"—and you have a contrast between an emphatic *word*, and an emphatic *clause*. And though the sense is just as before, you must change the stress in this clause from *preach* to *gospel*, or you utter nonsense. If you retain the stress on *preach*, the paraphrase is "I came not to *baptize* the gospel, but to *preach* the gospel."

## DOUBLE EMPHASIS.

This is always grounded on antithetic relation, expressed in pairs of contrasted objects. It will be sufficiently illustrated by a very few examples.

The *young* are slaves to *novelty*, the *old* to *custom*.

And why beheldest thou the *mote* that is in thy *brother's* eye, but considerest not the *beam* that is in thine *own* eye?

There is but one remark, which is important to be made in this case. In such a reduplication of emphasis, its highest effect is not to be expected. In attempting to give the utmost significance to each of the terms standing in close succession, we are in danger of diminishing the amount of meaning expressed by the whole. The only rule that can be adopted is so to adjust the stress and inflection of voice on the different terms as shall most clearly, and yet most agreeably convey the sense of the entire passage.

## CHAP. VI.

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### MODULATION.

I use this term in the largest sense, as a convenient one to denote that variety in managing the voice, which appears in the delivery of a good speaker.\* This includes a number of distinct topics, which may perhaps with sufficient exactness be brought together in one chapter.

#### SECT. 1.—*Faults of Modulation.*

##### 1. *Monotony.*

The remark has been made in a former page, that the monotone, employed with skill, in pronouncing a simile, or occasionally an elevated or forcible thought, may have great rhetorical effect. Its propriety in such a case, is felt instinctively; just as other movements of the voice are felt to be proper, when they are prompted by genius and emotion. But the thing I mean to condemn has no

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\* Though I admire precision in language, I must here again express my dissent from all needless distinctions on a subject so practical as this. Wright in his Elocution considers *tune* as equivalent to variety, harmony, cadence; and *tone*, as equivalent to strength and compass; and criticises Sheridan for making no such distinction. But surely no distinction and no definition of terms is as good as one too loose to be of any value. Technical terms every art and science must have; but modern taste has very properly dispensed with a large proportion of those terms, which make the technical nomenclature of ancient rhetoric a greater burden to memory than the acquisition of a new language.

such qualities to give it vivacity. It is that dull repetition of sounds, on the same pitch, and with the same quantity, which the hearers are ready to ascribe, (and commonly with justice,) to the want of spirit in the speaker. They easily excuse themselves for feeling no interest in what he says, when apparently he feels none himself. Want of variety is fatal to vivacity and interest in delivery, on the same principle that it is so in all other cases.

Let the poet be confined to one undeviating succession of syllables and of rhyme, and who would be enchanted with his numbers? Let the painter be confined to one colour, and where is the magic of his art? What gives its charm to the landscape?—What gives life to the countenance, and language to the eye, as represented on the canvass? Not such a use of colours as fits the character of a post or ceiling, all white, or all red; but such a blending of colours as give the variety of life and intelligence. The same difference exists between a heavy, uniform movement of the voice, and that which corresponds with real emotion. In *music* a succession of perfect concords, especially on the same note, would be intolerable.

## 2. *Mechanical variety.*

An unskilful reader perhaps is resolved to avoid monotony. In attempting to do this, he may fall into other habits, scarcely less offensive to the ear, and not at all more consistent with the principles of a just elocution. In uttering a sentence, he may think nothing more is necessary, than to employ the *greatest possible number of notes*; and thus his chief aim is to leap from one extreme to an-

other of his voice. In a short time, this attempt at variety becomes a regular return of similar notes, at stated intervals.

Another defect, of the same sort, arises from an attempt to produce variety by a *frequent change of stress*. The man is disgusted with the plodding uniformity that measures out syllables and words, as a dragoon does his steps. He aims therefore at an *emphatic* manner, which shall give a much greater quantity of sound to some words than to others. But here too the only advantage gained is, that we exchange an *absolute* for a *relative* sameness; for the favorite stress returns periodically, without regard to sense.

There is still another kind of this *uniform variety*, which is extremely common at our public schools and colleges, and from them is carried into the different departments of public speaking. It consists in the habit of *striking a sentence at the beginning, with a high and full voice, which becomes gradually weaker and lower, as the sentence proceeds*, especially if it has much length, till it is closed perhaps with one quarter of the impulse with which it commenced. Then the speaker, at the beginning of a new sentence, inflates his lungs, and pours out a full volume of sound for a few words, sliding downward again, as on an inclined plane, to a feeble close. Besides the effort at variety, which often produces this fault, it is increased in many cases, by that labor of lungs, and that unskillfulness in managing the breath, which attends want of custom in speaking. The man who has this habit, (and not a few have it, as any one would perceive, who should place himself just within hearing distance of twen-

ty public speakers, successively,) should spare no pains to overcome it, as a deadly foe to vivacity and effect in delivery.

### SECT. 2.—*Remedies.*

The measures primarily to be adopted in regard to these habits, will be suggested here, while others that have an important bearing on the subject will come into view in the following sections.

To find an adequate remedy for any of the above defects in modulation, we must enter into the elementary principles of delivery. As the meaning of what we read or speak, is supposed continually to *vary*, that elocution which best conforms to *sense*, will possess the greatest variety.

1. The most indispensable attainment then, towards the cure of bad habits in managing the voice, is the *spirit* of *emphasis*. Suppose a student of elocution to have a scholastic tone, or some other of the faults mentioned above ;—teach him emphasis, and you have taken the most direct way to remove the defect. It is difficult to give a particular illustration of my meaning, except by the living voice ; but the experiment is worthy of a trial, to see if the faulty manner cannot be represented to the eye. Read the following passage from the *Spectator* ;\* recollecting, at the beginning of each sentence, to strike the words in the largest type, with a high and full voice, gradually sinking away in pitch and quantity, as the type diminishes, to the close.

\* No. 411.

## EXAMPLE.

OUR SIGHT IS THE MOST PERFECT, AND MOST DELIGHTFUL, OF ALL OUR SENSES. IT FILLS THE MIND WITH THE LARGEST VARIETY OF IDEAS, CONVERSES WITH ITS OBJECTS AT THE GREATEST DISTANCE, AND CONTINUES THE LONGEST IN ACTION WITHOUT BEING TIRED OR SATIATED WITH ITS PROPER ENJOYMENTS. THE SENSE OF FEELING CAN INDEED GIVE US A NOTION OF EXTENSION, SHAPE, AND ALL OTHER IDEAS THAT ENTER AT THE EYE, EXCEPT COLOURS. AT THE SAME TIME, IT IS VERY MUCH CONFINED IN ITS OPERATIONS TO THE NUMBER, BULK, AND DISTANCE OF ITS PARTICULAR OBJECTS.

If Rhetoric had a term, something like the *diminuendo* of musicians, it might help to designate the fault here represented, consisting in the habit of striking sentences with a high and strong note, for a few words, and then falling away into a feeble close.

If you succeed in understanding the above illustration, then vary the trial on the same example, with a view to another fault, the periodic stress and tone. Take care to speak the words printed in small capitals with a note sensibly higher and stronger than the rest, dropping the voice immediately after these elevated words, into an undulating tone, on the following syllables,—thus;

Our sight is the most perfect, and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye ex-

cept colours. At the same time, it is very much *confined* in its operations, to the number, *bulk* and distance of its particular objects.\*

It is necessary now to give this same passage once more, so distinguishing the chief words, by the *italic* character, as to exhibit the true pronunciation:

Our *sight* is the most *perfect* and most *delightful* of all our *senses*. It fills the mind with the largest variety of *idées*; converses with its objects at the greatest *distance*; and continues the longest in action, without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of *feeling* can indeed give us a notion of *extension*, *shape*, and all other ideas that enter at the *eye*, except *colours*. At the same time it is very much *confined* in its operations, to the *number*, *bulk*, and *distance* of its particular objects.

Only two or three of the words as here marked require intensive emphasis, and that not of the highest kind; and yet the student will perceive that a discriminating stress on the words thus marked, will regulate the voice, of course, as to all the rest; and so render a scholastic tone impossible.

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\* Walker's ear, though in cases of emphatic inflection, very discriminating, seems in other cases to have been perverted by his theory of *harmonic inflection*, as appears from his manner of pronouncing the following couplet, which nearly coincides with the tone I am condemning.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
And greatly falling, with a falling state.

I am aware that it is difficult to represent this *scholastic tone* by any description to the eye. One who is acquainted with music may readily analyze any unseemly tone, by examining the intervals of the notes above and below the key note of the sentence, in the few syllables to which the tone is confined. This analysis would give a precision to his knowledge of the subject, that would be valuable in practice. The hint may be sufficient to those who have skill and patience for such inquiries; and to others, any extended explanations would be useless.

But as no word in the foregoing passage is strongly emphatic, my meaning may be more evident from an example or two, where a discriminating stress on a single word, determines the manner in which the following words are to be spoken.

Take this couplet from Pope, and read it first with the metrical accent and tone, thus ;

What *the* weak head, with *strongest* bias rules,  
Is pride, the *never* failing vice of fools. —

Now let it be observed that in these lines there is really but one emphatic word, namely *pride*. If we mark this with the strong emphasis, and the falling inflection, the following words will of necessity be spoken as they should be, dropping a note or two below the key note of the sentence,\* and proceeding nearly on a monotone to the end ;—thus ;—

What the weak head, with strongest bias rules,  
Is *pride*,  
the never failing vice of fools.

Another example may help to render this more intelligible.

Must we *condemn* the author of the public calamities?  
Or must we *despise* the author of the public calamities?

\* By *key note*, I mean the *prevailing* note, that which you hear when a man reads aloud in another room, while you cannot distinguish any words that he utters.

In pronouncing these examples, which I trust need not be further explained, some trifling diversities might doubtless be observed in different readers of equal taste. But if the proper sound is given to the emphatic words, all the rest must be spoken essentially as here described. It follows that the most direct means of curing artificial tones, is to acquire a correct emphasis. But,—

2. In order to this, another attainment seems indispensable, namely, some good degree of discrimination as to vocal tones and inflections. This has been more than once adverted to in the foregoing pages, but it is introduced here as inseparably connected with a just modulation. That correct emphasis, which is the best remedy for perverted habits of voice, is not always a spontaneous attendant on good sense and emotion. Its efficacy is often frustrated by the strength of those habits which it might overcome, if there were sufficient knowledge of the subject to apply the remedy.

There is something of the ludicrous in the attempt to imitate unseemly tones in speaking; and those who are unpractised in it, generally feel reluctant to make the attempt at first, especially in the presence of others. For the same reason they are reluctant to have their own faulty manner in reading a sentence imitated, or to repeat again and again their own attempts to correct it. And some who can imitate a sound, immediately after hearing it from another voice, suppose this to be the only way in which it can be done. But let a thousand persons, who understand the English language, repeat the familiar question, “Do you expect to *go*, or *stay*?”—And will not every one of the thousand give the same turn of voice on

the words in Italics? Where is the difficulty then of placing such a mark on these turns of voice, that they may be transferred to any other word? This simple principle suggested to Walker his notation of sounds for the eye; and incomplete as it is, something of the kind is so necessary to the student of elocution, that, without it, the aid of a living teacher cannot supply the defect. And in most cases, nothing is wanting to derive advantage from such a theory but a little patience and perseverance in its application.\*

\* A few years since, I desired a young gentleman to take the following sentence; "I tell you, though *you*, though all the *world*, though an angel from *heaven*, should declare the truth of it, I could not believe it;"—and read it to me in four different ways, which I described to him in writing, without making with my voice any of the sounds which I wished him to represent. My directions were these;

1. Read it with the monotone.
2. Without any slide on the emphatic words, raise them one note above the key tone of the sentence, and read the rest in the monotone.
3. Give the emphatic words the rising slide through three or four notes above the key, and end with the common cadence.
4. Give the same words the falling slide, with increase of force as you proceed; beginning the slide, on *you* one note above the key, that on *world* two, and that on *heaven* three.—The young gentleman, without having acquired, so far as I knew, any uncommon skill in vocal inflections, at the appointed time repeated the passage according to my directions, and almost exactly in the manner I had intended. The last mode of reading is that which I described at page 62; and the other three modes I may leave without farther elucidation to those who have the curiosity to engage in such an exercise. The second mode, it will be seen, is one species of what is often called the conventional tone; and another sort of this cant, would be represented by reading all the words in monotone except the parts in the following specimen printed in Italic, which should be raised two notes above the key. "I tell *you* though *you*, though *all* the *world*, though an *angel* from *heaven*, should *declare* the truth of it, I could not believe it." Such an exercise might well seem trifling in a man of elevated views, were it not important to bring his voice under discipline, by analyzing its powers, and that for the purpose of correcting his own faults in modulation.

It was my intention to remark, at more length than my limits in this place will allow, on the benefit which a public speaker may derive from acquaintance with vocal music. The want of this does by no means imply a correspondent deficiency in elocution. There have been orators who had no skill in music. And constant observation shows that a man may be a fine singer, and yet be no orator. Vocal organs and skill, of the first order, he may possess, and yet have neither the strength nor furniture of intellect, nor the high moral sensibility, which eloquence demands. As a speaker, he may fail too in modulation of voice, so as not even to read well. But while all this is admitted we must say of this good singer and bad reader, what we cannot always say of another man,—he is utterly without excuse. With discriminating ear, and perfect command of his voice, why has he a bad modulation in delivery? His talent is hid in a napkin;—he is too *lothful* to use a gift of his Creator, which in possession of another man, might be an invaluable treasure. Paradox as it may seem, it is only the plain statement of a well known fact, to say, that many a man, while devoting ten years to studies preparatory to professional life, deliberately looks forward to his main business, as one in which his success and usefulness must depend on his talent in *speaking*;—yet takes no pains to *speak well*! Perhaps of these ten years, he does not employ one entire week in all, to acquire this talent, without which all other acquisitions are, to his purposes, comparatively useless!

Without any enthusiastic estimate of the collateral advantages which the student of oratory might derive from musical skill, it may be said that the same strength, dis-

tinctness, smoothness, and flexibility of voice, which music both requires and promotes, are directly subservient to the purposes of eloquence. And at least so much practical knowledge of music, as readily to mark with the ear and voice, the difference between high and low, strong and feeble notes, greatly facilitates that analysis of speaking tones, which enables one to understand his own faults, and to make such a sound, in a given case, as he wishes to make.

I might add here, that I am not advancing any new theory on this subject. Quintilian devotes a chapter to the connexion between eloquence and music; and advises the young orator to study this latter art, as an important auxiliary in the care and management of his voice. And a spirited French writer, speaking of bad tones in the pulpit, says, "I much wish that young preachers would not neglect any means of forming their voice and improving their ear; for which purpose, the knowledge and practice of vocal music, would be very useful to them."

There are indeed weighty reasons, not applicable to other men, why they who are devoted to the sacred office should cultivate an acquaintance with this sacred fine art. It elevates and sanctifies the taste of a Christian scholar. It prepares the minister of the gospel to employ an influence in regulating the taste of others; an influence that shall be salutary, and becoming his office, or at least, not pernicious, in regard to the style of music that is adapted to public devotion. Till Christian pastors become generally better qualified to exert such an influence it will not be strange if this department of public worship shall continue in the hands of authors, and teachers, and

performers, who will so conduct its solemn services as to extinguish rather than inspire devotional feeling. Besides, the minister who knows nothing of the science of *adaptation*, as applied to music and poetry, will often select hymns so *unpoetical* that they cannot possibly be sung with discrimination and spirit; or perhaps a hymn, that is full of inspiration, he will read with so little feeling, that it will almost of course be sung in a manner equally inanimate.

### SECT. 3.—*Pitch of Voice.*

This is a relative modification of voice; by which we mean that *high* or *low* note, which prevails in speaking, and which has a governing influence upon the whole scale of notes employed. In every man's voice, this governing note varies with circumstances, but it is sufficiently exact to consider it as threefold; the *upper* pitch, used in calling to one at a distance; the *middle*, used in conversation; and the *lower*, used, in cadence, or in a grave, emphatic under key. Exertion of voice on the first, exposes it to break; and on the last, renders articulation thick and difficult, and leaves no room for compass below the pitch. The *middle* key, or that which we spontaneously adopt in earnest conversation, allows the greatest variety and energy in public speaking, though this will be raised a little by the excitement of addressing an assembly. To speak on a pitch much above that of animated conversation, fatigues and injures the lungs; though this, of all mistakes, is the one into which weak lungs are most likely to fall. The speaker then, by his own experiment, or, (if he wants the

requisite skill,) by the aid of some friend, should ascertain the middle key of his own voice, and make that the basis of his delivery. Whether this is high or low, compared with that of another man, is not essential, provided it be not in extreme. Among the first secular orators of Britain, some have spoken on the grave, bass-key ; while Pitt's voice, it is said, was a full tenor, and Fox's a treble.

The voice that is on a bass-key, if clear and well toned, has some advantages in point of dignity. But a high tone, uttered with the same effort of lungs, is more audible than a low one. Without referring to other proofs of this, the fact just now mentioned is sufficient, that we spontaneously raise our key in calling to one at a distance ; for the simple reason that we instinctively know he will be more likely to hear us in a high note than a low one. So universal is this instinct, that we may observe it in very little children, and even in the call and response of the parent bird and her young, and in most brute animals that have voice. The same principle doubtless explains another fact, recently alluded to, that feeble lungs are inclined to a high pitch ; this being the effort of weakness, to make up what it lacks in power, by elevation of key ; an effort which succeeds perfectly for a few words, but produces intolerable fatigue by being continued.

The influence of *emotion* on the voice, is also among the philosophical considerations pertaining to this subject. A man under strong intellectual excitement, walks with a firmer and quicker step than when he is cool ; and the same excitement which braces the muscles, and gives en-

ergy to the movements of the body, has a correspondent effect on the movements of the voice. Earnestness in common conversation assumes a higher note, as it proceeds, though the person addressed is at no greater distance than before.

A practical corollary from these suggestions is, that the public speaker should avoid a *high pitch*, at the *beginning* of his discourse, lest he rise, with the increase of interest, to painful and unmanageable elevation. Through disregard of this caution, some preachers, of warm temperament, sacrifice all command of their voice, as they become animated, and rather scream than speak. Blair lays it down as a useful rule, in order to be well heard, —“To fix our eye on some of the most distant persons in the assembly, and to consider ourselves as speaking to them.” But to apply this rule to the outset of a discourse, would probably lead nine out of ten, among unpractised speakers, to err by adopting too high a pitch. Walker, on the other hand, advises to commence, —“as though addressing the persons who are nearest to us.” This might lead to an opposite extreme; and the safest general course perhaps, is to adapt the pitch to hearers at a medium distance.

Hearers are apt to be impatient, if a speaker compels them to *listen*; though they more readily tolerate this fault at the beginning, than in any other part of a discourse. The preacher is certainly without excuse who utters his *text* in so low a voice as not to be understood, and the special necessity for avoiding this, is probably a sufficient reason for the good old practice of naming the text twice. But for a few sentences of the *exordium*, where the sen-

timent commonly requires composure and simplicity, it is better to be scarcely audible, than to shun this inconvenience by running into vociferation. The proper means of avoiding both extremes, is to learn the distinction between *force* and *elevation*; and to acquire the power of swelling the voice on a low note. This introduces our next topic of consideration.

#### SECT. 4.—*Quantity.*

This term I use not in the restricted sense of grammarians and prosodists, but as including both the *fullness of tone*, and the *time*, in which words and sentences are uttered. With this explanation I hope I may be permitted to use the term in a sense somewhat peculiar, without touching the endless discussion it has awakened in another department.

In theory, perhaps every one can easily understand, that a sound may be either *loud* or *soft*, on the same note. The only difference, for example, betwixt the sound produced by a heavy stroke and a gentle one, on the same bell, is in the *quantity* or *momentum*. This distinction as applied to music, is perfectly familiar to all acquainted with that art. As applied to elocution, however, it is not so easily made; for it is a common thing for speakers to confound *high* sounds with *loud*, and *low* with *soft*. Hence we often hear it remarked of one, that he speaks in a *low* voice, when the meaning is, a *feeble* one; and perhaps if he were told that he is not *loud* enough, he would instantly raise his key, instead of merely increasing his quantity on the same note. But skill in modulation

requires, that these distinctions should be practically understood. And if any one, who has given no attention to this point, thinks it too easy to demand attention, he may be better satisfied by a single experiment. Let him take this line of Shakspeare,

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome !

and read it first in a voice barely audible. Then let him read it again and again, on the same pitch, doubling his quantity or impulse of sound, at each repetition; and he will find that it requires great care and management to do this, without raising his voice to a higher note.

As it is a prime réquisite in a public speaker, that he be heard with ease and pleasure, the importance of his being able to swell his voice to a loud and full sound, without raising his pitch, must be apparent. As a general rule, that voice is loud enough, which perfectly fills the place where we speak; or, in other words, which perfectly reaches the hearers, with a reserve of strength to enforce a passage, in which sentiment demands peculiar energy.

The inconvenience of a feeble voice in a public speaker is great. He will either fail to be heard at all, or will be heard with so much difficulty, that his auditors are subjected to the drudgery of a laborious *listening* to spell out his meaning.

Besides, there are circumstances, of no uncommon occurrence, by which this inconvenience is specially aggravated. Among these may be mentioned the injudicious structure of buildings, the chief design of which is adaptation to public speaking, such as legislative and judicial

halls, and Christian churches. The purposes of these buildings is sometimes nearly frustrated by immoderate size; by extreme *height* of the ceiling; and in churches particular, by the multiplication of ill-formed *arches*, so constructed as to return a strong broken echo,—by the bad arrangement of *galleries*, and the *sounding-board*, adjusted close to the speaker's head.

Sometimes too, even the secular orator, and much oftener the preacher, is called to speak in the open air; or on the other extreme, to speak in a private apartment, so crowded as hardly to admit of free respiration. In such cases the common disadvantages of a feeble voice are much increased.

If the inquiry be made, on what does strength of voice depend?—I answer,

*First*, it depends primarily on *perfect organs* of speech. As it is important for the professed speaker to know something of these wonderful organs, with the preservation and use of which he is so much concerned, a brief enumeration of them may be proper here.

Of these, the *lungs* have the first place. Mere vigor in this organ, is not of course attended with vocal power, but the latter cannot exist without the former. Other things being equal, he who has the best conformation of chest, and the most forcible action of lungs, will have the strongest voice. Fishes, and those insects that have no lungs, have no voice.

Next is the *trachea*, that elastic tube, by which air passes to and from the lungs; to the length of which in some *birds*, is ascribed the uncommon power of their voice. At the upper end of this, is the *larynx*, a cartilaginous box,

of the most delicate, vibratory power, so suspended by muscles as to be easily elevated or depressed. The *glottis* is a small aperture, (at the top of the larynx,) by the dilatation or contraction of which, sound becomes more acute or more grave. To secure this aperture from injury, while food passes over it to the stomach, it is closed by a perfect valve, called the *epiglottis*.

These are organs of *sound*, but not of *speech*, without the aid of others adapted to *articulation*,—namely, the *tongue*, the *palate*, the *nostrils*, the *lips* and *teeth*. My limits do not allow me to examine minutely the wonderful adaptation of these latter organs to their end, nor the mode of their action in forming articulate sounds. Such an examination is unnecessary to one who has patience to make it himself,—and to others, it would be useless.

*Secondly*, next to the importance of good organs, in giving strength of voice, is the proper *exercise* of these organs. The habit of speaking gave to the utterance of Garrick so wonderful an energy, that even his under key was distinctly audible to ten thousand people. In the same way the French missionary Bridaine brought his vocal powers to such strength, as to be easily heard by ten thousand persons, in the open air; and twice this number of listening auditors were sometimes addressed by Whitefield. The capacity of the lungs to bear the effort of speaking with a full impulse, depends much on their being accustomed to it. If I were to give directions to the Student, as to the means of strengthening his voice by exercise, they would be such as these.

(1) Whenever you use your voice on common occasions, *use as much voice, as propriety will permit*. The

restriction here intended must be applied by common sense.

(2) *Read aloud, as a stated exercise.* [See 3. p. 31.] This was a daily practice of the first statesmen and generals of Rome, even in the midst of campaigns, and public emergencies; and it was by such a habit of reading and declamation in private, that the sons of these men were trained to a bold and commanding oratory. An erect, and commonly a standing posture, in such exercises, gives the fullest expansion to the chest and lungs.

(3) *In public speaking, avoid all improper efforts of the lungs.* These arise chiefly from speaking on too high a key, a fault noticed above; from extreme anxiety to accommodate delivery to hearers who are partially deaf; and from attempts to go through a long discourse, with such a degree of hoarseness as greatly augments the labor of the lungs.

*Thirdly, to preserve the lungs, and give strength to the vocal powers, it is necessary to avoid those habits by which public speakers are often injured;—such as,*

(1) *Bad attitudes of study, especially of writing,* which cramp the chest and obstruct the vital functions.

(2) *Late preparations,* by which the effort of public delivery immediately succeeds the exhaustion of intense and long continued study.

(3) *Full meals immediately before, and stimulating drinks immediately before or after speaking.*

(4) *Inhaling cold air* by conversation, and sudden change of temperature, when the lungs are heated by speaking.

'There is one general precaution, I may add, that

comprises and in some measure supersedes all others on this subject, namely, that strength of the vocal powers is to be promoted only by sustaining the general vigor of the constitution. The fatal prevalence of pulmonary disease, among literary men, especially ministers of the gospel, is commonly ascribed to their peculiar labours in public speaking. But with much more reason might it be ascribed, chiefly, to their habits as men of study. The general intelligence and spirit of the age render high acquisitions and efforts indispensable, in order to distinguished usefulness. Years of preparatory study, devoted to intense reading and thought, often impair the tone of health, so that the superaddition of professional exertions soon finishes the work of prostration. The young preacher, of ardent feelings, is eminently in danger of falling an early victim to the combined influence of these causes. Besides the weekly composition of sermons, a labour that has no parallel in any other profession, an accumulation of pastoral duties, new, and vast, in importance, press him down from day to day, till he sinks, under this load of duties, into the grave ; or drags on the precarious existence of an invalid, with broken lungs, and emaciated frame.

Now the case is summed up in a few words. The public speaker needs a powerful voice. The quantity of voice which he can employ, at least, can employ with safety, depends on his strength of lungs ; and this again depends on a sound state of general health. If he neglects this, all other precautions will be useless.\*

\* The foregoing suggestions on *strength of voice*, are only an outline of the more particular and extended illustration given to this part of the subject in my *Lectures on Delivery*.

So much for this part of rhetorical modulation, in which a just quantity requires, that the impulse or momentum of voice be accommodated to sentiment, from the whisper of the fire-side, designed only for one hearer, to the thunder of Bridaine, addressing his ten thousand.

But besides strong and feeble tones, as belonging to quantity, it includes also a proper regard to *time*. This respects single words, clauses and sentences. No variety of tones could produce the thrilling effects of music, if every note were a semibreve. So in elocution, if every word and syllable were uttered with the same length, the uniformity would be as intolerable as the worst monotony. This is illustrated in the line, which Pope framed purposely, to represent a heavy movement ;—

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

The quantity demanded on each of these monosyllabic words, renders fluency in pronunciation quite impracticable. On the other hand, in a line of poetry, which has a regular return of accent on every second or third syllable, we find a metrical pronunciation, so spontaneously adopted, as often to require much caution; not to sacrifice sense to harmony. Some, I am aware, maintain the theory that prose, in order to be well delivered, must be reduced, mentally at least, into feet. But he must be little less than a magician, who can break into the measure of prosody such a sentence as this ;—“ The Trinity is a mystery which we unhesitatingly believe the truth of, and with humility adore the depth of.”

The easy flow of delivery requires that particles, and subordinate syllables, should be touched as lightly as is

consistent with distinctness ; while both sentiment and harmony demand, that the voice should throw an increase of quantity upon important words by resting on them, or by swell and protraction of sound, or both. Thus while pitch relates only to the variety of notes, as *high* or *low*, that of quantity is twofold ; namely, the variety of *impulse*, as *loud* or *soft*, and the variety of *time*, as *quick* or *slow*. The martial music of the drum has no change of notes, as to tune, being dependent wholly on quantity ; and therefore has much less vivacity than the fife, which combines the varieties of *tune*, and *impulse*, as well as *time*. The amount of all these remarks is, that he whose voice habitually prolongs short syllables, and such words as *and*, *from*, *to*, *the*, &c. must be a heavy speaker.

But *time* in elocution, has a larger application than that which respects words and clauses, I mean that which respects the general *rate* of delivery. In this case, it is not practicable, as in music, nor perhaps desirable, to establish a fixed standard, to which every reader or speaker shall conform. The habits of different men may differ considerably in rate of utterance, without being chargeable with fault. But I refer rather to the difference which emotion will produce, in the rate of the same individual. I have said before, that those passions which quicken or retard a man's step in walking, will produce a similar effect on his voice in speaking. Narration is equable and flowing ; vehemence, firm and accelerated ; anger and joy, rapid. Whereas dignity, authority, sublimity, awe, —assume deeper tones, and a slower movement. Accordingly we sometimes hear a good reader or speaker, when there is some sudden turn of thought, check himself

in the full current of utterance, and give indescribable power to a sentence, or part of a sentence, by dropping his voice, and adopting a slow, full pronunciation.

### SECT. 5.—RHETORICAL PAUSE.

This has a very intimate relation to the subject of the foregoing section. As quantity in music, may consist partly of *rests*, so it is in elocution. A suspension of the voice, of proper length, and at proper intervals, is so indispensable, that, without this, sentiment cannot be expressed impressively, nor even intelligibly, by oral language. In delivery indeed, these suspensions of sound are accompanied by other and surer marks of their significance, than mere *time*; as the whole doctrine of vocal inflections implies. They are combined with appropriate notes of the voice, which declare at the instant, whether the sense is to be continued in the same sentence;—when the sentence is declarative, and when interrogative; when it is finished; and in general, whether it expresses simple thought, or thought modified by emotion. Accordingly, rhetorical punctuation has a few marks of its own, as the point of interrogation, and of admiration, the parenthesis, and the hyphen, all of which denote no grammatical relation, and have no established length. And there is no good reason; if such marks are used at all; why they should not be rendered more adequate to their purpose.

The interrogative mark, for example, is used to denote, not length of pause, but appropriate modification of voice, at the end of a question. But it happens that this one mark, as now used, represents two things, that are

exactly contrary to each other. When the child is taught, as he still is in many schools, to raise his voice in finishing a question, he finds it easy to do so in a case like this,—“*Will you go to dāy?*”—“*Are they Hébrews?*” But when he comes to the *indirect* question, not answered by *yes*, or *no*, his instinct rebels against the rule, and he spontaneously reads with the falling slide,—“*Why are you silent?* *Why do you prædicate?*” Now, in this latter case, if the usual mark of interrogation were inverted, (;) when its office is to turn the voice downward, it would be discriminating and significant of its design. Nor would this discrimination require rhetorical skill in a printer. It would give him far less difficulty, than to learn the grammatical use of the *semicolon*. The same remarks apply to the note of exclamation.

As to the adjustment of pauses, to allow the speaker opportunity for drawing his breath, the difficulty seems to have been much overrated by writers and teachers. From my own experience and observation, I am inclined to think that no directions are needed on this point, and that the surest way to make even the young pupils breathe at the proper time, is to let him alone.

For the sake of those who feel any apprehension on this subject, it may be proper to say, that the opportunities for taking breath, in the common current of delivery, are much more frequent than one might suppose, who has not attended to this matter. There is no grammatical relation of words so close, as utterly to refuse a pause between them, except the *article* and *noun*, the *preposition* and *noun*, and the *adjective* and *noun* in their natural order.

Supposing the student to be already familiar with the common doctrine of punctuation, it is not my design to discuss it here ; nor even to dwell upon the distinction between grammatical and rhetorical pauses. All that is necessary, is to remark distinctly, that *visible* punctuation cannot be regarded as a perfect guide to *quantity*, any more than to *inflections*. Often the voice must rest, where no pause is allowed in grammar ; especially does this happen, when the speaker would fix attention on a single word, that stands as immediate nominative to a verb. A few examples may make this evident.

*Industry* is the guardian of innocence.

*Prosperity* gains friends, *adversity* tries them.

*Some* place the bliss in action, *some* in ease ;

*Those* call it pleasure, and contentment these.

*Mirth* I consider as an act, *cheerfulness* as a habit of the mind. *Mirth* is short and transient, *cheerfulness* fixed and permanent. *Mirth* is like a flash of lightning, that glitters for a moment ; *cheerfulness* keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind.

Here the words in Italic take no visible pause after them, without violence to grammatical relation. But the ear demands a pause after each of these words, which no good reader will fail to observe.

The same principle extends to the *length* of pauses. The comma, when it simply marks grammatical relation, is very short, as “He took with him Peter, and James, and John, his disciples.” But when the comma is used in language of emotion, though it is the same pause to the eye, it may suspend the voice much longer than in the

former case ; as in the solemn and deliberate call to attention ;—“ Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken.”\*

This leads me to the chief point, which I had in view under this head, the *emphatic pause*. Garrick employed this on the stage, and Whitefield in the pulpit, with great effect. It occurs sometimes before, but commonly after a striking thought is uttered, which the speaker thus presents to the hearers, as worthy special attention, and which, he seems confidently to expect, will command assent, and be fixed in the memory, by a moment of uninterrupted reflection. More commonly such a thought as admits the emphatic pause, drops the voice to a grave under-key, in the manner described at the close of the last article. Sometimes it breaks out in the figure of interrogation, with a higher note, and the eye fixed on some single hearer. To produce its proper effect, it must spring from such reality of feeling as defies all cold imitation ; and this feeling never fails to produce, while the voice is suspended on the emphatic pause, a correspondent significance of expression in the countenance.

There is still another pause, so important in delivery, as to deserve a brief notice ; I mean that with which a

\* The rhetorical pause is as appropriate in *music* as in elocution. In this respect a skilful composer always conforms to sentiment, in a set piece. In metrical psalmody, though this adaptation cannot be made by the writer of the tune, it ought to be made in some good degree, by the performers. Instead of a tame subserviency to arbitrary quantity, they may often, with powerful effect, insert or omit a pause, as sentiment demands. I have scarcely ever felt the influence of music more, than in one or two cases where the stanzas, being highly rhetorical, were divided only by a comma, and the choir spontaneously rushed over the musical pause at the end of the tune, and began it anew, from the impulse of emotion. See example, Watts, Book I. Hymn 3, 6 and 7—8 and 9 stanzas.

good speaker makes the close of a *paragraph*, or division of a discourse. The attempt to keep up an assembly to one pitch of interest, and that by one unremitting strain of address, is a great mistake, though a very common one, as it respects both the composition and the delivery of a discourse. It results from principles with which every public-speaker ought to be acquainted, that high excitement cannot be sustained for a long time. He who has skill enough to kindle in his hearers, the same glow which animates himself, while he exhibits some vivid argument or illustration, will suffer them to relax, when he has finished that topic ; and will enter on a new one, with a more familiar tone of voice, and after such a pause, as prepares them to accompany him with renewed satisfaction.

It may be remarked in passing, that when the voice has outrun itself, and reached too high a pitch, one of these paragraph-rests affords the best opportunity to resume the proper key.

#### 24] SECT. 6.—*Compass of voice.*

It may be thought that what has been said already, concerning *high* and *low* notes, is sufficient, on this part of modulation. My remarks on *pitch*, however, related chiefly to the predominant note which one employs in a given case ; whereas I now refer to the range of notes, above and below this governing or natural key, which are required by a spirited and diversified delivery.

Sometimes from inveterate habit, and sometimes from incapacity of the organs, the voice has a strong, clear bot-

tom, without any compass upwards. In other cases, it has a good top, but no compass below its key. Extreme instances to the contrary there may be, but commonly, I have no doubt that when a speaker uses only a note or two, above and below the key, it arises from habit, and not from organic defect. Few indeed have, or could by any means acquire, the versatility of vocal power, by which Whitefield could imitate the tones of the female or the infant voice, at one time, and at another, strike his hearers with awe, by the thundering note of his under key. Nor is this power essential to an interesting delivery. On the other hand, there are few, if any, who could not, by proper pains in cultivating the voice, give it all the compass which is requisite to grave and dignified oratory.

As I cannot dwell on this point, it may be useful to say briefly, that when the voice of the young speaker is found to be wanting in compass, I would advise him, in the first place, to try an experiment, similar to that which was suggested, p. 107, for increasing strength or loudness of sound, without change of key. Suppose he takes the same line;

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!

and read it first on the lowest note, on which he can articulate. Then let him repeat it a note higher, and so on, till he reaches the highest note of his voice. His compass being ascertained, by such an experiment; on a few words, he may then practise reading passages of some length, on that part of his voice which he especially wishes to improve; taking care, in this more protracted exercise, not to pitch on the extreme note of his voice, either

way, so far as to preclude some variety above or below, to correspond with natural delivery.

In the second place, I would advise him to read passages where the sentiment and style are specially adapted to the purpose he has in view. If he wishes to cultivate the bottom of his voice, selections from narrative or didactic composition may be made, which will allow him to begin a new sentence, in a note nearly as low, as that in which he finished the preceding. Or he may take passages of poetry, in which the *simile* occurs, a figure that generally requires a low and equable movement of voice.

If he wishes to increase his compass on the higher notes, let him choose passages in which spirited emotion prevails ; especially such as have a succession of interrogative sentences. These will incline the voice, spontaneously, to adopt those elevated tones on which he wishes to cultivate its strength. Instead of giving examples here, to illustrate the principles, I refer the reader to *Exercises*, [24] where a few selections are made for this purpose.

### 25] SECT. 7.—*Transition..*

By this I mean those *sudden changes* of voice which often occur in delivery. This article, and those which follow upon modulation, are chiefly intended to combine and apply the principles of the preceding sections. The whole object is, to elucidate that one, standing law of delivery, that vocal tones should correspond, in variety, with sentiment ; in contradistinction from monotony, and from that variety which is either accidental or mechanical. In

this spontaneous coincidence, by which the voice changes its elevation, rate, strength, &c. in conformity with emotion, consists that excellence which is universally felt and admired, in the manner of a good speaker.

To designate these changes, besides the rhetorical marks already employed to denote inflections, it will be necessary to adopt several new ones; and the following may answer the purpose; signifying that the voice is to be modified, in reading what follows, the marks respectively, thus:—

(°) high. (◦) low.

(∞) high and loud. (∞) low and loud.

(..) slow. (||) rhetorical pause.

In respect to the four first, when one of them occurs, it must be left to the reader's taste to determine how far its influence extends in what follows. In respect to this mark (..) it may be used to signify a considerable protraction of sound on that syllable, which precedes it, and then it will be inserted in the course of the line, without brackets.

#### EXAMPLES.

Heaven and earth will witness,  
If ROME MUST FALL — that we are innocent.

Thus these two,  
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy —  
while I to HELL — am thrust.

When the same mark is designed to signify that a *passage* is to be uttered with a *slow rate*, it will be inserted thus (..) where that passage begins,—the extent of its influence being left to the reader's taste; or it may be com-

bined with another mark, thus, (g) which would signify *low* and *slow*.

I beg leave to add, that as the utility of this notation may be doubted by some, and as I am not sanguine respecting it myself, it is suggested only as an experiment, on a most difficult branch of elocution. If applied with judgement, it may be useful; and it will at least be harmless to those who choose to pass it by.\*

I proceed now to explain myself more fully on the subject of *vocal transition*, admonishing the reader, that, in the examples, and in the Exercises, a word in Italic has the common emphasis, while small capitals are occasionally used to denote a still more intensive stress.

Any one who has a good command of his voice, can use it with a higher or lower, a stronger or feebler note, at pleasure. This distinction is perfectly made, (as I have said before,) even by a child, in speaking to one who is near, and to one who is distant. In rhetorical reading, when we pass from simple narrative to direct address, especially when the address is to distant persons, a correspondent transition of voice is demanded. Many examples of this sort may be found in the *Paradise Lost*, from which the following are selected :

The cherubim,  
Forth issuing at the aceustor'd hour, stood arm'd  
To their night watches, in warlike páradé,  
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:  
(oo) Uzziel ! || half these draw off, and coast the south,  
With strictest watch }—these other, || wheel the nòrth;  
Our circuit meets full west.

\* Since the first edition was published, I have become satisfied that no part of the book is more adapted to be useful than this.

Every reader of taste will perceive, that the three last lines, in this case, must be spoken in a much bolder and higher voice than the preceding.

Another fine example may be seen in the sublime description of Satan, which ends with a speech to his associates, full of authority and reprobation. It is, so long, that I shall give only parts of it, sufficient to show the transition.

(..) He soar'd had ceas'd; when the superior fiend  
 Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon.—  
 \_\_\_\_\_ on the beach  
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, || and call'd  
 His legions, angel. forms; —  
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
 Of hell resounded. (oo) Princes,—Potentates,  
 WARRIORS! || the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost..  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal spirits.—

Here again, where the thought changes, from description to vehement address, to continue the voice in the simple tones of narrative, would be intolerably tame. It should rise to a higher and firmer utterance, on the passage beginning with, “Princes,—potentates,” &c.

In these cases, the change required consists chiefly in key and quantity. But there are other cases, in which these may be included, while the change consists also in the *qualities* of the voice.

It was remarked [10] p. 54, that tender emotions, such as pity and grief, incline the voice to gentle tones, and the rising slide; while emotions of joy, sublimity, authority, &c. conform the tones to their own character respectively. It is where this difference of emotion occurs in the same connexion, that the change I have mentioned in the *quality* of voice, is demanded, analogous to the difference between plaintive and spirited expression, or *piano* and *forte*, in music. To illustrate this I select two stanzas from a hymn of Watts, and two from a psalm; one being pathetic and reverential, the other animated and lively. These stanzas I arrange alternately, so as to exhibit the alternation of voice required by sentiment.\*

(<sup>o</sup>) Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head,  
For such a worm as I ?

(<sup>oo</sup>) Joy to the world !—the Lord is come !  
Let earth receive her King ;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing :

(<sup>o</sup>) Was it for crimes that I had done,  
He greeñ'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love || beyond degree !

(<sup>oo</sup>) Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

\* In the first and third, the voice should be plaintive and soft, as well as high.

In the following example, we see Satan lamenting his loss of heaven, and then in the dignity of a fell despair, invoking the infernal world. In reading this, when the apostrophe changes, the voice should drop from the tones of lamentation, which are high and soft, to those which are deep and strong, on the words, "Hail, horrors," &c.

(<sup>o</sup>) Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
Said then the lost archangel, this the seat,  
That we must change for heaven? This mournful gloom!  
For that celestial light?

Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy forever dwells. (<sup>oo</sup>) Hail horrors! HAIL,  
*Infernal world!* And thou, *profoundest hell*,  
Receive thy new possessor! one who brings  
A mind, not to be changed by place or time.

## 26} SECT. 8.—*Expression.*

This term I use, in rather a limited sense, to denote the proper influence of reverential and pathetic sentiment on the voice. A partial illustration of this has been given in the foregoing section; but its importance calls for some additional remarks.

There is a modification of voice, which accompanies awakened sensibility of soul, that is more easily felt than described; and this constitutes the *unction* of delivery. Without this, thoughts that should impress, attract, or soothe the mind, often become repulsive. I have heard the language of our Lord, at the institution of the sacramental supper, read with just those falling slides on a high

note, which belong to the careless, colloquial tones of familiar conversation, thus ; "Take, eat ;—this is my body." Even the *Lord's prayer*, I have sometimes heard read with the same irreverent familiarity of manner. This offence against propriety, becomes still more violent, when the sentiment is not only solemn but pathetic, requiring that correspondent *quality* of voice, to which I have repeatedly alluded.

Should I attempt fully to explain the principles on which this pathetic quality of the voice depends, it would lead us into a somewhat extended view of the philosophy of emotion, as connected with modulation of speaking tones. A few remarks, however, must suffice.

The fact cannot have escaped common observation, that sorrow, and its kindred passions, when carried to a high pitch, suspend the voice entirely. In a lower degree, they give it a slender and tremulous utterance. Thus Aaron, when informed that his two sons were smitten dead, by a stroke of divine vengeance, "held his peace." The emotions of his heart were too deep to find utterance in words. The highest passion of this sort, is expressed by silence ; and when so far moderated, as to admit of words, it speaks only in abrupt fragments of sentences. Hence it is that all artificial *imitation*, in this case, is commonly so unlike the reality. It leads to metaphors, to amplification and embellishment, in language, and to either vociferation or whining in utterance. Whereas the real passion intended to be imitated, if it speaks at all, speaks without ornament, in few words, and in tones that are a perfect contrast to those of declamation. This distinction arises from those laws of the human mind, by

which internal emotion is connected with its external signs. A *groan* or a *shriek* is instantly understood, as a language extorted by distress, a language which no art can counterfeit, and which conveys a meaning that *words* are utterly inadequate to express. The heart, that is bursting with grief, feels the sympathy that speaks in a silent grasp of the hand, in tears, or in gentle tones of voice; while it is shocked at the cold commisseration that utters itself in many words, firmly and formally pronounced.

If these views are correct, passion has its own appropriate language; and this, so far as the voice is concerned, (for I cannot here consider looks and gesture,) is what I mean by *expression*. That this may be cultivated by the efforts of art, to some extent, is evident from the skill which actors have sometimes attained, in dramatic exhibition; a skill to which one of the fraternity alluded, in his remark to a dignitary of the church, the cutting severity of which consists in the *truth* it contains; "We speak of fictions as if they were realities; you speak of realities as if they were fictions." But the dignity of real eloquence, and peculiarly of *sacred* eloquence disclaims all artifice; and the sensibility which would be requisite to render imitation successful, would at the same time render it *needless*; for why should one aim to counterfeit that, of which he possesses the reality?

The fact however, is, that the indescribable power communicated to the voice by a delicate sensibility, especially a Christian sensibility, is quite beyond the reach of art to imitate. It depends on the vivid excitement of real feeling; and, in Christian oratory, implies that expansion and elevation of the soul, which arise only from

a just feeling of religious truth. The man whose temperament is so phlegmatic, that he cannot kindle with emotion, at least with such degree of emotion as will shew itself in his countenance and voice, may be useful in some departments of learning, but the decision of his Creator is stamped upon him, that he was not made for a public speaker.\*

27] SECT. 9.—*Representation.*

This takes place when one voice personates two individuals or more. It seems necessary to dwell a little on this branch of modulation, which has scarcely been noticed by writers on oratory. Every one must have observed how much more interesting is an exhibition of *men*, as living agents, than of *things* in the abstract. Now when the orator introduces another man as speaking, he either informs us what that man said, in the third person; or presents him to us as spoken to, in the second person, and as speaking himself, in the first. So far as the principles of *style* are concerned, the difference between the two methods, in point of vivacity, is easily explained. The former is mere *description*, the latter is *representation*. A cold narrator would have said that Verres was guilty of flagrant cruelty, in scourging a man who declared himself to be a Roman citizen. But Cicero shows us the man

\* In regard to the preacher, these obstacles from mental temperament, are rendered more certainly fatal to success in delivery, if combined with a system of belief, or a state of religious feeling, so phlegmatic as to suppress, rather than awaken, his spiritual energies.

writhing under the lash of the bloody Pretor, and exclaiming; "I am a Roman citizen."

A thousand examples are at hand, to show the difference between telling us what was said by another man, and introducing that man to speak to us himself. "The wise men said that they had seen his star in the east, and had come to worship him,"—is narrative. "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him," is representation. "Jesus told Peter that he should deny him thrice," is narrative. "Jesus said, Peter, thou shalt deny me thrice," is representation. The difference between these two modes of communication, it is the province of taste to feel, but of criticism to explain. Let us then analyze a simple thought, as expressed in these two forms; "Jesus inquired of Simon, the son of Jonas, whether he loved him." "Jesus said, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" The difference in point of vivacity is instantly perceived, but in what does this difference consist? In two things. The first manner throws verbs into past time, and pronouns into the third person, producing, in the latter especially, an indefiniteness of grammatical relation, which is unfriendly to the clearness and vivacity of language. At the same time, the energy arising from the vocative case, from the figure of tense, and of interrogation, is sacrificed. As a principle of composition, though commonly overlooked, this goes far to explain the difference between the tame and the vivid in style.

But the same difference is still more striking when analyzed by the principles of *delivery*. Transform an animated question into a mere statement of the fact, that

such a question was asked, and all the intonations of voice are changed, so that you do not seem to hear a real person speaking, but are only told that he did speak. This change in expression of voice will be apparent in repeating the two forms of the example last quoted. Doubtless most readers of the New Testament have felt the spirit with which the Evangelist relates an interview between the Jewish priests, and John the Baptist. Omitting the few clauses of narrative, it is a dialogue, thus;

*Priests* ;—Who art thou?

*John* ;—I am not the Christ.

*Priests* ;—What then? art thou Eliás?

*John* ;—I am not.

*Priests* ;—Art thou that prophet?

*John* ;—No.

*Priests* ;—Who art thou?—that we may give an answer to them that sent us. What sayest thou of thyself?

*John* ;—I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,—Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias.

*Priests* ;—Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Eliás, neither that prophet?

*John* ;—I baptize with water; but there standeth one among you, whom ye know not; &c. The reader will perceive by turning to the passage in the Evangelist John, 1: 19,—and repeating it as it stands there, that, not only must the same voice ask the questions, with a higher note, and give the answers, with a lower; but also must distinguish the intermingled clauses of narrative, from the dialogue.

Now all these thoughts might be intelligibly expressed

in the language of description, by the very common process of changing the pronouns into the third person, and the verbs into the third person of the past tense, and, of course, transforming all the interlocutory tones, into those of narrative. But where would be the variety and spirit of the passage? It would scarcely retain even a dull resemblance of its present form.

It is by just this sort of transformation, that reporters of debates in legislative bodies, so often contrive to divest a speech of half its interest, if they do not grossly obscure its meaning. As I wish to be understood, I will give a specimen of this kind, where the orator is described as proceeding thus; "He said that the remarks of the honorable member, whether so intended by him or not, were of a very injurious character. If not aimed at him personally, they were adapted to cast suspicion, at least, on his motives. And he asked if any gentleman, in his moments of cool reflection, would blame him, if he stood forth, the guardian of his own reputation."

Now let the narrator keep in his own province, and merely state the thing as it was,—and the difference is seen at once. The orator speaks in the first person; "I say that the remarks of the honorable member, whether so intended by him or not, are of a very injurious character. If not aimed at me, personally, they are adapted to cast suspicion, at least, on my motives. And I ask, will any gentleman, in his moments of cool reflection, blame me, if I stand forth, the guardian of my own reputation?" Here, if any one will analyze the language, in both cases, he will see that, in the former, verbs are accommodated to past time, and pronouns are all thrown into the third

person, though belonging to different antecedents; and thus the reporter's pen spreads ambiguity and weakness over a thought, as the torpedo benumbs what it touches.

So in sacred oratory, it is a common thing, that a passage from the Bible, which would speak to the heart, with its own proper authority and energy; if the preacher had simply cited it as the word of God; is transmuted into comparative insignificance, by the process of quotation.

The reader will perceive, that the principle which I here aim to illustrate, though it belongs primarily to the philosophy of *style*, has a very extensive influence over every department of *delivery*.

The man who feels the inspiration of true eloquence, will find some of his happiest resources in what I here call *representation*. He can break through the trammels of a tame, inanimate address. He can ask questions, and answer them; can personate an accuser and a respondent; can suppose himself accused or interrogated, and give his replies. He can call up the absent or the dead, and make them speak through his lips. The skill of representing two or more persons, by appropriate management of language and voice, may properly be called *rhetorical dialogue*. It was thus that the great orators of antiquity, and thus that Chrysostom and Massillon held their hearers in captivity.

I will only add, that when a writer, in the act of composition, finds himself perplexed with clashing pronouns of the third person;—or when he is at a loss, whether part or the whole of a sentence, should or should not be distinguished with a mark of interrogation; he should suspect in himself some aberration from the true principles of style.

SECT. 10.—*The reading of Poetry.*

Before we dismiss the general subject of this chapter, some remarks may be expected on proper management of the voice in the reading of verse. These remarks, however, must necessarily be so brief as to give only a few leading suggestions on this difficult branch of elocution. I say difficult, because on the one hand, the genius of verse requires that it be pronounced with a fuller swell of the open vowels, and in a manner more melodious and flowing than prose. As the peculiar charms of poetry consist very much in delicacy of sentiment, and beauty of language, it were absurd to read it without regard to these characteristics. But on the other hand, to preserve the metrical flow of versification, and yet not impair the sense, is no easy attainment. The following general principles may be of use to the student.

1. In proportion as the sentiment of a passage is elevated, inspiring emotions of dignity or reverence, the voice has less variety of inflection, and is more inclined to the monotone. The grand and sublime in description, and in poetic simile; the language of adoration, and of supplication, are universally distinguished, in the above respect, from familiar discourse.

2. When the sentiment of a passage is delicate and gentle, especially when it is plaintive, it inclines the voice to the rising inflection; and for this reason, poetry oftener requires the rising inflection than prose; yet,

3. The *rights of emphasis* must be respected in poetry. When the language of a passage is strong and discriminating, or familiarly descriptive, or colloquial,—the same modifications of voice are required as in prose.

The *emphatic stress* and *inflection*, that must be *intensive*, in prose, to express a thought forcibly, are equally necessary in poetry.

## EXAMPLES.

Say first, of God above, or man below,  
What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree  
And drawn supports,—upheld by *God* or *thée*?

Who thys define it, say they more or less  
Than this,—that *happiness* is *happiness*.

Order is heaven's first law; and this confess,  
Some are, and must be greater than the rest;  
More *rich*, more *wise*; but who infers from hence  
That such are *happier*,—shocks all common sense.

But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed:  
What *then*?—is the reward of virtue *bread*?

4. The *metrical accent* of poetry is subordinate to sense, and to established usage in pronunciation. It is a general rule, that though the poet has violated this principle in arranging the syllables of his feet, still it should not be violated by the reader. That is a childish conformity to poetic measure, which we sometimes hear, as marked in the following examples.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place.

Again;

Their praise is still, the style is excellent;  
The sense, they humbly take upon content.

And worse still;

My soul ascends above the *sky*,  
And triumphs in her liberty.

In most instances of this sort, where the metrical accent would do violence to every ear of any refinement, the reader should not attempt to hide the fault of the poet, by committing a greater one himself. There are some cases, however, in which the best way of obviating the difficulty, is to give both the metrical and the customary accent; or at least to do this so far, that neither shall be very conspicuous; thus—

Our *supreme* foe, in time may much relent,  
Of thrones and mighty seraphim *prostrate*—  
Encamp their legions, or with *obscure* wing—

I think of only two exceptions to these remarks on accent. The first occurs where a distinguished poet has purposely violated harmony, to make the harshness of his line correspond with that of the thought. This Milton has effectually done, in the following example, by making the customary accent supersede the metrical.

—On a sudden open fly,  
With *impétuous* recoil, and jarring sound,  
The infernal doors; and on their hinges grate,  
Harsh thunder.

The other exception occurs, where a poet of the same order, without any apparent reason, has so deranged the customary accent, that, to restore it in reading, would be a violation of euphony not to be endured; thus—

—And as is due  
With glory *attributed* to the high  
Creator?—  
Only to shine, yet scarce to *contribute*  
Each orb a glimpse of light.

5. The *pauses* of verse should be so managed, if possible, as most fully to exhibit the sense, without sacrificing the harmony of the composition. No good reader can fail to observe the *casural* pause, occurring after the fourth syllable, in these flowing lines;

Warms in the sun || refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars || and blossoms in the trees.

Yet no good reader would introduce the same pause from regard to melody, where the sense utterly forbids it, as in this line;

I sit, with sad civility I read.

While the ear then, in our heroic measure, commonly expects the *cæsura* after the fourth syllable; it often demands its postponement to the sixth or seventh, and sometimes rejects it altogether.

But there is another poetical pause, namely, that which occurs at the *end of the line*, concerning which there has been more diversity of opinion and practice among respectable men. The most competent judges have, indeed, very generally concurred in saying, that this pause should be observed, even in blank verse, except on the stage. Lowth, Johnson, Garrick, Kaimes, Blair, and Sheridan, were all of this opinion. Others, particularly Walker, have questioned the propriety of pausing at the end of the line, in blank verse, except where the same pause would be proper in prose.

Now it seems clear to me that, (if there is any tolerable harmony in the measure,) even when the sense of one line runs closely into the next, the reader may generally, mark the end of the line by a proper protraction and sus-

pension of voice, on the closing syllable,—as in the following notation ;

—Thus with the year ..  
Seasons return, but not to me returns ..  
Day || or the sweet approach of even or morn.

—And over them triumphant Death his dart ..  
Shook || but delayed to strike.

—All air seemed then ..  
Conflicting fire ; long time in even scale ..  
The battle hung.

—For now the thought ..  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain ..  
Torments him.

In none of these cases perhaps, would a printer insert a pause at the end of the line ; and yet there appears to be no difficulty in making one of the voice, by a moderate swell and protraction of sound. But there certainly are examples, and those not a few, in which the writers of blank verse have so amalgamated their lines by prosaic arrangement of pauses, that all attempts of the reader to distinguish these lines would be useless. Here, again, as was said of misplaced accent, the reader must look to the sense, and let the poet be responsible for the want of musical versification.

I add, in this place, a judicious remark of Walker, to whom by the way, I am indebted for several of the foregoing illustrations. "The affectation," says he, "which most writers of blank verse have of extending the sense beyond the line, is followed by a similar affectation in the printer, who will often omit a pause at the end of a line

in verse, when he would have inserted one in prose ; and this affectation is still carried farther by the reader, who will run the sense of one line into another, where there is the least opportunity for doing it, in order to show that he is too sagacious to suppose that there is any conclusion in the sense, because the line concludes."

In regard to *rhyme*, there can be no doubt that it should be so read, as to make the end of the line quite perceptible to the ear : otherwise the correspondent sound of the final syllables, in which rhyme consists, would be entirely lost. It is a strange species of trifling, therefore, which we sometimes witness in a man, who takes the trouble to adjust his rhymes, in a poetic composition, and then in reading or speaking, slurs them over with a preposterous hurry, and confounds them by an undiscriminating utterance, so that they are necessarily unperceived by the hearers.

6. I entirely concur with Walker in his remark that the vowels *e* and *o*, when apostrophized, in poetry, should be preserved in pronunciation. But they should be spoken in a manner so slight and accelerated, as easily to coalesce with the following syllable. An example or two of this will require no explanation.

But of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence.

Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

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It was my intention, for the benefit of young preachers, to remark at some length, in this section, on the reading of Hymns in the pulpit. But as the foregoing obser-

vations apply generally, to the reading of psalms and hymns, as well as other poetry; it may be sufficient to give a few suggestions, on points which pertain especially to this interesting, and often very defective branch of Christian elocution.

The chief object of sacred poetry as connected with sacred music, is to inspire devotional feeling. For this purpose it has been, from the earliest ages, incorporated into the public worship of God, by his own appointment. Poetry written for the silent perusal of individuals, or adapted only to the instruction or amusement of the social circle, though read unskilfully, suffers only a diminution of interest, respecting a subject perhaps of momentary concern. But poetry written expressly to aid the public devotions of Christians, and designed to be repeated, again and again, in their solemn assemblies, cannot be read unskilfully, without a serious loss of interest in the hearers, respecting subjects in which their duty and happiness are involved.

That discrimination of taste and sensibility, which feels the spirit of poetry, doubtless may be very defective in some men, even of elevated piety. Sometimes from this want of discrimination, and oftener still from inattention to the subject, arise the faults which I shall briefly notice.

Perhaps the most comprehensive of these faults consists in the injudicious *selection* of the psalm or hymn to be read. Not a few of these compositions, in the best books that have been written or compiled, are merely narrative or didactic in subject, and destitute of all poetic spirit in execution. Even those of the seraphic Watts, surpassing, as they certainly do, all others in their general

merits, contain many passages, that are quite tolerable as to metre and rhyme, but destitute of the inspiration and soul of real poetry. There is besides, a very injurious tendency to fluctuation in our psalmody, arising from a fastidious demand for novelty, and a disposition in different Christian sects to have each its own *psalm*, as well as doctrine. Hence the psalms of David, as adapted by Watts to Christian worship, are in a great degree supplanted by various collections of hymns ; and to accommodate a vagrant taste in music, many of these are hymns written in irregular and rapid measures, little suited to promote the solemnity of devotional feeling. Many others, I know, are distinguished for pathos, and are eminently fitted to awaken Christian fervour, especially on account of their appropriateness to the occasions and the spirit of the age. At the same time, if I may be excused for turning aside so much as to introduce this topic, I would say, that preachers have injured the interests of psalmody by their general preference of hymns, in public worship, to the psalms of the inspired poet, in the version of Watts. The strain of humble devotion, of deep penitence, of elevated praise, which prevails in these sacred songs, notwithstanding the defects attending the best metrical version of them which has been given to the church, ought to preserve them from falling into neglect. Some of these indeed, are too much wanting in dignity and poetic spirit, to be read in public ; but they are generally free from both the didactic and the fanciful character, of which we have so many examples in our collections of hymns.

Next to want of skill in selection, is the fault of an

*undiscriminating, inanimate* manner of reading. This consists in that measured, scanning attention to poetic accent, and that undulating tone, by which the sense is made subordinate to sound. As this is a general fault in reading verse, no enlargement on it is necessary, except to add an example or two, marked according to the manner to be avoided.

Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain mine eyes.

Lord should thy judgments grow severe,  
I am condemn'd but thou art clear.

Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

This last stress on *Jewish*, though almost universally laid by readers, is an utter perversion of the sense, implying that *other* types than Jewish might effect what they cannot.

Another fault is a too *prosaic* manner. It is the opposite of the foregoing, and consists in the disregard of poetic harmony. This I will exemplify only as it respects the pause at the end of the line.

Come, let our voices join to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise;  
God is a sovereign king, rehearse  
His honours in exalted verse.

Nor let our harden'd hearts renew  
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

Since they despise my rest, I swear  
Their feet shall never enter there.

See other examples of the same sort in Watts, Psalm 96, Com. Metre, 4 and 5 verses: and Hymn 140, 2 Book, 1 ver.

In cases of this sort, the reader, perhaps through affectation of sagacity, hastens over the end of the line, stopping just before and after it, when such stop is often quite as much against the rules of common punctuation, as to have made it at the end of the line. In the second example above, he would read thus, "Nor let our harden'd hearts,—renew the sins,—and plagues &c.

Another fault is the affectation of a *rhetorical* manner. It consists in want of simplicity. Perhaps the reader assumes a *pompous* or theatrical air, seeming to aim at the display of his oratorical powers. Or on the other hand, he repeats a stanza that is full of sublime or devotional sentiment, with the colloquial inflection of familiar prose. Both of these faults show, that the heart of the reader is not touched with that glow of religious feeling, which a Christian hymn ought to inspire. Indeed, so delicate and sacred is this thing, that all affectation of excellence, all effort that is apparently artificial, is intolerable. It is in this case, as it is in public prayer, and reading of the scriptures, a heart filled with reverence towards God, and warmed with the spirit of Christian devotion, is more effectual than all things else, to govern aright the modulations of the voice.

In regard to *inflections* in reading the stanzas of a hymn, I would suggest a caution against the very common practice of dropping the voice at the end of the second line, without regard to the connexion. Walker says that, "With very few exceptions, it may be laid down as a rule,

in reading a stanza, that the first line may end with the monotone, the second and third with the rising slide, and the last with the falling." The exceptions to this rule, or to any one that could be concisely expressed, I think are not "very few." When the continuity of sense through a stanza, is very close, the voice continues in the suspending slide, much more than when long pauses intervene. The monotone, doubtless, should more frequently than is common, be heard at the end of a line.

If some of the most rhetorical psalms were properly marked with a notation, especially so far as respects emphasis, it might lead to a more discriminating manner in reading them. But instead of giving specimens to illustrate my meaning here, the reader is referred to the exercises [28,] where some brief examples will be found,

## CHAP. VII.

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### RHETORICAL ACTION.

I use the term action, not for the whole of delivery, according to the most extensive sense given to it by the ancients ; nor yet in the most restricted modern sense, as equivalent to *gesture* merely ; but as including also *attitudes* and *expression of the countenance*. While I shall have occasion often to refer to what has been taught in books on this subject, my chief design is to make such remarks as have been suggested by my own observation and reflections. To what extent these remarks should be carried, in so small a *tratise on delivery*, is a point on which I have doubted ; and some perhaps may think that whatever is of practical importance might have been said in a briefer form.

That action, which Cicero calls “*sermo corporis*,” is an important part of oratory, is too evident to demand proof. If any one doubts this, let him ask himself, how does a great painter give reality and life to his portrait ? How do children speak ? How do the dumb speak ? Action and attitude in these cases are the language of nature to express feeling and emotion.

There are two extremes respecting this subject, each of which deserves a brief notice, in this place, as being at variance with common sense.

The first is, that which encumbers a speaker with so much technical regulation of his movements, as to make him an automaton. It is a great mistake to suppose that a young student, before he can commence his efforts in oratory, must commit to memory a system of rules respecting gesticulation, just as arithmetical tables must be learned by the tyro in numbers. When a beginner in elocution shall be able to look at an assembly, without an unmanly flutter of spirits, and shall have acquired a good degree of ease, in the attitudes and motions of his body, then it will be time enough to rectify, one after another, the faults of his own manner, by attention to good models, and correct principles of action. This I am persuaded should be attempted *gradually*, rather than all at once; for the transforming influence of *practice*, is essential to any useful application of precepts. And these precepts too, when given to an individual, I am fully satisfied after much observation; instead of being confined to minute directions respecting his own gesticulation; should especially be adapted to instruct him in general principles. All attempts to regulate the attitudes and movements of his body, by diagrams and geometrical lines, without great skill in the teacher, will lead to an affected, mechanical manner. His *habits* are of prime importance. By these, good or bad, he must be governed in the act of speaking, for to think of his manner then will be the certain ruin of all simplicity. Let these habits be well formed, and be his own, so as to govern his movements spontaneously, and trust the rest to emotion.

The other extreme to which I alluded, is that which condemns all precepts and all preparatory practice too,

as mischievous in their influence, because no one can learn to speak, till he comes into the real business of speaking, as his profession.

On this I can make but one passing remark. Preparatory discipline of the faculties necessarily wants the stimulus of real business, in respect to every liberal art and valuable talent among men. Why then shall not such discipline be deemed useless in all other cases, as well as in elocution? Why shall we not neglect to learn any thing, which relates to practical skill in a profession, till we actually enter on that profession?

I now proceed to offer my remarks on Rhetorical Action, dividing the subject into two parts.

#### PART I. THE PRINCIPLES OF RHETORICAL ACTION.

The power of action consists wholly in its correspondence with thought and emotion; and this correspondence arises either from *nature* or *custom*.

##### SECT. I.—*Action as significant from nature.*

The body is the instrument of the soul, or the medium of expressing internal emotions, by external signs. The less these signs depend on the will, on usage, or on accident, the more uniform are they, and the more certainly to be relied on.

##### *Expression of the countenance.*

The soul speaks most intelligibly, so far as *visible* signs are concerned, in those muscles which are the most

pliant and prompt to obey its dictates. These are the muscles of the *face*; which spontaneously, and almost instantaneously respond to the impulse from within. Anger, for example, shows itself in the contraction of the brow, the flash of the eye, the quivering of the lip, and the alternate paleness and crimson of the cheek. Terror is expressed by convulsive heaving of the bosom, and by hurried respiration and speech. Joy sparkles in the eye, —sorrow vents itself in tears.

Now, why is it that these signs, invariably, and every where, are regarded as the stamp of reality? The reason is, they are not only the genuine language of emotion, but are independent of the *will*. A groan or shriek speaks to the ear, as the language of distress, with far more thrilling effect than words. Yet these may be counterfeited by art. Much more may common tones of voice be rendered loud or soft, high or low, at pleasure. But not so with the signs which emotion imprints on the face. Whether anger, fear, joy, —shall show themselves in the hue of my cheek, or the expression of my eye, depends not at all on my choice, any more than whether my heart shall beat, and my blood circulate. So unequivocal is this language of the passions, and so incapable of being applied to purposes of deception, that all men feel its force, instinctively and immediately. They know that the *hand* or the *tongue*, which obey the dictates of the *will*, may deceive; but the *face* cannot speak falsehood.

I might add, that he whose soul is so destitute of emotion, as not to impart this expression to his countenance, or he whose acquired habits are so unfortunate, as to frustrate this expression, whatever qualities he may possess besides, lacks one grand requisite to true eloquence.

If the visible signs of passion are thus invariable, so that even a child instinctively understands the smile or the frown of its nurse, it is probably no visionary theory which supposes a correspondence, to some extent, between the *habits* of the mind, and certain configurations in the features of the face. Every one knows the difference between the cheerful aspect of innocence, the vivacity of intelligence, the charming languor of pity or grief, as imprinted on the countenance; and the scowl of misanthropy, the dark suspicion of guilt, the vacant stare of stupidity, or the haggard phrensy of despair. And it is reasonable to suppose that affections and intellectual habits, such as benevolence or malignity, cheerfulness or melancholy, deep thought or frivolity, must imprint themselves, just in proportion to their predominance, in distinct and permanent lines upon the face.

### *Attitude and Mien.*

Here again, all distinctions, of any value, result from our knowledge of the influence which the mind has on the body. An erect attitude denotes majesty, activity, strength. It becomes the authority of a commander, the energy of a soldier in arms, and, in all cases, the dignity of conscious innocence. Adam and Eve, in the description of Milton, on account of their noble shape and erect carriage, "seem'd lords of all." The leaning attitude, in its varieties of expression, may denote affection, respect, the earnestness of entreaty, the dignity of composure, the listlessness of indifference, or the lassitude of disease.

The *air* of a man too, including his general motion,

has its language. That peculiarity in the *walk* of different persons, which enables us to distinguish at a distance, one friend from another, does not of course make a correspondent description of character. But the measured pace of the ploughman, the strut of the coxcomb, and the dignified gait of the military chief, we necessarily associate with a supposed difference of personal qualities and habits, in the individuals. Hence the queen of Olympus is represented in poetic fable, as claiming to be known by her stately carriage ; “ *divum incedo regina.* ” And so Venus was known to her son, by the elegance of her motion ; “ *incessu patuit dea.* ”

In those parts of the body, which act frequently and visibly in the common offices of life, motion is more or less significant according to circumstances. A deaf man places his hand by his ear, in such a manner as partially to serve the purpose of a hearing trumpet. He opens his mouth, in the attitude of listening, because defective hearing is assisted by transmission of sound through a passage from the mouth to the ear.

Joy approaching to rapture, gives a sparkling brilliancy to the eye, and a sprightly activity to the limbs. We see this in a long absent child, springing to the arms of its parent ; we see it in the beautiful narrative of the lame man, who had been miraculously healed, “ walking, and leaping, and praising God.”

The head gently reclined, denotes grief or shame ; erect,—courage, firmness ; thrown back or shaken,—dissent, negation ; forwards, assent.

The hand, raised and inverted, repels ; more elevated and extended, denotes surprise ; placed on the mouth,

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silence; on the head, pain; on the breast, affection, or an appeal to conscience; clenched, it signifies defiance. Both hands raised, with the palms united, express supplication; gently clasped, thankfulness; wrung, agony.

In most of these cases, action is significant because it is spontaneous and uniform. The mother who saw her son just shot dead, in Convent Garden, expressed her amazement by a motion of her hand, such as a thousand others would make, probably without one exception, in similar circumstances.

A Greek eulogist of Cæsar says, "his right hand was mighty to command, which by its majestic power did quell the fierce audacity of barbarous men." "A man standing by the bed of an expiring friend, waving his hand with the palm outward, tells an officious nurse to stand back, at a distance. Again the same hand beckons, with the palm inward, and the nurse flies to his assistance."\* The Roman who held up the *stump* of his arm, from which the hand was lost, in the service of his country, pleaded for his brother, with an eloquence surpassing the power of words. And all the influence of the tribunes could not persuade the people to pass a vote of condemnation against Manlius, while he stood and silently stretched out his hand, towards the Capitol, which his valor had saved.

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\* Siddons.

**SECT. 2.—Action considered as significant from custom.**

In this respect its meaning, like that of words, is arbitrary, local and mutable. In Europe, respect is expressed by uncovering the head; in the East, by keeping it covered. In one country, the same thing is expressed by bowing, in another by kneeling, in another, by prostration. The New Zealander presses his nose against that of his friend, to denote what we express by a squeeze of the hand.\* The European welcomes the return of a beloved object by an embrace,—the Otaheitan signifies the same emotion by tearing his hair, and lacerating his body.

On gestures of this description I shall say nothing more, except that they have very little concern with grave oratory. This allows nothing as becoming, that does not correspond with time and place, the age of the orator, and the elevation of the subject. It abjures mimicry and pantomime. The theatre admits of attitude and action, that would be altogether extravagant in the senate. The forum too, though much more restricted than the stage, allows a violence that would be unsuitable to the business of the sacred orator. Indeed, the dignity of eloquence can in no case condescend to histrionic levity. The comic actor may descend to minute imitation; he may, for example, represent the fingers of the physician applied to the pulse of his patient, or of the musician to the strings of his instrument. But in the orator, all this is to be, as Quintilian says, “longissime fugiendum.”

\* Homer makes Glaucus and Diomed, two chiefs of the opposing armies, *shake hands*, as a token of individual friendship. Iliad VI. 233.

## PART II.—FAULTS OF RHETORICAL ACTION.

Before I proceed to that cursory view of these which I propose to give, it may be useful to advert to the *sources* from which they are derived. These are chiefly, *personal defects, diffidence, and imitation*.

Any considerable defect, original or accidental, in the *conformation* of the *body*, may injure the force or gracefulness of its movements. The walk of Achilles must have had more dignity, than the halting gait of Thersites. If Cicero had lost his right hand, or even the thumb or forefinger of that hand, though he would have been still the first orator of Rome, he would have been somewhat less than Cicero. Austin observes that shortness of neck and of arms is unsavourable to oratorical gesture. But I am not aware that this remark is justified by facts, except so far as corpulence is unfriendly to agility and freedom of movement.

Many defects in the action of public speakers, have their origin probably in an *unmanly diffidence*. When one, who has had no preparatory discipline in public speaking, rises to address a large assembly, he is appalled at the very aspect of his audience, and dares not stir a limb, lest he should commit some mistake. Before he surmounts this timidity, he is liable to fall under the dominion of habits, from which he can never release himself. When, therefore, Walker says, "A speaker should use no more gesture than he can help," he must mean an *accomplished* speaker, whose external powers spontaneously obey the impulse of his feelings. But it would be idle

to say that a prisoner, whose hands are pinioned by cords, should stir them no more than he can help. And it is no less idle to say this of a speaker, whose hands are pinioned by habit. Cut the cords that bind him, set his limbs at liberty to obey his inward emotions, and I readily admit the justice of the principle. But when diffidence does not acquire such an ascendancy as to suppress action, it may render it constrained and inappropriate, and in many ways frustrate its utility.

The only other cause of the imperfections which I am about to notice, is *imitation*. This, when combined with the one just mentioned, operates with an influence more powerful perhaps, than in any other case. Addison, in describing English oratory, says "We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper, in a discourse that turns upon every thing that is dear to us." This censure he extends to the pulpit, the bar, and the senate. The fact he accounts for, partly by the charitable supposition that the English are peculiarly modest; while he allows us, if he does not oblige us, to ascribe it ultimately to a frigid national temperament. And yet, in this he seems hardly consistent; for he adds, "Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us."

But how can the external signs of emotion be thus incongruous? A zeal that kindles the soul of a speaker, that bursts from his mouth in tropes, never fails to stir his limbs, unless some powerful, counteracting cause prevents. Now we have just seen that such a cause may exist, which, even in spite of emotion, will as effectually confine a man's hands, as if they were literally bound. And

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what absurdity is there in supposing, that what was excess of modesty, in a few Englishmen of distinction, at some early period, was transferred to others, by imitation; so that the want of gesture of which Addison complains became a national characteristic? National habits result from individual, often by a process of ages, the effects of which are manifest, while the operation is unseen. And it is more philosophical to ascribe the fact on which I am remarking, to a public taste, formed and perpetuated by imitation, than to suppose, as is often done, a temperament singularly phlegmatic in a people; whose poets, and secular orators, have unquestionably surpassed all their contemporaries, in powers of imagination.

But *want of action* is not the only fault that may spring from imitation. In the case of individuals, excess and awkwardness, may arise from undue regard to some improper model. Cicero mentioned an orator, who was distinguished for pathos, and a wry face; and says that another who made him his pattern, imitated his distortion of features, but not his pathos. Special faults in one whom we mean to imitate, strike attention, because they commonly appear in the form of peculiarity. This, while it renders imitation more preposterous, renders it, at the same time, more obvious. The worst gesture of Hamilton has been transmitted by imitation, to this time; and is used by some who never saw that great man, and who know nothing of his manner as a speaker. In this way, some peculiarity, that was perhaps accidental at first, may acquire ascendancy in a college, and be transmitted from one generation to another of its students.

In proceeding now to mention, with more particular-

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ity, the faults of action, I shall follow the order of my previous remarks on *countenance, attitude, and gesture.*

The *eye* is the only part of the face, that it falls within my design to notice here, both because this is the chief seat of expression, and because its significance is especially liable to be frustrated by mismanagement. For reasons already mentioned, the intercourse of soul between speaker and hearers, is carried on more unequivocally through the *eye*, than in any other way. But if he neglects to look at them, and they in return neglect, (as they commonly will,) to look at him; the mutual reaction of feeling through the countenance is lost; and vocal language is all the medium of intercourse that remains.\*

The *eye* "bent on vacuity," as the artists call it, is the next most common defect, of this sort. The glass eye of a wax figure at once tells its own character. There may be, in other respects, the proportion and complexion of a human face; but that *eye*, the moment it is examined, you perceive is nothing more, and, at best, it *can* be nothing more than a bungling counterfeit. So the *eye* of a speaker may be open, and yet not see; at least there may be no *discrimination*, no *meaning* in its look. It

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\* The reader will please to observe that, in the following pages, such remarks as apply solely or peculiarly to the *pulpit*, are given in the notes.

It falls not within my design here, to inquire how far the prevalent practice of reading sermons ought to be dispensed with. But it is plainly absurd to speak of expression in a preacher's *eye*, while it is fixed on a manuscript. Nearly the same infelicity, and on some accounts a greater one, attends the rapid, dodging cast of the *eye* from the notes to the hearers, and back again; implying a servile dependence on what is written, even in repeating the most familiar declarations of the Bible. And this infelicity is still aggravated by such a position of the manuscript, as to require the *eye* to be turned directly downward in looking at it.

does not look *at* any thing. There is in its expression, a generality, a vacuity, so to speak, that expresses *nothing*. To the same class belongs that indefinite sweep of the eye, which passes from one side to another of an assembly, resting nowhere; and that tremulous, waving cast of the eye, and winking of the eyelid, which is in direct contrast to an open, collected, manly expression of the face.\*

So fatal are these faults to the impression of delivery, that too much care cannot be taken to avoid them.

*Attitude* I use; not in the theatrical sense of the word, (for this has no concern with oratory,) but as denoting the general positions of the body, which are becoming or otherwise in a speaker. In some few instances I have observed the head to be kept so erect, as to give the air of haughtiness. In others, it is dropped so low, that the man seems to be carelessly surveying his own person. In others it is reclined towards one shoulder, so as to give the appearance of languor or indolence.†

As to the *degree of motion* that is proper for the body, it may be safely said, that while the fixedness of a post is an extreme, all violent tossing of the body from side to side, rising on the toes, or writhing of the shoulders and limbs, are not less unseemly.

\* Here again the habit acquired by some preachers, from closely reading their sermons, is such, that when they raise their eye from the paper, they fix it on the floor of the aisle, or on a post or pannel, to avoid a direct look at their hearers.

† There is often something characteristic in the air with which a preacher enters a church, ascends the pulpit, and rises in it to address an assembly. If he assumes the gracefulness of a fine gentleman, as if he were practising the lessons of an assembly room, every hearer of discernment will see that his object is to exhibit him-

The remarks which come next to be made on *gesture*, are more various.\*

One principal fault which I have noticed in this, is want of *appropriateness*. By this I mean that it is not sufficiently adapted to circumstances. An address to an assembly of common men, admits a boldness of action, that would be unseemly in one delivered to a prince.†

self, and will be offended at so gross a want of that seriousness which becomes his sacred office.

In minor points,—what constitutes decorum depends not on philosophy nor accident, but on *custom*. From real or affected carelessness on such points, the preacher may fix on some trivial circumstance, that attention of his hearers, which should be devoted to greater things. He may do this, for example, by standing much too high, or too low in the pulpit; by rising, as in the act of commencing his sermon, before the singing is closed; or delaying for so long an interval, as to excite apprehension that something has befallen him; by an awkward holding of his Psalm book, or especially his Bible, with one side hanging down or doubled backwards;—by drawing his hands behind him, or thrusting them into his clothes.

In these things, as in all others, connected with the worship of God, it is the province of good sense to avoid *peculiarity in trifles*.

\* The prevailing taste in our own country, like that of England, has been to employ but little action in the pulpit. Whitefield, in the last century, broke through the trammels of custom, in a boldness and variety of action, bordering on that of the stage. But his gesture, like his elocution, was far from the declamatory. His hand had scarcely less authority than Cæsar's; and the movement even of his finger gave an electric thrill to the bosoms of his hearers. Massillon's action was less diversified, and less powerful, though more refined, as was the general character of his eloquence.

† On this principle it is, that gesture is felt to be so unseasonable in personating God, and in addresses made to him. When we introduce him as speaking to man, or when we speak of his adorable perfections, or to him in prayer, the sentiments inspired demand composure and reverence of manner. Good taste then can never approve the stretching upward of the hands at full length, in the manner of Whitefield, at the commencement of prayer; nor the frowning aspect and the repelling movement of the hand, with which many utter the sentence of the final Judge, “Depart, ye cursed,” &c.

More vivacity and variety is admissible in the action of a young speaker, than of one who is aged ; and the same boldness of manner which is proper when the orator is kindled to a glowing fervour, in the close of a discourse, would be out of place at its commencement. Yet the same action is used by some speakers, in the exordium as in the conclusion, in cool argument to the understanding, as in impassioned appeals to the heart. Good sense will lead a man, as Quinctilian says, “To *act* as well as to *speak* in a different manner, to different persons, at different times, and on different subjects.”

Nearly of the same class is another kind of faults, arising from want of *discrimination*. Of this sort is that puerile imitation which consists in acting *words*, instead of *thoughts*. The declaimer can never utter the word *heart*, without laying his hand on his breast ; nor speak of *God* or *heaven*, in the most incidental manner, without directing his eye and his gesture upwards. Let the same principle be carried out, in repeating the prophet’s description of true fasting ; “It is not for a man to bow down his head as a bulrush, &c.”—and every one would see that, to conform the gesture to the words, is but childish mimicry. This false taste has been reprobated even on the stage, as in the following passage from Hamlet.

—Why should the poor be flatter’d?  
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
When thrift may follow fawning.—

—Give me the man,  
That is not passion’s slave.—

A certain actor, in repeating these lines, *bent the knee*, and *kissed the hand*, instead of assuming, as he ought, the firm attitude and indignant look, proper to express Hamlet's contempt for a cringing parasite. But it is still more absurd, in grave delivery, to regard mere phraseology instead of sentiment and emotion.

There is no case in which this want of discrimination oftener occurs, than in a class of words denoting sometimes *numerical*, and sometimes *local* extent, accompanied by the spreading of both hands ; the significance of this gesture being destroyed by misapplication. The following examples may illustrate my meaning.

*Exam.* 1. "The goodness of God is the source of *all* our blessings." The disclaimer, when he utters the word *God*, raises his eye and his right hand ; and when he utters the word *all*, extends both hands. Now the latter action confounds two things, that are very distinct, *number* and *space*. When I recount all the blessings of my life, they are very *many* ; but why should I spread my hands, to denote a multiplicity that is merely numerical and successive ? when the thought has no concern with *local dimensions* any more than in this case : " *All* the days of Methusaleh were nine hundred and sixty years."

*Exam.* 2. " *All* the actions of our lives will be brought into judgment." Here again, the thought is that of arithmetical succession, not of local extent ; and if any gesture is demanded, it is not the spreading of both hands.

*Exam.* 3. " I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all* people." Here the local extent which belongs to the thought, is properly expressed by action of both hands.

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If there is language in action, it requires propriety and precision. The indiscriminate movement of the hands signifies nothing. Want of *emphasis* in this language is a great, but common fault. When the speaker, however, has an emphatic stroke of the hand, its effect is lost if that stroke does not accompany the emphasis of the voice ; that is, if it falls one syllable after the stress of voice, or if it is disproportionate in force to that stress, in the same degree its meaning is impaired. The direction of the hand too, in which the emphatic stroke terminates, is significant. The elevated termination suits high passion ; the horizontal, decision ; the downward, disapprobation. And any of these may denote definitive designation of particular objects.

Another fault of action is *excess*. In some cases it is too *constant*. To enter on a discourse with passionate exclamations and high wrought figures, while the speaker and audience are both cool, is not more absurd than to begin with continual gesticulation. No man probably ever carried the language of action to so high a pitch as Garrick. Yet Dr. Gregory says of this great dramatic speaker ; "He used less action than any performer I ever saw ; but his action always had meaning ; it always spoke. By being less than that of other actors, it had the greater force." But if constant action has too much levity, even for the stage, what shall we say of that man's taste, who, in speaking on a subject of serious importance, can scarcely utter a sentence without extending his hands. "*No quid nimis.*"\*

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\* Fenelon says,—"Some time ago, I happened to fall asleep at a sermon ; and when I awaked, the preacher was in a very violent

But action may be not merely too *much* ;—it may be too *violent*. Such are the habits of some men, that they can never raise the hand, without stretching the arm at full length above the head, or in a horizontal sweep ; or drawing it back, as if in the attitude of prostrating some giant at a stroke. But such a man seems to forget that gentleness, and tranquillity, and dignity, are attributes that prevail more than violence, in real oratory. The full stroke of the hand, with extended arm, should be reserved for its own appropriate occasions. For common purposes, a smaller movement is sufficient, and even more expressive. The meaning of a gesture depends not on its compass. The tap of Cæsar's finger was enough to awe the Senate.

Action is often *too complex*. When there is want of precision, in the intellectual habits of the speaker, he adopts perhaps two or three gestures for one thought. In this way all simplicity is sacrificed ; for though the idea is complex, an attempt to exhibit each shade of meaning by the hand, is ridiculous. After one principal stroke, every appendage to this, commonly weakens its effect:

Another fault of action, is *too great uniformity*. Like periodic tones and stress of voice, the same gesture recur-

agitation, so that I fancied at first, he was pressing some important point of morality. But he was only giving notice, that on the Sunday following, he would preach upon repentance. I was extremely surprised to hear so indifferent a thing uttered with so much vehemence. The motion of the arm is proper, when the orator is very vehement ; but he ought not to move his arm in order to appear vehement. Nay, there are many things that ought to be pronounced calmly, and without any motion."

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ring constantly, shows want of discriminating taste. "In all things," says Cicero, "repetition is the parent of satiety."\*

This barren sameness usually prevails, in a man's manner, just in proportion as it is ungraceful. Suppose, for example, that he is accustomed to raise his arm by a motion from the shoulder, without bending the elbow; or that the elbow is bent to a right angle, and thrust outward; or that it is drawn close to the side, so that the action is confined to the lower part of the arm and hand; or that the hand is drawn to the left, by bending the wrist so far as to give the appearance of constraint, or backwards so far as to contract the thumb and fingers;—in all these cases, the motion is at once stiff and unvaried.

The same thing is commonly true of all short, abrupt, and jerking movements. These remind you of the dry limb of a tree, forced into short and rigid vibrations by the wind; and not of the luxuriant branch of the willow, gently and variously waving before the breeze. The action of the graceful speaker, is easy and flowing, as well as forcible. His hand describes curve lines, rather than right or acute angles; and when its office is finished, in any case, it drops gently down at his side, instead of being snatched away, as from the bite of a reptile. The action of young children is never deficient in grace or variety; because it is not vitiated by diffidence, affectation, or habit.

There is one more class of faults, which seems to arise from an attempt to shun such as I have just described, and which I cannot better designate, than by the phrase *mechanical variety*.

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\* "When a preacher," says Reyzaz, "has only *one* gesture, it will necessarily, be incorrect or insignificant:—a dull uniformity of action is the common defect of preachers."

This is analogous to that variety of *tones*, which is produced by an *effort* to be various, without regard to sense. The diversity of notes, like those of the chiming clock, returns periodically, but is always the *same* diversity. So a speaker may have several gestures, which he repeats always in the same successive order. The most common form of this artificial variety, consists in the alternate use of the right hand and the left. I have seen a preacher, who aimed to avoid sameness of action, in the course of a few sentences, extend first his right hand, then his left, and then both. This order was continued through the discourse ; so that these three gestures, whatever might be the sentiment, returned, with nearly periodical exactness. Now whatever variety is attained in this way, is at best but a *uniform* variety ; and is the more disgusting, in proportion as it is the more studied and artificial.

But the question arises, does this charge always lie against the use of the left hand *alone* ? I answer, by no means. The almost universal precepts, however, in the institutes of oratory, giving precedence to the right hand, are not without reason. It has been said, indeed, that the confinement of the left hand in holding up the robe, was originally the ground of this preference ; and that this is a reason which does not exist in modern times. But how did it happen that this service, denoting inferiority, came to be assigned to the *left*, rather than the *right* hand ? Doubtless because this accords with a general usage of men, through all time. When Joseph brought his two sons to be blessed by Jacob, the patriarch signified which was the object of special benediction, by placing the right hand on his head, and the left on the head of the other.

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As a token of respect to his mother, Solomon gave her a seat on the right hand of his throne. In the same manner the righteous will be distinguished from the wicked, in the final judgment. Throughout the Bible, the right hand is spoken of as the emblem of honour, strength, authority, or victory.

The common act of salutation is expressed by the right hand ; and hence its name *dextra*, from *δέξομαι* to take, that is by the hand ; and hence, by figure, the English word *dextrous*, denoting skill and agility. General custom has always given preference to the right hand, when only one is used, in the common offices of life. The sword of the warrior, the knife of the surgical operator, the pen of the author, belong to this hand. With us, to call a man *left handed* is to call him awkward ; and it is a curious fact that the Sandwich Islanders use the same phrase to denote ignorance or unskilfulness. To give the left hand in salutation, denotes a careless familiarity and levity, never offered to a superior. To employ this in taking an oath, or in giving what is called the "*right hand of fellowship*," as a religious act, would be deemed rusticity or irreverent trifling.

Now so long as this general usage exists, without inquiring here into its origin, it is manifest that the left hand can never, without incongruity, assume precedence over the right, so as to perform alone the principle gesture, with the few exceptions mentioned below. To raise this hand, for example, as expressing authority ; or to lay it on the breast, in an appeal to conscience, would be likely to excite a smile. Though it often acts, with great significance, in conjunction with the right hand, the only cases, that I

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recollect, where it can with propriety act alone, in the principal gesture, are these :

*First*, when the left hand is spoken of in contradistinction from the right; “He shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left.” *Secondly*, when there is local allusion to some object on the left of the speaker. For example, if his face is to the north, and he points to the setting sun, it is better perhaps to do it with his left hand, than to turn his body, so as to make it convenient to do it with his right. *Thirdly*, when two things are contrasted, though without local allusion, if the case requires that the one be marked by the action of the right hand, it is often best to make the antithetic object with the left.

But I would not magnify, by dwelling on it, a question of so small moment. It would have been despatched in a sentence or two, had it not seemed proper to show, that what some are disposed to call an arbitrary and groundless precept of ancient rhetoric, has its foundation in a general and instinctive feeling of propriety. Still I would say, that when a departure from this precept results, not from affectation, but from emotion, it is far better than any minute observance of propriety, which arises from a coldly correct and artificial habit.

In finishing this chapter, the general remark may be made, as applying to action, and indeed to the whole subject of delivery; that many smaller blemishes are scarcely observed in a speaker, who is deeply interested in his subject; while the affectation of excellence is never excused by judicious hearers. To be a first-rate orator, requires a combination of powers which few men possess :

and no means of cultivation can ever confer these highest requisites for eloquence, on public speakers generally. But neither is it necessary to eminent usefulness, that these requisites should be possessed by all. Any man, who has good sense, and a warm heart, if his faculties for elocution are not essentially defective, and if he is patient and faithful in the discipline of these faculties, may render himself an agreeable and impressive speaker.

## EXERCISES,

### PART I.

DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRINCIPLES OF  
RHETORICAL DELIVERY.



### REMARKS AND DIRECTIONS.

THESE Exercises are divided into two parts. The first part consists of selections, which are made expressly to illustrate the principles laid down in the foregoing ANALYSIS OF RHETORICAL DELIVERY. The classification of these selections is denoted, in each case, by the number, corresponding with the marginal figures in the Analysis. In using these exercises of the first part, the student may be assisted by the following remarks and directions.

1. When a principle is supposed to be already familiar, the illustrations will be few; in cases of more difficulty, or more importance, they will be extended to greater length.

2. In these examples, a rhetorical notation is applied, to designate inflection, emphasis, and, in some instances, modulation. When a word has but a moderate stress, it will often be distinguished only by the mark of inflection;

when the stress amounts to decided emphasis, it will be denoted by the Italic type ; and sometimes when strongly intentive, by small capitals. The reader is desired to remember too, that in passages taken from the Scriptures, Italic words are not used as in the English Bible, but simply to express emphasis...

3. This rhetorical notation is applied, only to cases in which my own judgment is pretty clear ; though, in many of these cases, I am aware that there is room for diversity of taste. Should this notation be found useful in practice, it may be more extensively applied, in a separate collection of exercises.

4. The principle to be illustrated by any Exercise, should be carefully examined and well understood, in the first place ; and, until the student has become quite familiar with this praxis of the voice, he should not attempt to read an example, longer or shorter, without previous attention to it.

5. The reader will observe that only very short examples can be expected to apply exclusively to a single principle. On account of the great labor and difficulty of selecting such examples, longer ones are often chosen, which include other principles besides the one specially in view. It will be deemed sufficient, in such cases, that there is an obvious relation to the point *chiefly* to be regarded.

## EXERCISES ON ARTICULATION.

1.] Page 27. *Difficult articulation from immediate succession of the same or similar sounds.*

1. The youth hates study.
2. The wild beasts straggled through the vale.
3. The steadfast stranger in the forests strayed.
4. It was the finest street of the city.
5. When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw.
6. It was the severest storm of the season, but the masts stood through the gale..
7. That lasts till night. }  
That last still night. }
8. He can debate on either side of the question. }  
He can debate on neither side of the question. }
9. Who ever imagined such an ocean to exist ? }  
Who ever imagined such a notion to exist ? }

2.] Page 28. *Difficult succession of consonants without accent.*

1. He has taken leave of terrestrial trials and enjoyments, and is laid in the grave, the common receptacle and home of mortals.
2. Though this barbarous chief received us very courteously, and spoke to us very communicatively at the first interview; we soon lost our confidence in the disinterestedness of his motives.
3. Though there could be no doubt as to the reasonableness of our request, yet he saw fit peremptorily to re-

fuse it, and *authoritatively* to require that we should depart from the country. As no alternative was left us, we *unhesitatingly* prepared to obey this arbitrary mandate.

3.] Page 29. *Tendency to slide over unaccented vowels.*

The brief illustration of this at p. 30 is perhaps sufficient.

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**EXERCISES ON INFLECTION.**

4.] Page 47. *The disjunctive (or) has the rising inflection before, and the falling after it.*

1. Then said Jesus unto them, I will ask you one thing; Is it lawful on the sabbath-days to do good, or to do evil? to save life, or to destroy it?

2. Whether we are hurt by a mad or a blind man, the pain is still the same. And with regard to those who are undone, it avails little whether it be by a man who deceives them, or by one who is himself deceived.

3. Has God forsaken the works of his own hands? or does he always graciously preserve, and keep and guide them?

4. Therefore, O ye judges! you are now to consider, whether it is more probable that the deceased was murdered by the man who inherits his estate, or by him, who inherits nothing but beggary by the same death. By the man who was raised from penury to plenty, or by him who was brought from happiness to misery. By him whom the lust of lucre has inflamed with the most invet-

erate hatred against his own relations ; or by him whose life was such, that he never knew what gain was, but from the product of his own labours. By him, who of all dealers in the trade of blood, was the most audacious ; or by him who was so little accustomed to the forum and trials, that he dreads not only the benches of a court, but the very town. In short, ye judges, what I think most to this point is, you are to consider whether it is most likely that an enemy, or a son, would be guilty of this murder.

5. As for the particular occasion of these (charity) schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do a handsome thing without return ?—do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation.\* Would you do it for the public good ?—do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven ?—give it for one who shall be instructed in the worship of Him, for whose sake you gave it.

5.] Page 47. *The direct question has the rising inflection, and the answer has the falling.*

1. Will the Lord cast off for ever ? and will he be favourable no more ? Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? doth his promise fail for evermore ? Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies ?

2. Is not this the carpenter's son ? is not his mother called Mary ? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas ? and his sisters, are they not all with us ?

3. Are we intended for actors in the grand drama of

\* Disjunctive or is understood.

eternity? Are we candidates for the plaudit of the rational creation? Are we formed to participate the supreme beatitude in communicating happiness? Are we destined to co-operate with God in advancing the order and perfection of his works? How sublime a creature then is man!

4. Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

*The following are examples of both question and answer.*

5. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection—that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bread?—who have no treasure but the labor of their hands—who rise, with the rising sun, to expose themselves to all the rigors of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat? No. The labors of such are the very blessings of their condition.

6. What, then, what was Cæsar's object? Do we select extortioners, to enforce the laws of equity? Do we make choice of profligates, to guard the morals of society? Do we depute atheists, to preside over the rites of religion? I will not press the answer: I need not press the answer; the premises of my argument render it un-

necessary.—What would content you? **Talent?** Nò! **Enterpríse?** Nò! **Courage?** Nò! **Reputátion?** Nò! **Vírtue?** Nò! The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but all, of these.

7. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Ruscio: call in Casca. Did Clodius way-lay Milo? **He did:** Drag them instantly to execution.—**He did not:** Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination?

8. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility.—There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The gospel offers you, forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The gospel offers you the aid of heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

9. Oh how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance! show men dutiful?  
Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?  
Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?  
Why so didst thou: seem they religious?  
Why so didst thou.

6.] Page 48. *When (or) is used conjunctively, it has the same inflection before and after it.*

In some sentences the disjunctive and the conjunctive use of *or* are so intermingled as to require careful attention to distinguish them.

1. Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or will he hārrow the valleys áfter thee? Wilt thou trust him because his strength is græt? or wilt thou leave thy labour to him? Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the péacocks? or wings and séathers unto the ostrich? Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hōok? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest dōwn? Canst thou put a hook into his nōse? or bore his jaw through with a thōrn? Wilt thou play with him as with a bīrd? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish spéars?

2. But shouldest these créduous infidels after all be in the right; and this pretended révelation be all a fable; from believing it what hārm could ensue? would it render princes more tyrānical, or subjects more ungōvernable, the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse pārents or chīldren, hūsbands, or wīves; māsters; or sérvants, frīends, or nēighbours? *or\** would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy, in èvery situation?

7.] Page 49. *Negation opposed to affirmation.*

1. True charity is not a meteor; which occasiohally

\* The last *or* is disjunctive.

glâres ; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

2. The humble do not necessarily regard themselves as the unworthiest of all with whom they are acquainted ; but, while they acknowledge and admire in many, a degree of excellence which they have not attained, they perceive, even in those to whom they are in some respect superiors, much to praise, and much to imitate.

3. Think not, that the influence of devotion is confined to the retirement of the closet and the assemblies of the saints. Imagine not, that, unconnected with the duties of life, it is suited only to those enraptured souls, whose feelings, perhaps, you deride as romantic and visionary. It is the guardian of innocence—it is the instrument of virtue—it is a mean by which every good affection may be formed and improved.

4. Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy not to *injuré* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restorè* them.

5. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous : and he is the propitiation for our sins ; and not for *ours* only, but also for the sins of the whole *world*.

6. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.

7. These things I say now, not to insult one who is fallen, but to render more secure those who stand ; not to irritate the hearts of the wounded, but to preserve those who are not yet wounded, in sound health ; not to submerge him who is tossed on the billows, but to instruct

those sailing before a propitious brëeze, that they may not be plunged beneath the waves.

8. But this is no time for a tribunal of jústice, but for showing mèrcy ; not for accusátion, but for philànthropy ; not for tríal, but for pàrdon ; not for sentence and execútion, but compassion and kìndness.

8.] Page 49. *Comparison and contrast.*

1. By hónor and dìshonor, by évil report and góod report ; as deceivers, and yet trùe ; as unknown, and yet wèll known ; as dying, and behold we lìve ; as chàstened, and not kìlled ; as sòrrøwful, yet always rejoicing ; as pòor, yet making many rìch ; as having nòthing, and yet possessing àll things.

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers ; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness ? and what communion hath lìght with dàrkness ? and what concord hath Chríst with Bèlial ? or what part hath he that beliéveth with an infidel ?

2. The house of the wicked shall be overthròwn ; but the tabernacle of the upright shall flòurish. There is a way which seemeth ríght unto a man ; but the end thereof are the ways of dèath. Even in laughter the heart is sòrrøwful ; and the end of that mirth is hèaviness. A wise man feareth, and departeth from évil ; but the fool rageth, and is is cònfident. The wicked is driven away in his wíckedness ; but the righteous hath hòpe in his death. Righteousness exalteth a nátiòn ; but sin is a reproach to any people. The king's favour is toward a wise servant ; but his wrath is against him that causeth shàme.

3. Between fame and true honor a distinction is to be made. The former is a blind and noisy applause : the latter a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude : honor rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds esteem ; true honor implies esteem, mingled with respect. The one regards particular distinguished talents : the other looks up to the whole character.

4. The most frightful disorders arose from the state of feudal anarchy. Force decided all things. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for freedom, and the strong for dominion. The king was without power, and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home, and robbers abroad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

5. These two qualities, delicacy and correctness, mutually imply each other. No taste can be exquisitely delicate without being correct ; nor can be thoroughly correct without being delicate. But still a predominancy of one or other quality in the mixture is often visible. The power of delicacy is chiefly seen in discerning the true merit of a work ; the power of correctness, in rejecting false pretensions to merit. Delicacy leans more to feeling ; correctness more to reason and judgment. The former is more the gift of nature ; the latter, more the product of culture and art. Among the ancient critics, Longinus possessed most delicacy ; Aristotle, most correctness. Among the moderns, Mr. Addison is a high example of delicate taste ; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a correct one.

6. Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad mén ; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished.

7. To Bourdaloue, the French critics attribute more solidity and close *réasoning* ; to Massillon, a more pleasing and engaging manner. Bourdaloue is indeed a great reasoner, and inculcates his doctrines with much zeal, piety, and earnestness : but his style is *verböse*, he is disagreeably full of quotations from the Fathers, and he wants imagination.

8. Homer was the greater *génius* ; Virgil the better artist : in the one, we most admire the man ; in the other, the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity ; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion ; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow ; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream.—And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens ; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering his whole *création*.

9. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both ex-

celled likewise in prose : but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied ; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind ; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation ; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.—Dryden's performances, were always hasty ; either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity : he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire, the blaze is brighter ; of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

10. Never before were so many opposing interests, passions, and principles, committed to such a decision. On one side an attachment to the ancient order of things, on the other a passionate desire of change ; a wish in some to perpetuate, in others to destroy every thing ; every abuse sacred in the eyes of the former, every foundation

attempted to be demolished by the latter ; a jealousy of power shrinking from the slightest innovation, pretensions to freedom pushed to madness and anarchy ; superstition in all its dottage, impiety in all its fury ; whatever in short, could be found most discordant in the principles, or violent in the passions of men, were the fearful ingredients which the hand of Divine justice selected to mingle in this furnace of wrath.

9.] Page 51.. *The pause of suspension requires the rising slide.*

In the Analysis, several kinds of sentences are classed, to which this rule applies. But as the principle is the same in all, no distinction is necessary in the Exercises.

1. Now in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius César, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judéa, and Herod being tetrarch of Gálilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturea and of the region of Trachonítis, and Lysanias the tetrarch of Abliéne, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests, the word of God came unto John the son of Zacharias in the wilderness.

2. For if God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment ; And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly ; And turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into ashes, condemned them with an overthrow, making them an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly ; And delivered just Lot, vexed with the filthy

conversation of the wicked: (For that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds;) The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished.

3. I am content to waive the argument I might draw from hence in favour of my client, whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But if reason teaches the learned, necessity the Barbarian, common custom all nations in general; and if even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods; you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining at the same time that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by his sword or your decisions. Had Milo, been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to fall by the hand of Clodius, who had more than once, before this, made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed? for that we grant: but whether, justly or unjustly? an inquiry of which many precedents are to be found.

4. Seeing then that the soul has many different faculties, or in other words, many different ways of acting; that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all

these different faculties, or ways of acting ; that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to exert ; that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with any faculty which is of no use to it ; that whenever any one of these faculties is transcendently pleased, the soul is in a state of happiness ; and in the last place, considering that the happiness of another world is to be the happiness of the whole man ; who can question but that there is an infinite variety in those pleasures we are speaking of ; and that this fulness of joy will be made up of all those pleasures which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving ?

5. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded ; when kind and caressing looks of every object without, that can flatter his senses, has conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence ; when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions ; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol, and the lute, have broke in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture,—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart ;—see how vain, how weak, how empty a thing it is !

6. Beside the ignorance of masters who teach the first rudiments of reading, and the want of skill, or negligence in that article, of those who teach the learned languages ; beside the erroneous manner, which the untutored pupils fall into, through the want of early attention in masters, to correct small faults in the beginning, which

increase and gain strength with years ; beside bad habits contracted from imitation of particular persons, or the contagion of example, from a general prevalence, of a certain tone or chant in reading or reciting, peculiar to each school, and regularly transmitted from one generation of boys to another : beside all these, which are fruitful sources of vicious elocution, there is one fundamental error, in the method universally used in teaching to read, which at first gives a wrong bias, and leads us ever after blindfold from the right path, under the guidance of a false rule.

7. The bounding of Satan over the walls of paradise his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees in the garden ; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation, are circumstances, that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures, in which the poet has engaged this artifice of fraud.

8. To find the nearest way from truth to truth ; or from purpose to effect : not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient ; not to move by wheels and levers, what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

9. A guilty or a disconsolated mind, a mind, ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured

by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them.

10. "I perfectly remember, that when Calidius prosecuted Q. Gallius for an attempt to poison him, and pretended that he had the plainest proofs of it, and could produce many letters, witnesses, informations, and other evidences to put the truth of his charge beyond a doubt, interspersing many sensible and ingenious remarks on the nature of the crime; I remember," says Cicero, "that when it came to my turn to reply to him, after urging every argument which the case itself suggested, I insisted upon it as a material circumstance in favour of my client, that the prosecutor, while he charged him with a design against his life, and assured us that he had the most indubitable proofs of it then in his hands, related his story with as much ease, and as much calmness and indifference, as if nothing had happened."—"Would it have been possible," exclaimed Cicero, (addressing himself to Calidius,) "that you should speak with this air of unconcern, unless the charge was purely an invention of your own?—and, above all, that you, whose eloquence has often vindicated the wrongs of other people with so much spirit, should speak so coolly of a crime which threatened your life?"

11. France and England may each of them have some reason to dread the increase of the naval and military power of the other; but for either of them to envy the internal happiness and prosperity of the other;

the cultivation of its lands, the advancement of its manufactures, the increase of its commerce, the security and number of its ports and harbors, its proficiency in all the liberal arts and sciences, is surely beneath the dignity of two such great nations.

12. To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters, to restrain every irregular inclination,—to subdue every rebellious passion,—to purify the motives of our conduct,—to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce,—to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle,—to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm; and that integrity which no interest can shake; this is the task which is assigned to us,—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

13. The beauty of a plain, the greatness of a mountain, the ornaments of a building, the expression of a picture, the composition of a discourse, the conduct of a third person, the proportion of different quantities and numbers, the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting, the secret wheels and springs which produce them, all the general subjects of science and taste, are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to either of us.

14. Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;  
 5 Damn with saint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;  
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to comménd,  
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friénd ;  
 Dreading even fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,

10 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws ;  
 And sit attentive to his ówn applause ;  
 While Wits and Templars every sentence râise,  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
 15 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep, if Atrois were he !

15. For these reasons, the senate and people of A'thens, (with due veneration to the gods and heroes, and guardians of the Athenian city and territory, whose aid they now implôre ; and with due attention to the virtue of their ancestors, to whom the général liberty of Greece was ever dearer than the particular interest of their own stâte) have resolved that a fleet of two hundred vessels shall be sent to sea, the admiral to cruise within the straits of Thermopylæ.

As to my ówn abilities in spéaking, (for I shall admit this charge, although expérience hath convinced me, that what is called the power of eloquence depends for the most part upon the hearers, and that the characters of public speakers are détermined by that degree of favour which you vouchsafe to each,) if long practice, I say, hath given me any proficiency in speaking, you have ever found it devoted to my country.\*

\* I have not thought it necessary to give examples of the cases in which emphasis requires the falling slide at the close of a parenthesis.

Of the various exceptions which fall under the rule of *suspending inflection*, the only one which needs additional exemplification, is that, where emphasis requires the intensive falling slide, to express the true sense. See p. 53, bottom. In some cases of this sort, the omission of the falling slide only weakens the meaning; in others it subverts it.

1. If the population of this country were to remain *stationary*, a great increase of effort would be necessary to supply each family with a Bible; how much more when this population is increasing every day.
2. The man who cherishes a strong ambition for preferment, if he does not fall into *adulation* and *servility*, is in danger of losing all manly independence.
3. For if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in *Sodom*,\* it would have remained unto this day.

10.] Page 54. *Tender emotion inclines the voice to the rising slide.*

1. And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth.—And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your *father* well, the *old man* of whom ye spake? Is *he* yet alive?—And they answered, thy servant our *father* is in good health, he is yet alive; and they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance.—And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother *Benjamin*, his *mother's* *son*, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me! And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my *son*.—And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother:

\* *Even in Sodom*, is the paraphrase of this emphasis, and so in the two preceding examples.

and he sought where to weep ; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.

2. Methinks I see a fair and lovely child,  
Sitting compos'd upon his mother's knéé,  
And reading with a low and lisping voice  
Some passage from the Sabbath ;\* while the tears  
5 Stand in his little eyes so softly blúé,  
Till, quite o'ercome with pity, his white arms  
He twines around her neck, and hides his sighs  
Most infantine, within her gladden'd bréast,  
Like a sweet lamb, half sportive, half afraid,  
10 Nestling one moment 'neath its bleating dám.  
And now the happy mother kisses oft  
The tender-hearted child, lays down the book,  
And asks him if he doth remember still  
A stranger who once gave him, long ago,  
15 A parting kiss, and blest his laughing eyes !  
His sobs speak fond reméembrance, and he weeps  
To think so kind and good a man should die.

3. Ye who have anxiously and fondly watched  
Beside a fading friend, unconscious still  
The cheék's bright crimson, lovely to the view,  
Like nightshade with unwholesome beauty blóomed,  
5 And that the sufferer's bright dilated eye,  
Like mouldering wood, owes to *decay* alone  
Its wondrous lustre :—ye who still have hoped,  
Even in death's dread presence, but at length  
Have heard the summons, (O heart-freezing call !)  
10 To pay the last duties, and to hear  
Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid

\* Sabbath,—a poem.

The first earth thrówn, (sound deadliest to the soul !—  
For, strange delusion ! then, and then alone,  
Hope seems for ever fled, and the dread pang.

15 Of final separation to begin)—

Ye who have felt all this—O pay my verse  
The mournful meed of sympathy, and own,  
Own with a sigh, the sombre picture's just.

11.] Page 55. *This requires no additional illustration; for unless emphasis forbids it, every good reader has so much regard to harmony, as to use the rising slide at the pause before the cadence.*

12.] Page 56. *The indirect question and its answer have the falling inflection.*

The interrogative mark is here *inverted*, to render it significant of its office, in distinction from the direct question, which turns the voice upward. The reason of this is so obvious, that I trust it will not be regarded, in a work like this, as an affectation of singularity in trifles.

1. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you ? They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified. And the governor said, Why ; what evil hath he done ; But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

2. Where now is the splendid robe of the consulate ; Where are the brilliant torches ; Where are the applause and dances, the feasts and entertainments ; Where are the coronets and canopies ; Where the huzzas of the city, the compliments of the circus, and the

flattering acclamations of the spectators ; All these have perished.

3. I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring, oppression. How far this was the case with the Romans, you may inquire of those nations that surrounded them. Ask them, 'What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong holds ?' They will answer, 'A Roman legionary.' Demand of them, 'What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness ?' They will inform you, 'A Roman Quaestor.' Inquire of them, 'What imperious stranger issued to them his mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death ?' They will reply to you, 'A Roman Consul.' Question them, 'What haughty conqueror led through his city, their nobles and kings in chains ; and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in gladiators' shows for the amusement of his fellow citizens ?' They will tell you, 'A Roman General.' Require of them, 'What tyrants imposed the heaviest yoke ;—enforced the most rigorous exactions ;—inflicted the most savage punishments, and showed the greatest gusto for blood and torture ?' They will exclaim to you, 'The Roman people !'

4. Let us now consider the principle point, whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo, or to Clodius. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When

the one was sitting in his chariot muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him ; which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance ; the dress, the chariot, or the companion ; How could he be worse equipped for engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife ; Observe the other now, in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat ; for what reason ; —in the evening ; what urged him —late ; to what purpose, especially at that season ; —He calls at Pompey's seat ; with what view ; To see Pompey ? He knew he was at 'Alcium.—To see his house ? He had been in it a thousand times.—What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifing about ; He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

5. Wherfore cease we then ;

Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,

Reserv'd, and destin'd, to eternal woe ;

Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,

5 What can we suffer worse ; Is this then worst,

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?

What ! when we fled a-mair, pursued and struck

With heav'a's afflicting thunder, and besought

The deep to shelter us—this Hell then seem'd

10 A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay

Chain'd on the burning lake,—that sure was worse.

What, if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,

Awak'd, should blow them into sev'nfold rage,

And plunge us in the flames ; or from above

15 Should intermitted vengeance arm again

His red right-hand to plague us ; what if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
 Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
 Impendent horrors, threat'ning hideous fall  
 20 One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps,  
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd,  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of wracking whirlwinds ; or forever sunk  
 25 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chaips ;  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited, unpitied, unretriev'd,  
 Ages of hopeless end ! This would be worse.

6. But, first, whom shall we send  
 In search of the new world ; whom shall we find  
 Sufficient ; who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
 5 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His incouth-way, or spread his airy flight,  
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,  
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
 The happy isle ; what strength, what art, can then  
 10 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round ; Here he had need  
 All circumspection, and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage ; for on whom we send  
 15 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.

13.] Page 57. *Language of authority and of surprise commonly requires the falling inflection. Denunciation, reprobation &c. come under this head.*

1. Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise :—which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep ?— Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep :—So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

2. And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man that had not on a wedding-garment :— And he saith unto him, friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment ? And he was speechless. — Then said the king to the servants, bind him, hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

3. Then he which had received the one talent came, and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed :—And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth : lo there thou hast that is thine. — His lord answered and said unto him, thou wicked and slothful servant,— thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not,\* and gather where I have not strewed :— Thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the

\* This clause uttered with a high note and the falling slide, expresses *consequence* better with the common punctuation, than if it were marked with the interrogation.

exchāngers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.—Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents.—And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer dàrkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

4. Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not.—Wò unto thee, Chorazin ! wò unto thee, Beth-saida ! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Ty're and Sidon,\* they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.—But I say unto you, It shall be more tòlerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you.—And thou, Capérnaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell : for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sòdom, it would have remained until this day.—But I say unto you, That it shall be more tòlerable for the land of Sodòm, in the day of judgment, than for thee.

5. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people, who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yoursèlf. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions, with which some interested persons have labored to possèss you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant ; that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties ; from ministers, favourites, and relations ; and let there be one moment in your life, in which you have consulted your òwn understanding.

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\* Even in Tyre and Sidon, is the paraphrase of the emphasis.

6. You *have* done that, you *should* be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

5 Which I respect not. I did *send* to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—

For I can raise no money by *vile* means;

—*I* had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

10 From the hard hands of peasants their *vile* trash,

By any indirection. I did *send*

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: Was that done like *Cassius*?

Should *I* have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

15 When Marcus Brütus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

*Dash* him to pieces?

7. The war, that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,

And—Stanley! was the cry;—

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand, above his head,

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted “Victory!

Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”

Were the last words of Marmion!

8. So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,

Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight,  
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hèll,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain

5 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.  
 But wherefore thou *alòne*? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hèll broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be flèd? or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endùre? Couràgeous Chief!  
 10 The first in flight from pain!—hádst thou *allèg'd*  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come *sòle* fugitive.

9. To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd.  
 To say, and straight unsay, pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no léader, but a liar, trac'd,

5 Sàtan!—and couldst thou fáithful add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whòm? to thy rebellious crèw?  
 Army of Fiends!—fit body to fit head!  
 Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
 10 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pòw'r supreme?  
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldest seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fàwn'd, and crìng'd, and servilely ador'd  
 15 Heav'n's awful Mònarch? wherefore, but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thysèlf to reign;  
 But mark what I arreed thee now;—Avaùnt:  
 Fly thither whence thou flèd'st: if from this hour,  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 20 Back to th' inférral pit I dràg thee chàin'd,

And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd.

Apostrophe and exclamation, as well as the imperative mode, when accompanied by emphasis, incline the voice to the falling inflection.

10. Oh ! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,  
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !

Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
It is a dread and awful thing to die !

2 Mysterious worlds ! untravell'd by the sun,  
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
From your unsathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
A warning comes, unheard by other ears—  
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,

10 Like Sinai's thunders, pealing from the cloud !

Daughter of Faith, awake ! arise ! illumine  
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !  
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll  
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !

15 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
Chased on his night-steed, by the star of day !  
The strife is o'er !—the pangs of nature close,  
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes !  
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,

20 The noon of heaven, undazzled by the blaze,  
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,

25 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill !

11.———Piety has found  
 Friends in the Friends of science, and true prayer  
 Has flow'd from lips wet with *Castalian* dews.  
 Such was thy wisdom, *Newton*, child-like sage !

5 Sagacious reader of the *Works* of God,  
 And in his *Word* sagacious. Such too thine,  
*Milton*, whose genius had angelic wings, . . .  
 And fed on manna. And such thine, in whom  
 Our *British Themis* gloried with just cause,  
 10 Immortal *Hale* ! for deep discernment prais'd,  
 And sound integrity, not more, than fam'd  
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

12. These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wond'rous fair ; thyself how wond'rous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns

5 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 'Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs

10 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,  
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,

15 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou Sùn, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 20 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise  
     In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
     And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
     Mòon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st,  
     With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,  
 25 And ye five òther wand'ring Fires, that move  
     In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
     His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
     Air, and ye 'Elements, the eldest birth  
     Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 30 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,  
     And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
     Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
     His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
     Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 35 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.  
     Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,  
     Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
     Join voices all, ye living Souls ; ye Birds,  
     That singing up to Heav'n gate ascend,  
 40 Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

14.] Page 60. *Emphatic succession of particulars requires the falling slide.*

Note 3, page 61, should be examined before reading this class of Exercises.

He answered and said unto them, He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man ;—the field is the world ; the good seed are the children of the kingdom : but the tares are the children of the wicked one ;—the enemy

that sowed them is the devil ; the harvest is the end of the world ; and the reapers are the angels.

2. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom ; to another, the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit ;—to another, faith, by the same Spirit ; to another, the gifts of healing, by the same Spirit ;—to another, the working of miracles ; to another, prophecy ; to another, discerning of spirits ; to another, divers kinds of tongues ; to another the interpretation of tongues.

3. Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing :—in every thing give thanks : for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—Quench not the Spirit :—Despise not prophesying.—Prove all things ; hold fast that which is good.

4. As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles, an intimation of some particular merit, that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the Pope ; majesty, to kings ; serenity, or mildness of temper, to princes ; excellence, or perfection, to ambassadors ; grace, to archbishops ; honour, to peers ; worship, or venerable behaviour, to magistrates ; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

5. It pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps, creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall, ere long, shoot away with the swiftness of imagination ; trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations ; be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career ; be a spectator of the long

chain of events in the natural and moral worlds; visit the several apartments of creation; know how they are furnished and how inhabited; comprehend the order and measure, the magnitude and distances of those orbs, which, to us, seem disposed without any regular design, and set all in the same circle; observe the dependence of the parts of each system; and (if our minds are big enough) grasp the theory of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe.

6. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments he never keeps—to the counselor, who asks advice he never takes—to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised—to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied—to the projector, whose happiness is only to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain—to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements—to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances—to the usurer, who compares the different funds—and to the talker, who talks only because he loves talking.

7. That a man, to whom he was, in great measure, beholden for his crown, and even for his life; a man to whom, by every honour and favour, he had endeavoured to express his gratitude; whose brother, the earl of Derby, was his own father-in-law; to whom he had even committed the trust of his person, by creating him lord chamberlain; that a man enjoying his full confidence and affection; not actuated by any motive of discontent

or apprehension ; that this man should engage in a conspiracy against him, he deemed absolutely false and incredible.

8. I would fain ask one of those bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motion and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together, and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists ; I say supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose.

9. I conjure you by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me ;  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blow down ;  
Though castles topple on their warden's heads ;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
Of nature's germs tumble altogether,  
Ev'n till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

This last example is the one which was promised at page 40, of the Analysis, to be inserted in the Exercises, as exhibiting by the notation something of Garrick's manner in pronouncing the passage. To make this more intelligible I add here Walker's remarks accompanying this example, which were alluded to at page 40.

"By placing the falling inflection, without dropping the voice, on each particular, and giving this inflection a degree of emphasis, increasing from the first member to the sixth, we shall find the whole climax wonderfully enforced and diversified: this was the method approved and practised by the inimitable Mr. Garrick; and though it is possible that a very good actor may vary in some particulars from the rule, and yet pronounce the whole agreeably, it may with confidence be asserted that no actor can pronounce this passage to so much advantage as by adopting the inflections laid down in this rule."

15.] Page 62. *Emphatic repetition requires the falling inflection; though the principle of the suspending slide, or of the interrogative, may form an exception.*

1. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.—And the angel of the LORD called unto him out of heaven, and said, 'Abraham, Abraham. And he said, Here am I.'

2. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wèpt: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalòm, my sòn, my son Absalòm ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalòm, my sòn, my sòn !

3. O Jerusalem, Jerùsalem, thou that killèst the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not !

4. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. *Newton* was a *Christian*! *Newton*, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—*Newton*, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy: not those visionary and arrogant

presumptions, which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—*Newton*, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

5. To die, they say, is noble—as a soldier—  
 But with such guides, to point th' unerring road,  
 Such able guides, such arms and discipline  
 As I have had, my soul would sorely feel

5 The dreadful pang which keen reflections give,  
 Should she in death's dark porch, while life was ebbing,  
 Receive the judgment, and this vile reproach :—  
 “Long hast thou wander'd in a stranger's land,  
 A stranger to thyself and to thy God ;

10 The heavenly hills were oft within thy view,  
 And oft the shepherd call'd thee to his flock,  
 And call'd in vain.—A thousand monitors  
 Bade thee return, and walk in wisdom's ways.  
 The seasons, as they roll'd, bade the return ;

15 The glorious sun, in his diurnal round,  
 Beheld thy wandering, and bade thee return ;  
 The night, an emblem of the night of death,  
 Bade thee return ; the rising mounds,  
 Which told the traveller where the dead repose

20 In tenements of clay, bade thee return ;  
 And at thy father's grave, the filial tear,  
 Which dear remembrance gave, bade thee return,  
 And dwell in Virtue's tents, on Zion's hill !  
 —Here thy career be stay'd, rebellious man !

25 Long hast thou liv'd a cumberer of the ground.

Millions are shipwreck'd on life's stormy coast,  
With all their charts on board, and powerful aid,  
Because their lofty pride disdain'd to learn  
Th' instructions of a pilot, and a God."

16, 17, 18.] Page 63 to 66. *On Cadence, Circumflex, and Accent, no additional illustrations seem to be required in the Exercises.*

19, 20, 21, 22.] Page 71 to 80. *It was necessary in the Analysis to examine and exemplify at some length, the difference between emphatic stress, and emphatic inflection, and also between absolute and relative stress. The examples, however, illustrating these distinctions, must generally be taken from single sentences and clauses. But as I wish here to introduce such passages as have considerable length, I have concluded to arrange them all under the general head of EMPHASIS, leaving the reader to class particular instances of stress, and inflection, according to the principles laid down in the Analysis.*

1. He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see?—he that chastiseth the heathen, shall not he correct? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?

2. The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation; and condemn them: for she came from the utmost parts of the earth, to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here.—the men of Nineveh shall rise up in the

judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it : for they repented at the preaching of *Jōnas* ; and behold, a greater than Jonas is here.

3. But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, This fellow doth not cast out devils, but by *Beēlzebub* the prince of the devils. 2 And Jesus knew their thoughts; and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against *itself*, is brought to desolation ; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand. 3 And if *Sātan* cast out *Sātan*, he is divided against himself ; how shall then his kingdom stand? And if I by *Beēlzebub* cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? therefore they shall be your judges. But if I cast out devils by the Spirit of *Gōd*, then the kingdom of *Gōd* is come unto you. 4 Or else how can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man? and then he will spoil his house.

4. And behold, a certain lawyer stood up; and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? 2 He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? 3 And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind ; and thy neighbour as thyself. 4 And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. —But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour? 5 And Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. 6 And by chance there came down a certain priest that way;

and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.— And likewise a *Lèvite*, when he was at the place, came and *looked* on him, and passed by on the other side. 7 But a certain Samāritan, as he journeyed, came where he wás: and when he saw him, he had compàssion on him,—and *went to* him, and bound up his wóunds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own bést, and brought him to an inn, and took càre of him. 8. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pènce, and gave them to the hòst, and said unto him, Take càre of him: and what-soever thou spéndest móre, when I come again, I will repay thee. 9 Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was *neighbour* unto him that fell among the thieves?—And he said, He that shewed *mercy* on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

5. As to those public works; so much the object of your ridicule, they, undoubtedly, demand a due share of honour and applause; but I rate them far beneath the great merit of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that *I* have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that *I* derive my reputátion. Would you know *my* methods of fortifying? Exàmine, and you will find them in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours I have secured; the navies, the troops, the armies I have ràised.

6. For if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that *yourselves* have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. But ~~it~~ cannot *be*. *No*, my countrymen! It cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger

bravely, for the liberty and safety of all *Grēece*. Nō ! By those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at *Mārathon* ! By those who stood arrayed at *Platēa* ! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at *Sālamis* ! who fought at *Artemisium* ! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public mōnuments ! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country : Not those only who *prevāiled*, not those only who were *victōrious*. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they *all* performed ; their success was such as the Supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

7.. Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,  
 What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of pow'r,  
 And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,  
 To bid the *wrētch* survive the *fortunatē* ;

5 The *feeble* wrap the *athlētic* in his shroud ;  
 And weeping *fāthers* build their *chīldren's* tomb :  
*Mē ihīne, NARCISSA !*—What though short thy date?  
*Virtue*, not rolling *sūns*, the mind matures.  
 That life is long, which answers life's great *ēnd*.

10 The tree that bears no *frūit*, deserves no *nāme* ;  
 The man of *wisdom*, is the man of years.  
*NARCISSA'S* *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.  
 And can her *gālēty* give counsel too ?  
 That, 'like the Jews' fam'd oracle of gems,

15 Sparkles instruction ; such as throws new light,  
 And opens mōre the character of death ;  
 Ill known to thee, *LORENZO* ! This thy vaunt :  
 " Give death his due, the *wrētched*, and the *old* ;  
 " Let him not violate kind *nāture's* laws ;

" But own man born to live as well as die."

Wretched and old thou givest him ; young and gay  
He takes ; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.

\* Fortune, with youth and gaiety, conspir'd

5 To weave a triple wreath of happiness,  
(If happiness on earth,) to crown her brow,  
And could death charge through such a shining shield ?  
That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,  
As if to damp our elevated aims;

10 And strongly preach humility to man.

O how portentous is prosperity !

How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !

Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,  
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,

15 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.

When flooded with abundance, and purpled o'er  
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,  
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,  
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,

20 When fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,  
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,  
How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,  
Our morn'ning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;

25 A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;

And startles thousands with a single fall.

(o) As when some stately growth of oak or pine,  
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,  
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ;

\* In this place, and in many others, the connexion of the author is broken in the selections, without notice.

By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,  
 Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height,  
 In cumb'rous ruin, thunders to the ground :  
 The conscious forest trembles at the shock,

5. And hill, and stream, and distant dale resound.\*

Young.

8. Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,  
 Our boast but ill deserve.

If these alone

Assist our flight, *fame's flight is glory's fall.*

10 *Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,*  
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.  
 A celebrated wretch when I behold,  
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,  
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrest'ral aims ;

15 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,  
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,  
 With rubbish mixt; and glittering in the dust.  
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,  
 At once compassion soft, and envy rise —

20 But wherefore envy ? Talents angel-bright,  
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments  
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults  
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great pow'rs.

25 Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.

*Means* have no merit, if our *end* amiss.

*Hearts* are proprietors of all applause.

Right ends, and means, make *wisdom* : Worldly-wise  
 Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

\* In all the following Exercises, the sign of *transition* and other marks of modulation are occasionally used.

Let genius then despair to make thee great ;  
 Nor flatter *station* : What *is*, station high ?  
 'Tis a proud *m&ndicant* ; it boasts and begs ;  
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,  
 5 And oft the throng denies its charity.  
 Monarchs and ministers, are awful names ;  
 Whoever wear them, challenges our devoir.  
 Religion, public order, both exact  
 External homage, and a supple knee,  
 10 To beings pompously set up, to serve  
 The meanest slave ; all more is merit's due,  
 Her sacred and inviolable right,  
 Nor ever paid the monarch, but the *man*.  
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth* ;  
 15 Nor ever *fail* of their allegiance thèrè.  
 Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,  
 And vote the *mantle* into majesty.  
 Let the small *savage* boast his silver fur ;  
 His royal robe unborrow'd and, unbought,  
 20 His *own*, desending fairly from his sires.  
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,  
 And souls in ermine scorn a soul without ?  
 Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize ?  
 Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on *Alps* ;  
 25 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.  
 Each man makes his *own* stature, builds himself ;  
*Virtue* alone outbuilds the pyramids :  
 Her monuments shall last when *Egypt's* fall.  
 — Thy bosom burns for *p&w'r* ;  
 30 What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;  
 'Tis thine. And art thou *greater* than before ?  
 Then thou before wast something *less* than *man*.

Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?  
 That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;  
 That pride defames humanity, and calls  
 The being *mean*, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.

5 High *worth* is elevated place : 'Tis more ;  
 It makes the post stand candidate for thee ;  
 Makes more than monarchs, makes an *honest man* ;  
 Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis *wealth* ;  
 And though it wears no ribbon, 'tis *renowm* ;

10 Renown, that *would* not quit thee, though disgrac'd,  
 Nor leave thee pendant on a master's smile.  
 Other ambition nature interdicts ;  
 Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,  
 By pointing at his origin, and end ;

15 Milk, and a swathe, at first his whole demand ;  
 His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone ;  
 To whom, between, a *world* may seem too small.  
Young.

9. Nothing can make it less than mad in man  
 To put forth all his ardour, all his art,

20 And give his soul her full unbounded flight,  
 But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.  
 When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,  
 And *downward* pores, for that which shines *above*,  
 Substantial happiness, and true renown ;

25 Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,  
 We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;  
 At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

*Ambition !* pow'rful source of good and ill !

Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,

30 When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease

And swifter flight transports us to the skies ;  
 By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,  
 It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,  
 In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,

5 Close grated by the sordid bars of sense ;  
 All prospect of eternity shut out ;  
 And, but for execution, ne'er set free.  
 In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,  
 Ne'er to be priz'd enough ! enough revolv'd !

10 Are there who wrap the world so close about them,  
 They see no farther than the clouds ? and dance  
 On heedless vanity's fantastic toe ?  
 Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,  
 Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and  
 song.

15 Are there on earth,—(let me not call them men,) Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;  
 Unconscious, as the mountain of its ore ;  
 Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?  
 When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these

20 Shall know their treasure ; treasure, then, no more.  
 Are there, (still more amazing !) who resist  
 The rising thought ? Who smother, in its birth,  
 The glorious truth ? Who struggle to be brutes ?  
 Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,

25 And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink ?  
 Who labour *downwards* through th' opposing pow'r  
 Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,  
 To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock  
 Of endless night ? night darker than the grave's !

30 Who fight the proofs of immortality ?

With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,  
 Work all their energies, level their black fires,  
 To blot from man this attribute divine,  
 (Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)  
 5 Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves?

Young.

10. Look nature through, 'tis revolution all :  
 All change ; no death. Day follows night ; and night  
 The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;  
 Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay,  
 10 With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,  
 Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter grey,  
 Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,  
 Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away ;—  
 Then melts into the Spring : Soft Spring, with breath  
 15 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,  
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;  
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.  
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.  
 Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wondrous  
 things !

20 Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.  
 What lengths of labour'd lands ! what loaded seas !  
 Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war !  
 Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,  
 His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.

25 Nor can the eternal rocks his will withstand :  
 What levell'd mountains ! and what lifted vales !  
 O'er vales and mountains, sumptuous cities swell,  
 And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.  
 Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise ;

And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.  
 See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep !  
 The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.  
 How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,  
 5 Ascend the skies ! the proud triumphal arch  
 Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.  
 High thro' mid air, here streams are taught to flow :  
 Whole rivers, there, laid by in basins, sleep.  
 Here, plains turn oceans ; there, vast oceans join  
 10 Thro' kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore :  
 And chang'd creation takes its face from man.  
 Earth's disembowel'd ! treasur'd are the skies !  
 Stars are detected in their deep recess !  
 Creation widens ! vanquish'd nature yields !  
 15 Her secrets are extorted ! art prevails !  
 What monument of genius, spirit, power !

Young.

11. The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ;  
 And who, what God foretels ; (who speaks in *things*,  
 Still louder than in *words*,) shall dare deny ?  
 20 If nature's arguments appear too weak,  
 Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.  
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,  
 Can he prove infidel to what he *feels* ?  
 Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;  
 25 Or, nature there, imposing on her sons,  
 Has written *fables* : man was made a *lie*.  
 Why discontent for ever harbour'd there ?  
 Incurable consumption of our peace !  
 Resolve me, why, the cottager and king,  
 30 He, whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he

Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,  
 Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,  
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,  
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?

5 Reason progressive, instinct is complete ;  
 Swift instinct *leaps* ; slow reason feebly *climbs*.  
 Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all  
 Flows in at once ; in *ages* they no more  
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.

10 Were man to live coeval with the sun,  
 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;  
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.  
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun  
 Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drown'd ;

15 To man, why, stepdame nature ! so severe ?  
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half wrought,  
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ?  
 Or, if abortively, poor man must die,  
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread ?

20 Why curst with foresight ?, wise to misery ?  
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?  
 Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain ?  
 His immortality alone can solve  
 The darkest of enigmas, human *hope* ;

25 Of all the darkest, if at death we die.  
 Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,  
 All present blessings treading under foot,  
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.  
 With no past toils content, still planning new,  
 30 Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease,  
 Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit ?

Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?

That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss ?

Because, in the great future, bury'd deep,

Beyond our plans of empire and renown,

5 Lies all that man with ardour should pursue ;

And HE who made him, bent him to the right.

Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams

Of self-exposure, laudable, and great ?

Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death ?

10 Die for thy country !—Thou romantic fool !

Seize, seize the plank *thyself*, and let *her* sink :

Thy country ! what to Thee ?—The Godhead, what ?

(I speak with awe !) though He should bid thee bleed ?

If, with thy blood, thy final *hope* is spilt, . . .

15 Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow ;

Be deaf; preserve thy being ? disobey.

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,

If man dies wholly, well may we demand,

Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain ?

20 Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd ?

Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd ?

Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,

By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?

Why whispers nature lies on virtue's part ?

25 Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name

Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,

Why reason made accomplice in the cheat ?

Why are the wisest loudest in her praise ?

Can man by reason's beam be led astray ?

30 Or, at his peril, imitate his God ?

Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,

Or both are true ; or, man survives the grave.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert

All order. Go, mock-majesty ! go, man !

And bow to thy superiors of the stall ;

5 Through ev'ry scene of sense superior far : -

They graze the turf untill'd ; they drink the stream,

No foreign clime they ransack for their robes ;

Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar ;

Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd ;

10 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,

On boughs forbidden where no curses hang :

Their ill no more than strikes the sense ; unstretch'd

By previous dread, or murmur in the rear ;

When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke

15 Begins, and ends, their woe : They die but *once* ;

Blest, incommunicable privilege ! for which

Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,

Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain. Young.

12. He ceas'd ; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king

20 Stood up ; the strongest and fiercest Spirit

That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair :

His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd

Equal in strength, and rather than be *less*,

Car'd not to be at *all* ; with that care lost

25 Went all his fear : of God, or Hell, or worse,

He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.

“ My sentence is for *open war* ; of wiles,

More unexpert, I boast not ; them let those

Contrive who need, or when they need, not now ;

30 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,

Millions that stand in arms, and, longing, wait  
 The signal to ascend, sit *ling'ring here*  
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
 Accept this dark opprobious den of shame,

5 The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
 By our delay? *No*, let us rather choose,  
 Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, *all at once*,  
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,  
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms,

10 Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise  
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear  
 Infernal thunder, and for lightning, see  
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
 Among his Angels, and his throne itself,

15 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
 His own invented torments. (o) But perhaps  
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale  
 With upright wing against a higher foe.  
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench

20 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
 That in our proper motion we ascend  
 Up to our native seat: *descent* and *fall*  
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,

25 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is *easy* then;  
 Th' *event* is fear'd; should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some *worse* way his wrath may find

30 To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what *can* be worse

Than to *dwell here*, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe :  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end

5 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance ? More destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.  
 What *fear* we then ? what *doubt* we to incense

10 His *utmost* ire ? which, to the height enrag'd,  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential, (happier far  
 Than miserable, to have eternal being,)  
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,

15 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing ; and by *proof* we feel  
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;

20 Which if not victory, is yet revenge."

13. I should be much for open war, O peers !  
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd,  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not *dissuade* me most, and seem to cast

25 Ominous conjecture on the whole success,—  
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on *despair*,  
 And utter *dissolution*, as the scope

30 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, *what* revenge? The tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep  
 Encamp their legions, or, with obscure wing,  
 5 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way  
 By *force*, and at our heels all *hell* should rise,  
 With blackest insurrection, to confound  
 Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,  
 10 All incorruptible, would on his throne  
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould,  
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
 15 Is *flat despair*: we must exasperate  
 Th' almighty Victōr to spend all his rage,  
 And that must *end* us, *that* must be our cure,  
 To *be no mōre*: sad cure; for who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 20 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
 25 Can give it, or *will* ever? how he *can*  
 Is doubtful; that he never *will* is sure. Milton.

14. —— Aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.  
 30 " Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two

Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss ; while I to *Hell* am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

5 (Amongst our other torments not the least,) Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths : all is not theirs it seems ;  
 One fatal tree there stands of knowledge call'd,

10 Forbidden them to taste. *Knowledge* forbidden ? Suspicious, reasonless ! Why should their Lord  
 Envy them *that* ? Can it be sin to know ?  
 Can it be death ? and do they only stand  
 By ignorance ? is that their happy state,

15 The proof of their obedience and their faith ? O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin ! Hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design

20 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt Equal with Gods : aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die ; what likelier can ensue ?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd ;

25 A chance, but chance, may lead where I may meet Some wand'ring sp'rit of Heav'n, by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,  
 Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,

30 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed." So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,

But with sly circumspection, and began,  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his  
 roam. *Milton.*

In the following speech, where an emphatic clause is in Italic, or has the mark of monotone, it requires a firm, full voice, and generally a low note.

15. *Speech of Titus Quinctius to the Romans.*

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the *Æqui* and *Volsci*, (scarce a match for the *Hernici* alone,) came in arms, *to the very gates of Rōme*,—(.) and went away unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to pre-  
 10 sage much good; but, could I have *imagined* that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death, (if all other means had failed,) have *avoided* the station I am now in. (°) *What?* might Rome then have been taken, if these men who  
 15 were at our gates had not wanted *courage* for the attempt?—*Rōme taken, whilst I was cōsul?*—(.) Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the *cōsuls*, or *yōu*, Romans? If *we* are in fault, *depōse* us, or punish us yet *more* severely. If *you* are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults & only may you *repent*!—*No*, Romans, the confi-

dence of our enemies is not owing to *their courage*, or  
25 to their belief of *your cowardice* : they have been too  
often *vanquished*, not to know both themselves and you.  
(<sup>o</sup>) *Discord, discord* is the *ruin* of this city ! The eternal *disputes*, between the *senate* and the *people*, are the  
sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds  
30 to our *dominion*, nor you to your *liberty* ; while you  
impatiently endure *Patrician* *magistrates*, and we *Plebeian* ; our enemies take *heart*, grow elated, and pre-  
sumptuous. (<sup>o</sup>) In the name of the *immortal gods*, what  
is it, *Romans*, you would have? You desired *Tribunes* ;  
35 for the sake of *peace*, we granted them. You were  
eager to have *Dècemvirs* ; we consented to their cre-  
ation. You grew *wearied* of these *Decemvirs* ; we oblig-  
ed them to *abdicate*. Your hatred pursued them when  
reduced to *private men* ; and we suffered you to put  
40 to death, or banish, *Patricians* of the first rank in the  
republic. You insisted upon the *restoration* of the *Tri-  
buneship* ; we yielded ; we quietly saw *Consuls* of  
your own faction elected. You have the protection of  
your *Tribunes*, and the privilege of appeal ; the *Patri-  
45 cians* are subjected to the *decrees* of the *Commons*.  
Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have  
invaded our rights ; and we have *suffered* it, and we  
still suffer it. (<sup>o</sup>) When shall we see an end of *dis-  
cord*? When shall we have one interest, and one  
50 common country? Victorious and triumphant, you  
show less temper than we under defeat. When you  
are to contend with *us*, you can seize the *Aventine*  
hill, you can possess yourselves of the *Mons Sacer*.

*The enemy is at our gates,—the Æsquiline is near*

55 *being taken*,—and nobody *stirs* to hinder it ! But against *us* you are valiant, against *us* you can arm with diligence. Come then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious

60 exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the *enemy*. Does your resolution fail you for this ? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with

65 fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages ? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you ? They will give you words as many as you please ; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state ; heap laws upon laws ; as

70 assemblies you shall have without end : but will any of you return the *richer* from those assemblies ? (o, - tinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions ; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and

75 consider the management of those ambitious men, who to make *themselves* powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment *divisions in the commonwealth*.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict, which I

80 will not submit to, if I do not, in a few days, drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

23] Page 88. *Difference between the common and the intensive inflection.*

The difficulty to be avoided may be seen sufficiently in an example or two. There is a general tendency to make the slide of the voice as great in degree, when there is little stress, as when there is much; whereas in the former case the slide should be gentle, and sometimes hardly perceptible.

*Common slide.*

To play with important truths; to disturb the repose of established ténets; to subtilize objections; and elude prôof, is too often the sport of youthful vánity, of which maturer experience commonly repents.

Were the miser's repentance upon the neglect of a good bârgain; his sorrow for being over-reached; his hope of improving a súm; and his fear of falling into wânt; directed to their proper óbjects, they would make so many Christian graces and vîrtues.

*Intensive slide.*

Consider, I beseech you, what was the part of a faithful citizen? of a prudent, an active, and an honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by séa? Was he not to make Beotia our barrier on the midland side? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its progress up to our own hârbours? Was he not to cover those districts which we commanded, by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Ténedos? To exert himself in the assémbly for this pur-

pose, while with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydus, and Euboëa? Was he not to cut off the best, and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counsels, and my administration.



### EXERCISES ON MODULATION.

#### 24] Page 118. *Compass of voice.*

To assist in cultivating the *bottom* of the voice, I have selected examples of sublime or solemn description, which admit of but little inflection; and some which contain the figure of simile. Where the mark for low note is inserted, the reader will take pains to keep down his voice, and to preserve it in nearly the grave monotone.

1. (o) He bowed the heavens also, and came down ; and darkness was under his feet.—And he rode upon a cherùb, and did fly : yèa, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.—He made darkness his secret place ; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.—At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire.—The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voicè ; hailstones and coals of fire.

2. (o) And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven : and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man, coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.—And he shall send his angels, with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

3. (o) And the heaven departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together ; and every mountain and island were

moved out of their places. 2 And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond-man, and every free-man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains ; 3 And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb :—For the great day of his wrath is come ; and who shall be able to stand ?

4. And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them. 5 And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. 6 And the sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and they were judged every man according to their works.

4. 'Tis listening Fear and dumb Amazement all :  
 When to the startled eye, the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud :  
 And following slower, in explosion fast,  
 5 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls ; (.) but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burthen on the wind ;  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 10 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens, still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosened aggravated roar,  
 15 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling, peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

5. 'Twas then great Marl'rough's mighty soul was prov'd,

That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,  
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid ;  
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

(o) So when an angel, by divine command,  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,)  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;  
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

6. Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast,

When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,  
A giant surge down rushes from on high,  
And sore and ast dissever'd ruins lie ;  
(o) As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,  
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,  
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,  
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores ;  
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,  
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone ;  
Thus the torn vessel felt the enormous stroke,  
The beams beneath the thund'ring deluge broke.

7. To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.

Reign thou in *Hell*, thy kingdom ; let me serve  
In Heav'n God ever blest and his divine  
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ;

5 Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect : meanwhile  
From me, (return'd as erst thou saidst from flight,)  
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

(c) So say'ing, a noble stroke he listed high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell

10 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
Such ruin intercept ; ten paes huge  
He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee  
His massy spear upstay'd ; as if on earth

15 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
Half sunk with all his pines. —————  
Now storming fury rose,  
And clamor such as heard in Heav'n till now

20 Was never ; arms on armour clashing, bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,

25 And flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heaven

30 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. —————  
Long time in even scale —————  
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day  
Prefigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms

35 No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway,  
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down

40 Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great Archangel from his warlike toil

Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end

45 Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd.  
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields  
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
 In horror ; from each hand with speed retired,

50 Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,  
 And left large fields, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,

55 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

*Milton.*

The following examples are selected as a specimen of those passages, which are most favourable to the cultivation of a top to the voice. In pronouncing these, the reader should aim to get up his voice to the highest note on which he can articulate, with freedom and distinctness. See remarks page 120. If the student wishes for more examples of this kind, he is referred to EXERCISES [5].

8. Has a wise and good God furnished us with desires which have no correspondent objects, and raised expectations in our breasts, with no other view but to disappoint them ?—Are we to be for ever in search of happiness, without arriving at it, either in this world or the next ?—Are we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish after this short period of existence ?—Are we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life, under the severest hardships and most delicate temptations, by the hopes of a reward which is visionary and chimérical, by the expectation of praises, of which it is utterly impossible for us ever to have the least knowledge or enjoyment ?

9. (°)“Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,

5 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee :  
 Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born, not to contend with spi'rits of Heav'n."  
 To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd ;  
 (o) "Art thou that traitor Angel, art thou he,  
 10 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,  
 Conjur'd against the High'est, for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 15 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spi'rits of *Heav'n*,  
 Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
 Where *I* reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
*Thy* king and lord ? *Back to thy punishment,*  
 20 False fugitive, and to thy speed add *wings*,  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart,  
 Strange horrors seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

25.] Page 120. *Transition.*

The Exercises of the foregoing head were designed to accustom the voice to exertion on the extreme notes of its compass, high and low. The following Exercises under this head are intended to accustom the voice to those sudden transitions which sentiment often requires, not only as to *pitch*, but also as to *quantity*.

1. *The Power of Eloquence.*

AN ODE.

1 HEARD ye those loud contending waves,  
 That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state ?  
 Saw ye the mighty from their graves  
 Look up, and tremble at her fate ?  
 Who shall calm the angry storm ?  
 Who the mighty task perform,  
 And bid the raging tumult cease ?  
 See the son of Hermes rise ;

With syren tongue, and speaking eyes,  
Hush the noise, and sooth to peace !

2 Lo ! from the regions of the North,  
The reddening storm of battle pours ;  
Rolls along the trembling earth,  
Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

3 (°) "Where rests the sword ?—where sleep the  
brave ?  
Awake ! Cecropia's ally save  
From the fury of the blast ;  
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls ;  
Rise ! or Greece for ever falls,  
'Up ! or Freedom breathes her last !"

4 (.) The jarring States, obsequious now,  
View the Patriot's hand on high ;  
Thunder gathering on his brow,  
Lightning flashing from his eye !

5 Bore by the tide of words along,  
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng :  
(°°) "To arms ! to arms ! to arms !" they cry,  
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,  
Lead us to Philippi's lord,  
Let us conquer him—or die !"

6 (°) Ah *Eloquence* ! thou wast undone ;  
Wast from thy native country driven,  
When Tyranny eclips'd the sun,,  
And blotted out the stars of heaven.

7 When Liberty from Greece withdrew,  
And o'er the Adriatic flew,  
To where the Tiber pours his urn,  
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock ;  
Sparks were kindled by the shock—  
Again thy fires began to burn !

8 Now shining forth, thou mad'st compliant  
 The Conscript Fathers to thy charms ;  
 Rous'd the world-bestriding giant,  
 Sinking fast in Slavery's arms !

9 I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,  
 Pouring the persuasive strain,  
 Giving vast conceptions birth :  
*Hark !* I hear thy thunder's sound,  
 Shake the Forum round and round—  
 Shake the pillars of the earth !

10 First-born of Liberty divine !  
 Put on *Religion's* bright array ;  
*Speak !* and the starless grave shall shine  
 The portal of eternal day !

11 *Rise*, kindling with the orient beam ;  
 Let *Calvary's hill* inspire the theme !  
 Unfold the garments roll'd in blood !  
 O touch the soul, touch all her chords,  
 With all the omnipotence of words,  
 And point the way to heaven—to God.

*Cary.*

2. *Hohenlinden....Description of a Battle with Firearms.*

1 (.) On Linden, when the sun was low,  
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
 And dark as winter was the flow  
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

2 But Linden saw another sight,  
 When the drum beat at dead of night,  
 Commanding fires of death to light  
 The darkness of her scenery.

3 By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each warriour drew his battle blade,

And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

- 4 Then shook the hills with thunder-riven,  
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,  
Far flashed the red artillery.
- 5 And redder yet those fires shall glow,  
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow;  
And darker yet shall be the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.
- 6 'Tis morn,—but scarce yon lurid sun  
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,  
While furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.
- 7 The combat deepens. (°°) On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
And charge with all thy chivalry!
- 8 (°) Ah! few shall part where many meet!\*  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

*Campbell.*

### 3. *Hamlet's Soliloquy.*

This is one of the most difficult things to read in the English language. No one should attempt it without entering into the sentiment, by recurring to the story of Hamlet. The notation which I have given, however imperfect, may at least furnish the reader with some guide in the management of his voice. Want of discrimination, has been the common fault in reading this soliloquy.

To be, or not to be? .. that is the question.—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

\* Soft.

Or to take *arms* against a sea of troubles,

5 And by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—  
No more:—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to?—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—

10 To sleep! perchance, to *dream*?—Ay, there's the rub;  
.. For in that sleep of death *what* dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life;

15 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,\*  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;

20 When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare *bddkin*? who would fardels bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life?  
(*o*) But that the dread of something after death,  
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne

25 No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to *others* that we know not of.  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,—  
And thus the native hue of resolution

30 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

#### 4. *Battle of Waterloo.*

1 There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then

\* The indignant feeling awakened in Hamlet by this enumeration of particulars, requires the voice gradually to rise on each, till it comes to the mark of transition.

Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
 (o) But hush ! hark ! .. a deep sound strikes like a  
 rising knell !

2 Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :  
 (o) On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—  
 (.) But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat.  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 (oo) 'Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening  
 roar !

3 \*Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness :  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

4 And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,  
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb

Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! They come ! They come !"

5 \*And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and  
 low.

6 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial  
 blent !

Byron.

### 5. *Negro's Complaint.*

1 FORCED from home and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the raging billows borne.  
 Men from England bought and sold me,  
 Paid my price in paltry gold ;  
 But though *slave* they have enroll'd me,  
*Minds* are never to be sold.

2 Still in thought as free as ever,  
 What are England's rights, I ask,  
 Me from my delights to sever,  
 Me to torture, me to task ?

\* Plaintive.

Fleecy locks and black complexion  
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;  
*Skins* may differ, but *affection*  
 Dwells in white and black the same.

3 Why did all-creating nature  
 Make the plant for which we toil ?  
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
 Think, ye masters iron-hearted,  
 Lolling at your jovial boards ;  
 Think how many *backs* have smarted  
 For the sweets your cane affords.

4 (°) Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
 Is there one who reigns on high ?  
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
 Speaking from his throne the sky ?  
*Ask him*, if your knotted scourges,  
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
 Are the means that *duty* urges  
 Agents of his will to use ?

5 (oo) *Hark !* he answers,—wild tornadoes,  
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which he speaks.  
 He, foreseeing what vexations—  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fixed their tyrants' habitations  
 Where his WHIRLWINDS answer—NO.

6 By our blood in Afric wasted,  
 Ere our necks received the chain ;  
 By the miseries that we tasted,  
 Crossing in your barks the main ;  
 By our sufferings since ye brought us  
 To the man-degrading mart ;  
 All, sustained by patience, taught us  
 Only by a broken heart.

7 Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
 Till some *reason* ye shall find  
 Worthier of regard, and stronger  
 Than the *colour* of our kind.  
*Slaves of gold*, whose sordid dealings  
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,  
 Prove that *you* have human feelings,  
 Ere you proudly question *ours* !

*Cooper.*

6. *Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of Modern Greece.*

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish Camp, at Læspi, the site of the ancient Platea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."]

1 At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,  
 When Greece, her knee in supplication bent,  
 Should tremble at his power ;  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror ;  
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—  
 Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king ;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden bird.

2 An hour passed on—the Turk awoke ;  
 That bright dream was his last ;  
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,  
 (" "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !")  
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,  
 And death shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
 Bozzaris cheer his band ;

(<sup>oo</sup>) "Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires,  
 Strike—for your altars and your fires,  
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
 God—and your native land!"

3 They fought—like brave men, long and well,  
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,  
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won;  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

4 \*Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
 Come to the mother, when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 Which close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form;  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,  
 And thou art terrible; the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.

5 But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave

Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh ;  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die.

Halleck.

7. (o) Now often fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd,  
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, resplendent host,

5 Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills  
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light armed scour,  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt : him soon they met

10 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion ; back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came fly'ing, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.  
(oo) 'ARM, Warriors, arm for fight—the foe at hand,

15 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day ; fear not his flight : so thick a cloud  
He comes, and settled in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure ; let each  
His adamantine coat gird well,—and each

20 Fit well his helm,—gripe fast his orb'd shield,  
Borne ev'n or high ; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture ought, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.  
(o) So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon

25 In order, quit of all impediment ;  
Instant, without disturb; they took alarm,  
And onward move, embattled : when behold,  
Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe

Approaching, gross and huge, in hollow cube,  
 30 Training his devilish enginery, impal'd  
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
 A while; but suddenly at head appear'd  
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.  
 35 (oo) VANGUARD, to right and left the front unfold;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open breast  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse.'

*Milton.*

26] Page 125. *Expression.*

The Exercises arranged in this class belong to the general head of the *pathetic* and *delicate*. As this has been partly anticipated under another head of the Exercises, and as the manner of execution in this case depends wholly on emotion, there can be little assistance rendered by a notation. Before reading the pieces in this class, the remarks of the Analysis p. 125—128 should be reviewed; and the mind should be prepared to feel the spirit of each piece, by entering fully into the circumstances of the case.

1. GENESIS XLIV. *Judah's speech to Joseph.*

18 \*Then Judah came near unto him, and said, O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: for thou art even as Pharaoh.—19 My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother?—20 And we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one: and his brother is *dead*, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father *loveth* him.—21 And thou saidst unto thy servants, Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.—22 And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot

\* The reader is again desired to bear in mind that in extracts from the Bible, as well as other books, Italic words denote emphasis.

leave his *father* : for if he should leave his father, his father would die.—23 And thou saidst unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.—24 And it came to pass, when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord.—25 And our father said, Go again and buy us a little food.—26 And we said, We cannot go down : if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down ; for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.—27 And thy servant my father said unto us, Ye know that my wife bear me two sons :—28 And the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces ; and I saw him not since :—29 And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.—30 Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us ; (seeing that his *life* is bound, up in the *lad's life* ;)—31 It shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die : and thy servants shall bring down the grey hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave.—32 For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.—33 Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bond-man to my lord ; and let the lad go up with his brethren.—34 For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me ? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father.

## 2. GENESIS XLV. Joseph disclosing himself.

1. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him ; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.—2 And he wept aloud : and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.—3 And Joseph said unto his brethren,

I am *Joseph*; doth my *father* yet live? . And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.—4 And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me I pray you: and they came near. And he said, I am *Joseph your brother*, whom you sold into Egypt. 5 Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for *God* did send me before you to preserve life. 6 For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years, in the which there shall be neither earing nor harvest. 7 And *God* sent me before you, to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. 8 So now it was not *you* that sent me hither but *God*: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house; and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. 9 Haste ye, and go up to my father; and say unto him, Thus saith thy son *Joseph*; *God* hath made me lord of all Egypt; come down unto me; tarry not: 10 And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: 11 And there will I nourish thee, (for yet there are five years of famine,) lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast come to poverty. 12 And behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of thy brother Benjamin, that it is *my mouth* that speaketh unto you: 13 And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste, and bring down my father hither. 14 And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. 15 Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them: and after that his brethren talked with him.

25 And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, 26 And told him saying, *Joseph* is yet *ALIVE*, and he is *governor* over all the land of Egypt! And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. 27 And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them: and when he

saw the *waggons* which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived : 28 And Israel said, It is *enough*; Joseph my son is yet alive : I will go and see him before I die.

3. *The death of a friend.*

- 1 I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.  
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound;  
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,  
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,  
And, mix'd with shrieks of wo, the knells of death re-sound.
- 2 Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,  
The soft amusement of the vacant mind !  
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,  
He, whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,  
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind !  
He sleeps in dust. Ah, how shall I pursue  
My theme ! To heart-consuming grief resign'd,  
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu !
- 3 Art thou, my GREGORY, forever fled !  
And am I left to unavailing wo !  
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,  
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,  
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !  
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :  
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,  
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.  
Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh my tears.

Beattie.

4. *The Sabbath.*

How still the morning of the hallowed day !  
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd

The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.  
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 5 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yester morn bloom'd waving in the breeze :  
 The faintest sounds attract the ear,—the hum  
 Of early bee; the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.

10 Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,  
 The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,  
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heav'n-tun'd song; the lulling brook  
 15 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen ;  
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke  
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,  
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.  
 With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:

20 The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din  
 Has ceas'd; all, all around is quietness.  
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare  
 Stops, and looks back; and stops, and looks on man,  
 Her deadliest foe;—the toil-worn horse set free,  
 25 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large,  
 And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
 His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.  
 But, chiefly, Man the day of rest enjoys.  
 Hail, SABBATH ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.

30 On other days, the man of toil is doom'd  
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground  
 Both seat and board;—screen'd from the winter's cold  
 And summer's heat, by neighbouring hedge or tree ;  
 But on this day, embosom'd in his home,

35 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;  
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy  
 Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,  
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,  
 With covered face and upward earnest eye.

40 Hail, **SABBATH** ! thee I hail, the poor man's day.  
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
 The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,  
 As wandering slowly up the river's bank,  
 He meditates on him whose power he marks

45 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,  
 And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
 Around the roots ; and while he thus surveys  
 With elevated joy each rural charm,  
 He hopes, (yet fears presumption in the hope.)

50 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.  
 But now his steps a welcome sound recalls :  
 Solemn, the knell from yonder ancient pile  
 Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe ;  
 The throng moves slowly o'er the tomb-pav'd ground :

55 The aged man, the bowed down, the blind  
 Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes  
 With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleas'd ;  
 These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach  
 The house of God : these, spite of all their ills,

60 A glow of gladness prove : with silent praise  
 They enter in : a placid stillness reigns ;  
 Until the man of God, worthy the name,  
 Opens the book, and, with impressive voice,  
 The weekly portion reads.

Grahame.

5. *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

1 Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried,  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.

2 We buried him darkly ; at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

3 No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him !  
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—  
 With his martial cloak around him !.

4 Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the *morrow*—

5 We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow—  
 How the *foe* and the *stranger* would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the bollow !

6 “Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”

7 But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the *foe* was suddenly firing—

8 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory !  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But left him—alone with his glory !

6. *Eve lamenting the loss of Paradise.*

“O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet though sad; the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand

10 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
 Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?  
 Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd.  
 With what'd sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
 15 How shall I part, and whither wanter down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits ?”

7. *Soliloquy of Hamlet's Uncle.*

(°) Oh ! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;  
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,  
 A brother's murther !—Pray I cannot,  
 Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,  
 5 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent :  
 And like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. (°) What if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ;  
 10 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereunto serves mercy,  
 But to confront the visage of offence ?  
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,  
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
 15 Or pardon'd being down ?—Then I'll look up ;  
 My fault is past.—But oh, what form of prayer  
 Can serve my turn ? “Forgive me my foul murther !”  
 That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murther,  
 20 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world,  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;  
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself  
 25 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above :  
 There, is no shuffling ; there, the action lies

In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence.—What then ?—what rests ?

30 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?

Yet what can it, when one *cannot* repent ?

(o) O wretched state ! oh bosom, black as death !

Oh limed soul ; that, struggling to be free,

Art more engag'd ! Help, angels ! make assay !

35 Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !

All may be well.

27] Page 128. *Representation.*

1. MATT. xiv.—22 And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

23 And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray : and when the evening was come, he was there alone. 24 But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves : for the wind was contrary. 25 And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. 26 And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit ; and they cried out for fear.

27 But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer ; it is I, be not afraid. 28 And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. 29 And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

30 But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid ; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me. 31 And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ? 32 And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased. 33 Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God.

2. MATT. xvii.—14 And when they were come to the multitude, there came to him a certain man kneeling down to him, and saying, 15 Lord, have mercy on my son; for he is lunatic, and sore vexed, for oft-times he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water. 16 And I brought him to thy disciples, and they could not cure him. 17 Then Jesus answered and said, O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to me. 18 And Jesus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour. 19 Then came the disciples to Jesus apart, and said, Why could not we cast him out? 20 And Jesus said unto them, Because of your *unbelief*: for verily I say unto you, If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it *shall* remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.

3. MATT. xviii.—23 Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. 24 And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which owed him ten thousand talents. 25 But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. 26 The servant therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have *patience* with me, and I will pay thee all. 27 Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion; and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. 28 But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him a hundred pence; and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, *Pay* me that thou owest. 29 And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have *patience* with me, and I will pay thee all. 30 And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. 31 So when his fel-

low-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. 32 Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou *wicked* servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desirest me: 33 Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?

4. MATT. xx.—25 But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. 26 But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; 27 And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: 28 Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. 29 And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him.

30 And behold, two blind men sitting by the way-side, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have *mercy* on us, O Lord, thou son of David. 31 And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace: but they cried the more, saying, Have *mercy* on us, O Lord, thou son of David. 32 And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you? 33 They say unto him, Lord, that our *eyes* may be opened. 34 So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their *eyes*: and immediately their *eyes* received sight, and they followed him.

5. MATT. xxi.—23 And when he was come into the temple, the chief priests and the elders of the people came unto him as he was teaching, and said, By what *authority* doest thou these things? and who *gave* thee this *authority*? 24 And Jesus answered and said unto them, I also will ask you one thing, which if ye tell me, I in like wise will tell you by what *authority* I do these things. 25 The

baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven, or of men? And they reasoned with themselves, saying, If we shall say, From heaven; he will say unto us, Why did ye not then believe him? 26 But if we shall say, Of men; we fear the people: for all hold John as a prophet. 27 And they answered Jesus, and said, We cannot tell. And he said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.

28 But what think ye? A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. 29 He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and went. 30 And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered, I go, sir: and went not. 31 Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.

6. MATT. xxv.—31 When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: 32 And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: 33 And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. 34 Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; 35 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: 36 Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. 37 Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? 38 When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? 39 Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? 40 And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say

unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my *bréthren*, ye have done it unto *mè*. 41 Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, *Depart from me*, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: 42 For I was an hungered, and ye gave me *nò* meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no *drink*: 43 I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not: 44 Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, *when* saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? 45 Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of *thése*, ye did it not to *mè*. 46 And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

7. ACTS XII.—5 Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. 6 And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison. 7 And behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, *Arise* up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. 8 And the angel said unto him, *Gird* thyself, and bind on thy sandals; and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. 9 And he went out, and followed him, and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. 10 When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street: and forthwith the angel departed from him. 11 And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and

hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews. 12 And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together, praying. 13 And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. 14 And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate. 15 And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel. 16 But Peter continued knocking. And when they had opened the door, and saw him, they were astonished. 17 But he beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go shew these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed, and went into another place.

### 8. *The Siege of Calais.*

Edward III. after the battle of Gressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly;—“ My friends, we are brought

to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left! a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind." He spoke;—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed, "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"—"Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."—"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.—"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be

opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting ! what a scene ! they crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced ; they clung around ; they fell prostrate before them ; they groaned ; they wept aloud ; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

### 9. *Extract of a Sermon of ROBERT ROBINSON.*

Col. ii. 8.—Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit.

“ Beware lest any man spoil you” . . . What ! is it possible to spoil a Christian ? Indeed it is. A Christian may spoil himself, as a beautiful complexion or a proper shape may be rendered disagreeable, by circumstances of dress or uncleanness ; he may be spoiled by other people, just as a straight child may be made crooked, by the negligence of his nurse ; or exactly as a sweet tempered youth may be made surly or insolent, by a cruel master. “ Beware lest any man spoil you.” Is it possible for whole societies of Christians to be spoiled ? Certainly it is. Nothing is easier. They may spoil one another, as, in a family, the temper of one single person may spoil the peace of the whole ; or as in a school, one trifling or turbulent master may spoil the education and so the usefulness, through life, of two or three hundred pupils, successively committed to his injudicious treatment. All human constitutions, even the most excellent, have seeds of imperfections in them, some mixtures of folly, which naturally tend to weaken and destroy ; and though this is not the case with the Christian religion itself, which is the wisdom of God without any mixture of human folly ; yet even this pure religion, like the pure juice of the grape, falling into the hands of depraved men, may be perverted, and whole societies may embrace Christianity thus perverted.

Beware lest any man spoil you through . . . what? Idolatry, blasphemy, profligacy? No. Christians are in very little danger from great crimes; but beware lest any man spoil you through *philosophy*. What hath philosophy done, that the apostle should thus guard Christians against it? Did he not know that before his time, while mimics were idly amusing one part of the world, and heroes depopulating another, the peaceable sons of philosophy disturbed nobody, but either improved mankind in their schools, or sat all calm and content in their cells? Did he not observe that in his time Christianity was reputed folly, because it was taught and believed by unlettered people; and that if philosophers could be prevailed on to teach it, it would have instantly acquired a character of wisdom? Whether the common people had understood it or not, they would have reckoned it wise if philosophers had taught it. The apostle knew all this, and, far from courting the aid of learned men to secure credit to the Gospel, he guards Christians in the text against the future temptation of doing so. Had this caution been given us by any of the other apostles, who had not had the advantage of a learned education, we might have supposed, they censured what they did not understand; but this comes from the disciple of Gamaliel.\*

### 28.] Page 138—143. *Devotional Poetry.*

The following selection of Psalms and Hymns is designed only as a specimen of the notation, partially applied here, which might be more extensively applied to these compositions, when they unite the spirit of devotion with the elevated spirit of poetry.

The confinement of the *stanza* makes it much more unfavourable than other verse, to freedom and variety in pronunciation. The reader is desired to keep in mind the distinction between *intensive* and *common* inflection, and to remember that the former occurs in this kind of poetry only where there is a direct *question* or strong *emphasis*.—In some cases only part of a Psalm or Hymn is taken.

\* The selections under this head are extended no further here, because several of the familiar pieces in the second part of the Exercises are good examples of representation and rhetorical dialogue.

## 1. PSALM 17. L. M.

1 What sinners value, I resign ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that *thou* art mine :  
 I shall behold thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a *dream*, an empty shòw ;  
 But the bright world to which I go,  
 Hath joys substantial and sincère ;  
 When shall I wake and find me there ?

3 O .. glorious hour ! O .. blèst abode !  
 I shall be near, and like my God ;  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :  
 Then *burst* the chains with sweet surprise,  
 And in my *Saviour's* image rise.

Note : In some of the cases where the mark of *monotone* occurs, there is a little inflection, most commonly downwards.

## 2. PSALM 93. P. M.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,  
 And royal state maintains,  
 His head with awful glories crown'd ;  
 Array'd in robes of light,  
 Begirt with sovereign might,  
 And rays of majesty around.

2 In *vain* the noisy croud,  
 Like billows fierce and loud,  
 Against *thine* empire rage and roar ;  
 In *vain* with angry spite  
 The surly nations fight,  
 And *dash* .. like waves against the shore.

3 Let floods and nations rage,  
 And all their power engāge ;  
 Let swelling tides assault the sky :

The terrors of thy frown  
 Shall beat their madness down ;  
 Thy throne for *ever* .. stands on high.

## 3. PSALM 132. c. m.

- 1 *Arise, O King of grace, arise,*  
 And enter to thy rest :  
*Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,*  
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
 Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
 All that the *ark* did once contain,  
 Could no such grace afford.
- 3 *Here mighty God, accept our vows ;*  
*Here let thy praise be spread ;*  
 Bless the provision of thy house,  
 And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David ~~reign~~,  
 Let God's anointed shine ;  
 Justice and truth his court maintain,  
 With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a *lasting* throne,  
 And as his kingdom grows,  
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
 And *shame* confound his foes.

## 4. PSALM 135. c. m.

- 1 Great is the Lord, and works unknown  
 Are his divine employ ;  
 But still his *saints* are near his throne,  
 His treasure and his joy.
- 2 All power that gods or kings have claim'd  
 Is found with *him* alone ;  
 But *heathen* gods should ne'er be nam'd  
 Where our JEHOVAH's known.

3 Which of the stocks and stones they trust  
 Can give them showers of *rain*?  
 In vain they worship glitt'ring *dust*,  
 And pray to *gold* in vain.

4 Ye nations, know the *living* God,  
 Serve him with faith and fear ;  
 He makes the churches his abode,  
 And claims your honours there.

5. PSALM 139. L. M.

1 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
 Are to my God distinctly known ;  
 He knows the words I mean to speak,  
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

2 Ama .. zing knowledge, vast and great !  
 What large extent ! what lofty height !  
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
 Is in the boundless prospect .. lost.

3 Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,  
 Where'er I rōve, where'er I rēst ;  
 Nor let my weaker passions dare ...  
 Consent to sin, .. for God is there.

6. PSALM 146. L. P. M.

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath ;  
 And when my voice is lost in dēath,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a *man* my trust ?  
 Princes must die, and turn to dust :  
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;  
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour ;  
 Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
 On Israel's *God*; he made the sky,  
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
 His truth forever stands secure;  
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;  
 And none shall find *his* promise vain.

7. HYMN 142, BOOK I.

- 1 Like sheep we went astray,  
 And broke the fold of God;  
 Each wand'ring in a *diff'rent* way,  
 But all the *downward* road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,  
 When God our wand'rings laid,  
 And did at once his vengeance pour  
 Upon the *Shepherd's* head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,  
 When Christ sustain'd the stroke?  
 His *life* and *blood* the Shepherd pays,  
 A ransom for the flock.

8. HYMN 14, BOOK II.

- 1 Welcome, *sweet* day of rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving breast,  
 And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 One day amidst the place  
 Where my dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than *ten thousand* days  
 Of pleasurable sin.
- 3 My willing soul would *stay*  
 In such a frame as this;  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss.

## 9. HYMN 76, Book II.

- 1 Hosanna to the Prince of light,  
That cloth'd himself in clay ;  
Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 *Raise your devotion, .. mortal tongues, —*  
To reach his blest abode :  
*Sweet be the accents of your songs,*  
To our incarnate God.
- 4 *Bright angels ! .. strike your loudest strings,*  
Your sweetest voices raise ;  
Let heav'n and all created things  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

## 10. HYMN 77, Book II.

- 1 *Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,*  
And gird the gospel armour on ;  
*March to the gates of endless joy,*  
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace ;  
While all the armies of the skies,  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

## 11. HYMN 108, Book II.

- 1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our *Father* there,  
Upon a throne of *love*.
- 2 Once 'twas the seat of dreadful *wrath*,  
And shot devouring flâme :  
Our God appear'd consuming fire,  
And *Veng'ance* was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
That *calm'd* .. his frowning face,  
That sprinkl'd o'er the burning throne,  
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 To thee ten thousand *thanks* we bring,  
Great Advocate on high ;  
And glory to th' eternal King  
That lays his fury by.

## 12. HYMN 116, Book II.

- 1 How can I *sink* with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while *Jesus* lives,  
Who rose and left the dead ?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From mi<sup>ne</sup> exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,  
Shall be forever thine :  
Whate'er my duty *bids* me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And *duty* did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great  
That I should give him *all*.

13. *Missionary Hymn.*

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand ;  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call *us* to deliver ..  
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What tho' the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Tho' every prospect pleases,  
And only *man* is vile ;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen in his *blindness*  
Bows down to *wood* and *stone*.
- 3 Shall *we* whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall *we* to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
(<sup>oo</sup>) *Salvation ! O .. Salvation !*  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 *Waft, waft*, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, *roll*,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The lamb for sinner's slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
. In bliss returns to reign.

*Bishop Heber.*

## EXERCISES.

### PART II.

#### FAMILIAR PIECES.



The reader will observe that no rhetorical notation is applied in the following Exercises.

##### 29. *Hamlet's instruction to Players.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus : but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the grotindlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant ; it-out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.—Be not too tame neither ; but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing ; whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age

and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the 25 censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, 30 nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*Shakspeare.*

### 30. *The dead Mother.*

**F.** Touch not thy mother, boy—Thou canst not wake her.

**C.** Why, father? She still wakens at this hour.

**F.** Your mother's dead, my child.

**C.** And what is dead?

If she be dead, why then 'tis only sleeping,  
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother,—rise—  
Her hand is very cold!

**F.** Her heart is cold.

**10** Her limbs are bloodless, would that mine were so!

**C.** If she would waken, she would soon be warm.

Why is she wrapt in this thin sheet? If I,  
This winter morning, were not covered better,  
I should be cold like her.

**15** **F.** No—not like her:

The fire might warm *you*, or thick clothes—but *her*—  
Nothing can warm 'gainst!

**C.** If I could wake her,

She would smile on me, as she always does,

**20** And kiss me. Mother! you have slept too long—

Her face is pale—and it would frighten me,

But that I know she loves me.

**F.** Come, my child.

**C.** Once, when I sat upon her lap, I felt

**25** A beating at her side, and then she said

It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel

For my own heart, and they both beat alike,

Only mine was the quickest—And I feel  
My own heart yet—but her's—I cannot feel—

30      *F.* Child! child!—you drive me mad—Come hence,  
I say.

*C.* Nay, father, be not angry ! let me stay here  
Till my mother wakens. •

*F.* I have told you,

35 Your Mother cannot wake—not in this world—  
But in another she *will* wake for us.

When we have slept like her, then we shall see her.

*C.* Would it were night then !

*F.* No, unhappy child !

40 Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep  
That last, long sleep.—Thy father soon shall sleep it ;  
Then wilt thou be deserted upon earth :  
None will regard thee ; thou wilt soon forget  
That thou hadst natural ties,—an orphan lone,

45 Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,  
And women still more wicked.

*C.* Father ! Father !

Why do you look so terribly upon me,  
You will not hurt me ?

50      *F.* Hurt thee, darling ? no !

Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,  
That it should fright my boy ? Come, dearest, come.

*C.* You are not angry then ?

*F.* Too well I love you.

55      *C.* All you have said I cannot now remember,  
Nor what is meant—you terrified me so.  
But this I know, you told me,—I must sleep  
Before my mother wakens—so, to-morrow—  
Oh father ! that to-morrow were but come !

### 31.      *The Temptation.*

GEN. iii.—1 Now the serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made : and he said unto the woman, yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden ? 2 And the woman said unto the serpent, we may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden : 3 But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst

of the garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. 4 And the serpent said unto the woman, ye shall not surely die. 5 For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. 8 And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. 9 And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? 10 And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden: and I was afraid, because I was naked; and I hid myself. 11 And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee, that thou shouldest not eat? 12 And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. 13 And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

### 32. *Partiality of Authors.*

“Have you read my Key to the Romans?”—said Dr. TAYLOR, of Norwich, to Mr. NEWTON.—“I have turned it over,”—“You have turned it over! And is this the treatment a book must meet with, which has 5 cost me many years of hard study? Must I be told, at last, that you have ‘turned it over,’ and then thrown it aside? You ought to have read it carefully and weighed deliberately what comes forward on so serious a subject.”—“Hold! You have cut me out full employment, 10 if my life were to be as long as Methuselah’s. I have somewhat else to do in the short day allotted me, than to read whatever any one may think it his duty to write. When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books, which contradict on the very face 15 of them what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find

20 the first mouthful of meat which I take from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away."

*Cecil.*

33. *What is time?*

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,  
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs ;  
" Time is the warp of life," he said, " Oh, tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well!*"

5 I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriours who bled ;  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
" Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode ! ".  
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide

10 Of life had left his veins : " Time ! " he replied ;  
" I've lost it ! " Ah, the treasure ! and he died.  
I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years :  
They answered, " Time is but a meteor glare ! "

15 And bade us for *eternity* prepare.  
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,  
Which beautify, or desolate the ground ;  
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)  
" 'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize ! "

20 I asked a spirit lost ; but oh, the shriek  
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !  
It cried, " A particle, a speck, a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite ?"—  
Of things inanimate, my dial, I

25 Consulted, and it made me this reply :—  
" Time is the season fair of *living* well,  
The path of glory; or the path of hell."  
I asked my Bible ; and methinks it said,  
" Time is the *present hour*,—the past is fled ;

30 Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set."  
I asked old Father Time himself, at last,  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past :  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind

35 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,  
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;  
 “ By heavens,” he cried, “ I swear the mystery’s o’er :  
 Time *was*,” he cried, “ but Time shall be no more ! ”

*Marsden.*

34. *Ruth and Naomi.*

RUTH. i.—14 And they lifted up their voice, and wept again. And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law ; but Ruth clave unto her. 15 And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods ; return thou after thy sister-in-law. 16 And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee : for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God : 17 Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried ; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me. 18 When she saw that she was stedfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19 So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi ? 20 And she said unto them, call me not Naomi, call me Mara : for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. 21 I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty : why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me ? 22 So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab : and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley-harvest.

35. *Influence of education, constitution, and circumstances in forming character.*

He has seen but little of life, who does not discern every where the effects of education on men’s opinions and habits of thinking. Two children bring out of the nursery that, which displays itself throughout their 5 lives. And who is the man that can rise above his dis-

pensation, and can say, " You have been teaching me nonsense ?"

As to constitution—look at Martin Luther : we may see the man every day : his eyes, and nose, and mouth 10 attest his character. Look at Melancthon : he is like a snail with his couple of horns ; he puts out his horns and feels—and feels—and feels. No education could have rendered these two men alike. Their difference began in the womb. Luther dashes in saying his things ; Melancthon must go round about—he must consider what the 15 Greek says, and what the Syriac says. Some men are born minute men—lexicographers—of a German character : they will hunt through libraries to rectify a syllable. Other men are born keen as a razor ; they have 20 a sharp, severe, strong acumen : they cut every thing to pieces : their minds are like a case of instruments ; touch which you will it wounds ; they crucify a modest man. Such men should aim at a right knowledge of character. If they attained this, they would find out 25 the sin that easily besets them. The greater the capacity of such men, the greater their cruelty. They ought to blunt their instruments. They ought to keep them in a case. Other men are ambitious—fond of power ; pride and power give a velocity to their motions. Others 30 are born with a quiet, retiring mind. Some are naturally fierce, and others naturally mild and placable. Men often take to themselves great credit for what they owe entirely to nature. If we would judge rightly, we should see that narrowness or expansion of mind, 35 niggardliness or generosity, delicacy or boldness, have less of merit or demerit than we commonly assign to them.

Circumstances, also, are not sufficiently taken into the account, when we estimate character. For example—we generally censure the Reformers and Puritans 40 as dogmatical, morose, systematic men. But, it is easier to walk on a road, than to form that road. *Other men labored, and we have entered into their labors.* In a fine day, I can walk abroad ; but in a rough and stormy 45 day, I should find it another thing to turn coachman and dare all weathers. These men had to bear the bur-

den and heat of the day : they had to fight against hard times : they had to stand up against learning and power. Their times were not like ours : a man may now 50 think what he will, and nobody cares what he thinks. A man of that school was, of course stiff, rigid, unyielding. Tuckney was such a man : Whichcot was for smoothing things, and walked abroad. We see circumstances operating in many other ways. A minister un- 55 married, and the same man married, are very different men. A minister in a small parish, and the same man in a large sphere where his sides are spurred and goaded, are very different men. A minister on tenter-hooks —harassed—schooled, and the same man nursed—cher- 60 ished—put into a hot-house, are very different men. Some of us are hot-house plants. We grow tall : not better—not stronger. Talents are among the circum- stances which form the diversity of character. A man of talents feels his own powers, and throws himself into 65 that line which he can pursue with most success. Sau- rin felt that he could flourish—lighten—thunder—en- chant, like a magician. Every one should seriously consider, how far his talents and turn of mind and cir- cumstances divert him out of the right road. *Cecil.*

### 36. *Death of Absalom.*

2 SAM. xviii.—19 Then said Ahimaaz the Son of Zadok, Let me now run, and bear the king tidings, how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies. 20 And Joab said unto him, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day ; but this day thou shalt bear no tidings, because the king's son is dead. 21 Then said Joab to Cushi, Go, tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cushi bowed himself unto Joab, and ran. 22 Then said Ahimaaz the son of Zadok yet again to Joab, But howso- ever, let me, I pray thee, also run after Cushi. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready ? 23 But howsoever, said he, let me run. And he said unto him, Run. Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and overran Cushi. 24 And Da- vid sat between the two gates : and the watchman went up

to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. 25 And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near. 26 And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter and said, Behold, another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings. 27 And the watchman said, Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings. 28 And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivereded up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king. 29 And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. 30 And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still. 31 And behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee. 32 And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

33 And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

### 37. *Hamlet and Horatio.*

*Hor.* HAIL to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well: (*approaches.*)  
Horatio!—or do I forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

5 *Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good, my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so;

10 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself. I know you are no truant:  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

15 *Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats

20 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
My father—Methinks I see my father—

*Hor.* Where, my lord?

25 *Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

30 *Ham.* Saw! who?

*Hor.* My lord, the king, your father.

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while,  
With an atten't ear; till I may deliver,

35 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For heaven's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

40 In the dead waste and middle of the night,  
Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,  
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,  
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,  
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walked

45 By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distilled  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear)  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

*Ham.* But where was this ?

50 *Hor.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did *you* not speak to it ?

*Hor.* My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address

55 Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanished from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange !

60 *Hor.* As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true ;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,

To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.

Hold *you* the watch to night ?

65 *Hor.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Armed, say you ?

*Hor.* Armed, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe ?

*Hor.* My lord, from head to foot.

70 *Ham.* Then saw you not his face ?

*Hor.* O yes, my lord : he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What, looked he frowningly ?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red ?

75 *Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fixed his eyes upon you ?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would, I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amazed you.

80 *Ham.* Very like, very like ; staid it long ?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled ?—no ?—

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,

85 A sable silvered.

*Ham.* I'll watch to night ; perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant you, it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
 90 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, sir,  
 If you have hitherto concealed this sight,  
 Let it be tenable in your silence still ;  
 And whatsoever else shall hap to night,  
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;  
 95 I will requite your love : so, fare you well.  
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
 I'll visit you.

*Shakspeare.*

38. *An idea of faith impressed on a child.*

Children are very early capable of impression. I imprinted on my daughter the idea of faith, at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul  
 5 was absorbed in her beads. I said—"My dear, you have some pretty beads there."—"Yes, Papa!"—"And you seem to be vastly pleased with them."—"Yes, Papa!"—"Well now, throw 'em behind the fire." The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at  
 10 me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice. "Well, my dear, do as you please : but you know I never told you to do any thing, which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at me a few moments longer, and then—summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort—She dashed them into the fire.—"Well," said I ; "there let them lie, you shall hear more about them another time ; but say no more about them now." Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads,  
 15 and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure and set it before her ; She burst into tears with ecstacy. "Those, my child," said I, "are yours : because you believed me, when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three  
 20 paltry beads behind the fire. Now that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of FAITH. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that  
 25

30 I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God. Believe every thing that he says in his word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means your good." *Cecil.*

### 39. *Conversation.*

*Dubius* is such a scrupulous good man—

Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,

Assert the nose upon his face his own ;

5 With hesitation admirably slow,

He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.

His evidence, if he were called by law

To swear to some enormity he saw,

For want of prominence and just relief,

10 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.

Through constant dread of giving truth offence,

He ties up all his hearers in suspense ;

Knows, what he knows, as if he knew it not ;

What he remembers, seems to have forgot ;

15 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,

Centering at last in having none at all.

Yet, though he tease and baulk your listening ear,

He makes one useful point exceeding clear ;

Howe'er ingenious on his darkling theme

20 A sceptic in philosophy may seem,

Reduced to practice, his beloved rule

Would only prove him a consummate fool ;

Useless in him alike both brain and speech,

Fate having placed all truth above his reach,

25 His ambiguities his total sum,

He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

*Cowper.*

### 40. *Conversation.*

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,

You always do too little or too much :

You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,

Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;

5 You fall at once into a lower key,  
 That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humblebee.  
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,  
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.  
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive

10 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.  
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;  
 With soal—that's just the sort he does not wish.  
 He takes what he at first professed to loath,  
 And in due time feeds heartily on both ;

15 Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,  
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.  
 Your hope to please him vain on every plan,  
 Himself should work that wonder, if he can—  
 Alas ! his efforts double his distress,

20 He likes yours little, and his own still less.  
 Thus always teasing others, always teased,  
 His only pleasure is—to be displeased.  
 I pity bashful men, who feel the pain  
 Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,

25 And bear the marks upon a blushing face  
 Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace.  
 Our sensibilities are so acute,  
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.  
 We sometimes think we could a speech produce

30 Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;  
 But being tried, it dies upon the lip,  
 Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :  
 Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,  
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

35 The circle formed, we sit in silent state,  
 Like figures drawn upon a dial plate ;  
 Yes ma'am, and no ma'am uttered softly, show  
 Every five minutes how the minutes go ;  
 Each individual, suffering a constraint,

40 Poetry may, but colours cannot paint ;  
 As if in close committee on the sky,  
 Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry ;  
 And finds a changing clime a happy source  
 Of wise reflection and well timed discourse.

45 We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,

Like conservators of the public health,  
 Of epidemic throats, if such there are,  
 And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.  
 That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,

50 Filled up at last with interesting news,  
 Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,  
 And who is hanged, and who is brought to bed :  
 But fear to call a more important cause,  
 As if 'twere treason against English laws.

55 The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,  
 As from a seven years' transportation, home,  
 And there resume an unembarrassed brow,  
 Recovering what we lost we know not how,

60 The faculties, that seemed reduced to nought,  
 Expression and the privilege of thought.

*Cowper.*

41. *Lady Percy to her husband.*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth ;  
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone ?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks ;

5 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,  
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?  
 In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars :  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;

10 Cry, *Courage !—to the field !* And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies, and retires ; of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets ;  
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin ;  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,

15 And all the 'currents of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream ;

20 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are  
these?  
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
25 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Shakspeare.*

**42. *The exercise of the Memory in learning not sufficient.***

To learn, seems, with many, to imply no more than a bare exercise of memory. To read, and to remember is, they imagine, all they have to do. I affirm on the contrary that a great deal more is necessary, as to exercise the judgment and the discursive faculty. I shall put the case, that one were employed to teach you algebra; and instead of instructing you in the manner of stating and resolving algebraic equations, he should think it incumbent on him, only to inform you of all the 10 principal problems, that had at any time exercised the art of the most famous algebraists, and the solutions they had given; and being possessed of a retentive memory, I shall suppose, you have a distinct remembrance both of the questions and the answers; could ye for 15 this, be said to have learnt algebra? No, surely. To teach you that ingenious and useful art, is to instruct you in those principles, by the proper application of which, you shall be enabled to solve the questions for yourselves. In like manner, to teach you to understand 20 the scriptures, is to initiate you into those general principles, which will gradually enable you of yourselves, to enter into their sense and spirit. It is not to make you repeat by rote the judgments of others, but to bring you to form judgments of your own; to see with 25 your own eyes, and not with other people's. I shall conclude this prelection with the translation of a short passage from the Persian letters, which falls in entirely with my present subject. Rica having been to visit the library of a French convent, writes thus to his friend 30 in Persia concerning what had passed. Father, said I to the librarian, what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library? These, said he, are the Interpreters of the scriptures. There is a prodigious

number of them, replied I ; the scriptures must have  
 35 been very dark formerly and very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts ? Are there now any points contested ? Are there, answered he with surprise, Are there ? There are almost as many as there are lines. You astonish me, said I, what then have all  
 40 these authors been doing ? These authors, returned he, never searched the scriptures, for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book, wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive,  
 45 but as a work which might be made to authorize their own ideas.. For this reason, they have corrupted all the meanings, and have put every passage to the torture, to make it speak their own sense.. 'Tis a country whereon people of all sects make invasions, and go for  
 50 pillage ; it is a field of battle, where when hostile nations meet, they engage, attack and skirmish in a thousand different ways.

*Campbell.*

43. *Casabianca.\**

- 1 THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
 Whence all but him had fled ;  
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,  
 Shone round him o'er the 'dead.'
- 2 The flames roll'd on—he would not go,  
 Without his father's word ;  
 That father, faint in death below,  
 His voice no longer heard.
- 3 He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say  
 If yet my task is done ?"  
 He knew not that the chieftain lay  
 Unconscious of his son.

\* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile,) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned ; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

4 " Speak, Father!" once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone!"

—And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

5 They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

6 There came a burst of thunder sound—  
The boy—oh! where was he?  
—Ask of the winds that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea!

7 With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part—  
But the noblest thing that perish'd there,  
Was that young faithful heart.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

44. *Fitz James and Roderick Dhu.*

With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag, and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,

5 But every breeze that swept the wold,  
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famish'd and chilled, through ways unknown,  
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;

10 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,  
A watch-fire close before him burned.  
Beside its embers red and clear,  
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;  
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—

15 "Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—  
" A stranger."—" What dost thou require?"—  
" Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
My life's beset, my path is lost,  
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."—

20 "Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."  
 "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—  
 "I dare! to him and all the band  
 He brings to aid his murderous hand."—  
 "Bold words!—but, though the beast of game

25 The privilege of chase may claim,  
 Though space and law the stag we lend,  
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
 Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain!

30 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
 Who say thou camest a secret spy!"—  
 "They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu  
 And of his clan the boldest two,  
 And let me but till morning rest,

35 I write the falsehood on their crest."—  
 "If by the blaze I mark aright,  
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."—  
 "Then, by these tokens may'st thou know,  
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—

40 "Enough, enough; sit down and share  
 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

Scott.

45. *Address to the Mummy.*

1 And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)  
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

2 Speak! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,  
 Thou hast a tongue—come, let us hear its tune:  
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

3 Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,  
 To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame?  
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name ?  
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?  
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

4 Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
     By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;  
 Then say what secret melody was hidden  
     In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played ?  
 Perhaps thou wert a Priest—if so, my struggles  
     Are vain ;—Egyptian priests ne'er own'd their juggles.

5 Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
     Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass ;  
 Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,  
     Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,  
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
     A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

6 I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
     Has any Roman soldier mailed and knuckled,  
 For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
     Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—  
 Antiquity appears to have begun  
     Long after thy primeval race was run.

7 Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
     We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;  
 The Roman empire has begun and ended ;  
     New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,  
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
     While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

8 Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head  
     When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
 March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,  
     O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,  
 And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,  
     When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

9 If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
     The nature of thy private life unfold :—  
 A heart has throb'd beneath that leathern breast,  
     And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled ;—

Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?

10 Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead !  
Imperishable type of evanescence !  
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence,  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

11 Why should this worthless tegament endure,  
If its undying guest be lost forever ?  
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue ; that when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

46. *Othello and Iago.*

*Iago.* My noble lord——

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady,  
Know of your love ?

5 *Oth.* He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask ?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought ;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago ?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

10 *Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed ?

*Oth.* Indeed ! ay, indeed :—Discern'st thou aught in  
that ?

Is he not honest ?

15 *Iago.* Honest, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord ?

20 *Oth.* Think, my lord ! Why, thou echo'st me,

As if there were some monster in thy thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something ;

I heard thee say but now, "thou lik'dst not that,"—  
When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like ?

25 And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
30 Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou dost :

And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,  
35 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :  
For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,  
They are close denotefments working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

40 *Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem ;  
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none !  
45 *Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.  
*Iago.* Why then, I think that Cassio is an honest man.  
*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this :  
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate ; and give thy worst of thoughts  
50 The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good, my lord, pardon me ;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts ?—Why, say, they are vile and false ;  
55 As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not ? Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in sessions sit  
With meditations lawful ?

*Shakspeare.*

47. *Macduff.*

*Macd.* SEE, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

5 *Mal.* I know him now. Pray heaven, betimes remove  
The means, that make us strangers !

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.* Ajas, poor country ;

Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot

10 Be called our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,  
Are made, not marked ; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy ; the dead man's knell

15 Is there scarce asked, for whom ; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or e'er they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,

Too nice, and yet too true !

20 *Mal.* What is the newest grief ?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

25 *Macd.* And all my children ?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not battered at their peace ?

*Rosse.* No ; they were well at peace, when I did leave  
them.

30 *Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech ; how goes it ?

*Rosse.* ————— I have words,

That would be howled out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,

35 Due to some single breast ?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,

But in it shares some woe ; though the main part

Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
 40 Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.  
*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,  
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
 That ever yet they heard.  
*Macd.* Ah! I guess at it.  
 45 *Rosse.* Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes  
 Savagely slaughtered : to relate the manner,  
 Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,  
 To add the death of you.  
*Mal.* Merciful heaven!  
 50 What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;  
 Give sorrow words : the grief, that does not speak,  
 Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.  
*Macd.* My children too ?—  
*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be  
 found.  
 55 *Macd.* And I must be from thence ! my wife killed  
 too ?  
*Rosse.* I have said.  
*Mal.* Be comforted :  
 Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
 To cure this deadly grief.  
 60 *Macd.* I shall do so ;  
 But I must also feel it as a man.  
 I cannot but remember such things were,  
 That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,  
 And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,  
 65 They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,  
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
 Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now !

*Shakspeare.*

#### 48. William Tell.

Gessler, the tyrant, Sarnem, his officer, and William Tell, a Swiss peasant.

*Sar.* Down, slave, upon thy knees before the governor,  
 And beg for mercy.

*Ges.* Does he hear ?

*Sar.* He does, but braves thy power. [To Tell.]  
 Down, slave,

And ask for life.

5      *Ges.* [To Tell.] Why speakest thou not ?  
*Tell.* For Wonder.  
*Ges.* Wonder ?  
*Tell.* Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.  
*Ges.* What should I seem ?

10     *Tell.* A monster.  
*Ges.* Ha ! Beware !—think on thy chains.  
*Tell.* Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down  
 Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up  
 Erect, with nothing but the honest pride

15     Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,  
 Thou art a monster.—Think on my chains !  
 How came they on me ?  
*Ges.* Darest thou question me ?  
*Tell.* Darest thou answer ?

20     *Ges.* Beware my vengeance.  
*Tell.* Can it more than kill ?  
*Ges.* And is not that enough ?  
*Tell.* No, not enough :—  
 It cannot take away the grace of life—

25     The comeliness of look that virtue gives—  
 Its port erect, with consciousness of truth—  
 Its rich attire of honourable deeds—  
 Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues :—  
 It cannot lay its hand on these, no more

30     Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,  
 Or with polluted finger tarnish it.  
*Ges.* But it can make thee writhe.  
*Tell.* It may, and I may say,  
 Go on, though it should make me groan again.

35     *Ges.* Whence comest thou ?  
*Tell.* From the mountains.  
*Ges.* Canst tell me any news from them ?  
*Tell.* Ay ;—they watch no more the avalanche.  
*Ges.* Why so ?

40     *Tell.* Because they look for thee. The hurricane  
 Comes unawares upon them ; from its bed  
 The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.  
*Ges.* What then ?

45      *Tell.* They thank kind Providence it is not thou.  
 Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth  
 Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked.  
 The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce  
 Return his smile. Their flocks and herds increase,

50      And they look on as men who count a loss.  
 There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but  
 The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,  
 As something they must lose, and had far better  
 Lack.

55      *Ges.* 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills  
 That never smile, though wanton summer tempt  
 Them e'er so much.

*Tell.* But they do sometimes smile.

*Ges.* Ah!—when is that?

60      *Tell.* When they do pray for vengeance.

*Ges.* Dare they pray for that?

*Tell.* They dare; and expect it, too.

*Ges.* From whence?

*Tell.* From Heaven, and their true hearts.

65      *Ges.* [To Sarnem,] Lead in his son. Now will I take  
 Exquisite vengeance. [To Tell, as the boy enters.] I have  
 destined him

      To die along with thee.

*Tell.* To die! for what? he's but a child.

70      *Ges.* He's thine, however.

*Tell.* He is an only child.

*Ges.* So much the easier to crush the race.

*Tell.* He may have a mother.

*Ges.* So the viper hath—

75      And yet who spares it for the mother's sake?

*Tell.* I talk to stone. I'll talk to it no more.  
 Come, my boy, I taught thee how to live,—  
 I'll teach thee—how to die.

*Ges.* But first, I'd see thee make

80      A trial of thy skill with that same bow.  
 Thy arrows never miss, 'tis said.

*Tell.* What is the trial?

*Ges.* Thou look'st upon thy boy as though thou gues-  
 sess it.

85      *Tell.* Look upon my boy! What mean you?

Look upon my boy as though I guess'd it !—  
 Guessed the trial thou'dst have me make !—  
 Guessed it instinctively ! Thou dost not mean—  
 No, no—Thou wouldest not have me make

90 A trial of my skill upon my child !

Impossible ! I do not guess thy meaning.

*Ges.* I'd see thee hit an apple on his head,  
 Three hundred paces off.

*Tell.* Great heaven !

95 *Ges.* On this condition only will I spare  
 His life and thine.

*Tell.* Ferocious monster ! make a father  
 Murder his own child !

*Ges.* Dost thou consent ?

100 *Tell.* With his own hand !

The hand I've led him when an infant by !

My hands are free from blood, and have no gust  
 For it, that they should drink my child's.

I'll not murder my boy for Gesler.

105 *Boy.* You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure  
 To hit the apple. Will you not save me, father ?

*Tell.* Lead me forth—I'll make the trial.

*Boy.* Father—

*Tell.* Speak not to me ;—

110 Let me not hear thy voice—Thou must be dumb,  
 And so should all things be—Earth should be dumb,  
 And Heaven, unless its thunder muttered at  
 The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.—  
 Give me my bow and quiver.

115 *Ges.* When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence  
 The distance—three hundred paces.

*Tell.* Will he do it fairly ?

*Ges.* What is't to thee, fairly or not ?

*Tell.* [sarcastically.] O, nothing, a little thing,

120 A very little thing ; I only shoot  
 At my child !

[*Sarnem prepares to measure.*]

*Tell.* Villain, stop ! You measure against the sun.

*Ges.* And what of that ?

125 What matter whether to or from the sun ?

*Tell.* I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine  
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots—  
I will not shoot against the sun.

*Ges.* Give him his way. [*Sarnem paces and goes out.*]

130 *Tell.* I should like to see the apple I must hit.  
*Ges.* [*Picks out the smallest one.*] There, take that.  
*Tell.* You've picked the smallest one.  
*Ges.* I know I have. Thy skill will be  
The greater if thou' hittest it.

135 *Tell.* [*sarcastically.*] True—true! I did not think  
of that.  
I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one  
Had given me a chance to save my boy.—  
Give me my bow. Let me see my quiver.

140 *Ges.* Give him a single arrow. [*To an attendant.*]  
[*Tell looks at it and breaks it.*]  
*Tell.* Let me see my quiver. It is not  
One arrow in a dozen I would use  
To shoot with at a dove, much less a dove

145 Like that.  
*Ges.* Show him the quiver.  
[*Sarnem returns and takes the apple and the boy to place them. While this is doing, Tell conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow, and says,*]

150 *Tell.* Is the boy ready? Keep silence now  
For Heaven's sake; and be my witnesses,  
That if his life's in peril from my hand,  
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

155 For mercy's sake keep motionless and silent.  
[*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. In a moment Sarnem enters with the apple on the arrow's point.*]  
*Sarnem.* The boy is safe.

160 *Tell.* [*Raising his arms.*] Thank Heaven!  
[*As he raises his arms, the concealed arrow falls.*]  
*Ges.* [*Picking it up.*] Unequalled archer! why was  
this concealed?  
*Tell.* To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

49. *Nathan's Parable.*

And the Lord sent Nathan unto David ; and he went unto him, and said unto him,

5 "There were two men in one city ; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds : But the poor man had nothing save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought, and nourished up ; and it grew up together with him, and with his children ; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

10 "And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the way-faring man that was come unto him ; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man 15 that was come unto him."

And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man ; and he said to Nathan,

20 "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die : And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity."

And Nathan said unto David, "Thou art the man."

50. *Harmony among brethren.*

Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted

5 him : "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity ?" "Certainly it is," replied Demetrius ; "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased, by sympathetic participation."

10 "Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend ?" said Socrates : "Would you search among strangers ? They cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals ? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger than yourself ? Their

20 feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?" "Undoubtedly there are," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongst the 25 circumstances favourable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connexions, similitude of age, and union of interest?" "I acknowledge," said Demetrius, "the powerful influence of these circumstances: but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity." "And what," said Socrates, "are those essentials which are wanting in Timon?" "He has forfeited my esteem and attachment," answered Demetrius. "And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?" continued Socrates. 35 "Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?" "Far be it from me," cried Demetrius, "to lay so heavy a charge upon him. His conduct to others, is, I believe, irreproachable; and it wounds me the more, that he should single 40 me out as the object of his unkindness." "Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable, when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavour, by all means, to conciliate his affection, and 45 to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable?—Or, if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way;—would you attempt 50 to cure him of his fault, by angry looks or words, or by any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth, than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why, 55 then, do you delay to put in practice those means, which may reconcile you to Timon?" "Acquaint me with those means," answered Demetrius; "for I am a stranger to them." "Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. "If you desire that one of your neighbours

60 should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—"I would first invite him to mine." "And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs when you are on a journey?"—"I should be forward to do the same good  
65 office to him, in his absence." "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have received against you, how would you then behave towards him?"—"I should endeavour to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such prejudice was ill-founded."  
70 "And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?"—"No," answered Demetrius; "I would repeat no grievances." "Go," said Socrates, "and pursue that conduct towards your brother, which you would practise  
75 to a neighbour. His friendship is of inestimable worth; and nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to dwell together in unity."

*Percival.*

### 51. *Harley's Death.*

"There are some remembrances (said Harley) which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with  
5 the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them—but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world, in general, is selfish, interested, and unthinking,  
10 and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot but think, in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist:—they are called—perhaps they  
15 are—weaknesses, here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed, as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton.

20 "My dear (says she) here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could perceive a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat.—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness (said he) be a title to deserve it, I have some  
 25 claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. "I took my leave. His aunt accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously after his health. "I believe (said he) from the accounts  
 30 which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started, as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief, that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know (said he) that it is usual  
 35 with persons at my time of life, to have these hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few: I would endeavour to make it mine:—nor do I think, that I can ever be better prepared for it than now;—'tis that chiefly, which determines the fitness of its approach." "Those sentiments,"  
 40 answered Miss Walton; "are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it  
 45 is to be desired.—To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachments."

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted up his eyes from the ground—"There are (said he, in a low voice)—there are attachments, Miss Walton."

50 —His glance met hers—they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments.—"I am (he said) in such a state as calls for sincerity: let that alone excuse it—it is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption,—by a sense of your perfections."—He paused again—"Let it not offend you, (he resumed,)

to know their power over one so unworthy. My heart  
 60 will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling  
 which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton  
 could not be a crime.—If to declare it is one, the ex-  
 piation will be made.” Her tears were now flowing  
 without control.—“ Let me entreat you (said she) to  
 65 have better hopes—let not life be so indifferent to you ;  
 if my wishes can put any value upon it—I will not pre-  
 tend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have  
 long known it—I have esteemed it—what would you  
 have me say ?—I have loved it, as it deserved !” He  
 70 seized her hand :—a languid colour reddened his cheek  
 —a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed  
 on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—he sighed, and  
 fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the  
 75 sight—his aunt and the servants rushed into the room  
 —they found them lying motionless together.—His phy-  
 sician happened to call at that instant—every art was  
 tried to recover them—with Miss Walton they succeed-  
 ed—but Harley was gone for ever.

*Mackenzie.*

52. *To-Morrow.*

To-morrow, didst thou say ?  
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.  
 Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow.  
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
 5 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,  
 And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes and promises,  
 The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,  
 That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !  
 It is a period no where to be found  
 10 In all the hoary registers of Time,  
 Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar.  
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;  
 15 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless  
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.  
 But soft, my friend—arrest the present moment :

For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales :  
And though their flight be silent, and their path  
20 Trackless as the winged couriers of the air,  
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly,  
Because, though station'd on th' important watch,  
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,  
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.

25 And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the guard,  
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
For every fugitive : and when thou thus  
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit ?

30 Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,  
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.  
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious  
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.  
O ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like

35 The good old patriarch upon record,  
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

*Cotton.*

## SECULAR ELOQUENCE.



### 53. *The Perfect Orator.*

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—How awful such a meeting ! how vast the subject !—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion ?—Adequate ! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence; the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator ; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man ; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions !—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed ; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work ; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy ; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted ; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude ; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER OR DIE !

*Sheridan.*

54. *Character of True Eloquence.*

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent ; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence ; or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

Webster.

55. *The Pilgrims.*

From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that

ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate ; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate ; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate ; all the tears and heart-breakings of that ever memorable parting at Delfthaven, had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness ?

20 Their trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurances of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause, all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to preeminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims. No Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill provided band of despised Puritans. No well endowed clergy were on the alert, to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness. No craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dorados of ice and of snow. No, they could not say they had encouraged, patronised, or helped the pilgrims ; their own cares, their own labours, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bere all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strewn ; and as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favour, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath ; when the arm which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

40 Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with

45 the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight  
50 of the wished for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison ;—delayed by calms; pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The aw-  
55 ful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The labouring masts seem straining from their base ;—the dismal sound of the pumps is heard ;—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow ;—the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulphing floods over the floating deck,  
60 and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel.—I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,  
65 —poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any  
70 principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers.—Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England ? Tell me, politician, how  
75 long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast ? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times; and find the parallel of  
80 this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals ;—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk,—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last  
85 moments at the recollection of the loved and left, be-

yond the sea ; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate ?

—And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope ?—

90 Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious ?      *Everett.*

### 56.      *The Progress of Poesy.*

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep ;

Isles, that crown the Egean deep ;

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,

Or where Mæander's amber waves

5 In ling'ring lab'rirths creep,

How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute but to the voice of anguish !

Where each old poetic mountain,

Inspiration breath'd around ;

10 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain

Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,

Lest their Parnassus for the Latian plains :

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,

15 And coward vice, that revels in her chains.

When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,

They sought, O Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer gale,

In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,

20 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,

To him the mighty mother did unveil

Her awful face ; the dauntless child

Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.

This pencil take, (she said,) whose colours clear

25 Richly paint the vernal year ;

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !

This can unlock the gates of joy ;

Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

30 Nor second he, that rose sublime  
 Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,  
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time,  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 35 Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 40 Two coursers of ethereal race,  
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resounding pace.  
 Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
 Bright-eyed fancy, hov'ring o'er,  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 45 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—  
 O lyre divine ! what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit  
 Nor the pride nor ample pinion,  
 50 That the Theban eagle bear,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Through the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes, would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the muse's ray,  
 55 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun ;  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

Gray.

57. *Darkness.*

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
 The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 5 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;  
 Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,  
 And men forgot their passions in the dread  
 Of this their desolation ; and all hearts

Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :

10 And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes

15 To look once more into each other's face ;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch :  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd ;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour

20 They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down

25 And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd ;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,

30 The pall of a past world ; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd : the wild birds  
shriek'd,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes

35 Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawl'd  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food :  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought

40 With blood, and each sat sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men

45 Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;  
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept

The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
**50** Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
 Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,  
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan  
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.

**55** The crowd was famish'd by degrees ; but two  
 Of an enormous city did survive,  
 And they were enemies ; they met beside  
 The dying embers of an altar-place  
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things

**60** For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
 And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
 Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up

**65** Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—  
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
 Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,

**70** The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
 And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;

**75** Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropp'd  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,  
 The moon their mistress had expired before ;

**80** The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
 And the clouds perish'd : Darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them—She was the universe. *Byron.*

58. *The Slave Trade.*

The land is not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely

5 to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God, in his mercy, has blessed the Christian world with an universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of  
10 this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon ;  
15 and in the sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic ; and I would call on all the true sons of New-England, to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of heaven. If there be within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation  
20 in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, to extirpate  
25 and destroy it. It is not fit, that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those, who by stealth, and at mid-  
30 night, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New-England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world ; let it be put  
35 out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of justice, and all who minister at her altar, that they execute the  
40 wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of our religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of these crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever, or wherever, there may be a sinner bloody  
45 with this guilt, within the hearing of its voice, the pul-

pit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates which ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with

50 a gentle magnificence to wast the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride, that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil ; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes ? What is it to him, but a wide spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death ? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant

55 to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood, or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

Webster.

### 59. *Dream of Clarence.*

O, I have passed a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams; of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christain faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,

5 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days :  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,

10 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches ; thence we looked toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we pac'd along

15 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O, then methought, what pain it was to drown !

20 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !  
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes !  
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;  
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

25 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels ;  
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.  
 Some lay in dead men's sculls ; and, in those holes  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

30 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

35 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;  
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

My dream was lengthened after-life ;  
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !

40 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,  
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual-night.  
 The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,  
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

45 Who cried aloud — “ What scourge for perjury  
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”  
 And so he vanished. Then came wandering by  
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
 Dabbled in blood ! and he shrieked out aloud —

50 “ Clarence is come — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,  
 — That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ; —  
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments ! ” —  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears

55 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,  
 I trembling waked ; and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell ;  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

60. *Moral Sublimity.*

What can strive  
 With virtue ? which of nature's regions vast  
 Can in so many forms produce to sight  
 Such powerful beauty ? beauty which the eye  
 5 Of hatred cannot look upon secure :  
 Which envy's self contemplates, and is turned  
 Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles,  
 Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair  
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
 10 The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve  
 At harvest home, or in the frosty morn  
 Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair  
 As virtuous friendship : as the honoured roof  
 Whither from highest heaven immortal love  
 15 His torch ethereal and his golden bow  
 Propitious brings, and there a temple holds  
 To whose unspotted service gladly vowed  
 The social band of parent, brother, child,  
 With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds  
 20 Adore his power ? What gift of richest chime  
 E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such  
 Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatches back  
 From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown ;  
 Or crosseth danger in his lion walk,  
 25 A rival's life to rescue ? as the young  
 Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,  
 That his great father's body might not want  
 A peaceful, humble tomb ? the Roman wife  
 Teaching her lord how helpless was the wound  
 30 Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,  
 Who nothing more could threaten to afflict  
 Their faithful love ? Or is there in the abyss,  
 Is there, among the adamantine spheres  
 Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,  
 35 Aught that with half such majesty can fill  
 The human bosom, as when Brutus rose  
 Resurgent, from the stroke of Cæsar's fate  
 Amid the crowd of patriots ; and, his arm

Aloft extending, like eternal Jove  
 When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud  
 40 On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword  
 Of justice in his wrapt astonished eye,  
 And bade the father of his country hail,  
 For lo the tyrant prostrate on the dust—  
 And Rome again is free ?— Akenside.

61. *Character of Brutus.*

Ask any one man of morals, whether he approves of assassination ; he will answer, No. Would you kill your friend and benefactor ? No. The question is a horrible insult. Would you practise hypocrisy and  
 5 smile in his face, while your conspiracy is ripening, to gain his confidence and to lull him into security, in order to take away his life ? Every honest man, on the bare suggestion, feels his blood thicken and stagnate at his heart. Yet in this picture we see Brutus. It would  
 10 perhaps, be scarcely just to hold him up to abhorrence ; it is, certainly, monstrous and absurd to exhibit his conduct to admiration.

He did not strike the tyrant from hatred or ambition ; his motives were admitted to be good ; but was not the  
 15 action nevertheless, bad ?

To kill a tyrant, is as much murder, as to kill any other man. Besides, Brutus, to extenuate the crime, could have had no rational hope of putting an end to the tyranny ; he had foreseen and provided nothing to  
 20 realize it. The conspirators relied, foolishly enough, on the love of the multitude for liberty—they loved their safety, their ease, their sports, and their demagogue favourites a great deal better. They quite looked on, as spectators, and left it to the legions of Antony, and  
 25 Octavius, and those of Syria, Macedonia, and Greece, to decide, in the field of Philippi, whether there should be a republic or not. It was accordingly, decided in favour of an emperor ; and the people sincerely rejoiced in the political calm, that restored the games of the cir-  
 30 cus, and the plenty of bread.

Those, who cannot bring their judgments to condemn the killing of a tyrant, must nevertheless agree that the blood of Cæsar was unprofitably shed. Liberty gained nothing by it, and humanity lost much; for it cost eighteen years of agitation and civil war, before the ambition of the military and popular chieftains had expended its means, and the power was concentrated in one man's hands.

Shall we be told, the example of Brutus is a good one, because it will never cease to animate the race of tyrant-killers—But will the fancied usefulness of assassination overcome our instinctive sense of its horror? Is it to become a part of our political morals, that the chief of a state is to be stabbed or poisoned, whenever a fanatic, a malecontent, or a reformer shall rise up and call him a tyrant? Then there would be as little calm in despotism as in liberty.

But when has it happened, that the death of an usurper has restored to the public liberty its departed life? Every successful usurpation creates many competitors for power, and they successively fall in the struggle. In all this agitation, liberty is without friends, without resources, and without hope. Blood enough, and the blood of tyrants too, was shed between the time of the wars of Marius and death of Antony, a period of about sixty years, to turn a common grist-mill; yet the cause of the public liberty continually grew more and more desperate. It is not by destroying tyrants, that we are to extinguish tyranny; nature is not thus to be exhausted of her power to produce them. The soil of a republic sprouts with the rankest fertility; it has been sown with dragon's teeth. To lessen the hopes of usurping demagogues, we must enlighten, animate and combine the spirit of freemen; we must fortify and guard the constitutional ramparts about liberty. When its friends become insolent or disheartened, it is no longer of any importance how long-lived are its enemies: they will prove immortal.

Ames.

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*62. Conclusion of Webster's Plymouth Discourse.*

The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-  
5 creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century. We should anticipate their concurrence with us in our  
10 sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors. We should anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New-England's advancement. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclama-  
15 tion and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

We would leave for the consideration of those who  
20 shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote  
25 every thing which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men. And when, from the long distance of an hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with  
30 gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward also to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation, ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

Advance, then, ye future generations! We would  
35 hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence, where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you

40 welcome to the healthful skies, and the verdant fields of New-England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government, and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science, and 45 the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting Truth !

### 63. *Address to the Patriots of the Revolution.*

VENERABLE MEN ! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, 5 this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbours shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet : but all else, how changed ! You hear now no roar of 10 hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is 15 manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers 20 and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and 25 greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the

foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is  
 30 peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the  
 35 name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek  
 40 for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long  
 45 enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

‘another morn,  
Risen on mid-noon;’—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

Webster.

#### 64. *Brutus' Speech.*

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and  
 5 awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him, I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved  
 10 Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you

rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was 15 ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition.—Who's here so base that would be a bondman ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? if 20 any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply :—

None ! Then none have I offended.—I have done no 25 more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony ; 30 who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive —the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ?—With this I depart ; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please 35 my country to need my death.

Shakspeare.

### 65. Chatham's Speech.

Almost for the last time, lord Chatham displayed his admirable eloquence in opposing the address moved in the house of lords, on his late majesty's speech from the throne in 1778. Some censure having been expressed 5 on the employing of savages against the armies of the insurgent Americans, the measure was defended by his majesty's ministers ; and the pompous Suffolk, as he is described by Junius, declared that "administration would have been highly reprehensible, if, entrusted 10 as they were with the suppression of so unnatural a rebellion, they had not used all the means to suppress it which God and Nature had put into their hands."—Lord Chatham rose, and said :—

My lords,—I cannot,—I will not join in congratula-

15 tion on misfortune and disgrace. This, is a perilous and tremendous moment—it is not a time for adulation—the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it ; and display in its full danger and genuine colours the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation ? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, 20 as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them ? Measures, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt.

But, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and 30 associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage ? to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods ? to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our 35 brethren ? this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality ; 'for it is perfectly allowable,' says lord Suffolk, 'to use all the means God and Nature have put into our hands !' I am astonished, I am 40 shocked, to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in the house, or this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention ; but I cannot repress my indignation ; I feel myself impelled to speak. We are called upon as members of this house, 45 as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity—' that God and Nature have put into our hands !' What ideas of God and Nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not ; but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion 50 and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife ! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims ! Such notions shock every precept of morality,

55 every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this most abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support  
 60 the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the sanctity of their lawn, upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to main-  
 65 tain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry, that adorn these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace  
 70 of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood ! against  
 75 whom ? your protestant brethren ! To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hell-hounds of war ! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with  
 80 blood hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico ; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie, that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the state  
 85 to stamp upon the infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity ; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

66. *Specimen of the Eloquence of James Otis.*

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile, with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she

treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches  
5 herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those, against which  
we now contend, have cost one king of England his life,  
another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his  
most flourishing colonies.

10 We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We  
are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master.  
To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our  
origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield  
unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can  
15 be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “Are the Americans  
too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?” No!  
America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the  
right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a  
20 thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice,  
aided by power, cannot exhaust? True the spectre is  
now small; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge  
enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt  
25 of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is  
the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same  
that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought  
it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid  
the winds and storms of the desert.

30 We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of  
freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were  
behind us. We have waked this new world from its  
savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our  
path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the  
35 flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal  
woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our  
wealth and population.

And do we owe all this to the kind succour of the  
mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny, that  
40 drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigo-  
rated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, “We ask no money from  
your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay

your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of 45 their necessity? Why, the King—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who 50 is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; 55 otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the 60 light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, 65 shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

### 67. Pitt's Reply to Walpole.

SIR,

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny,—but content myself with wishing that I 5 may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining;—but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail,

when the passions have subsided. The wretch who after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has on-  
15 ly added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked  
20 with less temptation;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply  
25 some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with  
40 regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall  
45 influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon

public robbery. I will exert my endeavours at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice—whoever may protect them in their villany—and, 55 whoever may partake of their plunder.

68. *Speech of Mr. Griffin against Cheetham.*

I am one of those who believe that the heart of the wilful and the deliberate libeller is blacker than that of the high-way robber, or of one who commits the crime of midnight arson. The man who plunders on the high-way, may have the semblance of an apology for what he does. An affectionate wife may demand subsistence; a circle of helpless children raise to him the supplianting hand for food. He may be driven to the desperate act by the high mandate of imperative necessity. The 10 mild features of the husband and the father may intermingle with those of the robber and soften the roughness of the shade. But the robber of character plunders that which “not enrieth him,” though it makes his neighbour “poor indeed”—The man who at the 15 midnight hour consumes his neighbour’s dwelling, does him an injury which perhaps is not irreparable. Industry may rear another habitation. The storm may indeed descend upon him until charity opens a neighbouring door: the rude winds of heaven may whistle around 20 his uncovered family. But he looks forward to better days: he has yet a hook left to hang a hope on. No such consolation cheers the heart of him whose character has been torn from him. If innocent he may look, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens; but he must be constrained to feel this world is to him a wilderness. For 25 whither shall he go? Shall he dedicate himself to the service of his country? But will his country receive him? Will she employ in her councils, or in her armies, the man at whom the “slow unmoving finger of 30 scorn” is pointed? Shall he betake himself to the fire-side? The story of his disgrace will enter his own doors before him. And can he bear, think you, can he bear the sympathising agonies of a dis-

tressed wife? Can he endure the formidable presence  
35 of scrutinizing, sneering domestics? Will his children  
receive instruction from the lips of a disgraced father? Gentlemen, I am not ranging on fairy ground. I am telling the plain story of my client's wrongs. By the  
40 ruthless hand of malice his character has been wantonly massacred;—and he now appears before a jury of his country for redress. Will you deny him this redress? —Is character valuable? On this point I will not insult you with argument. There are certain things, to argue which is treason against nature. The author of  
45 our being did not intend to leave this point afloat at the mercy of opinion, but with his own hand has he kindly planted in the soul of man an instinctive *love of character*. This high sentiment has no affinity to pride. It is the ennobling quality of the soul; and if we have  
50 hitherto been elevated above the ranks of surrounding creation, human nature owes its elevation to the *love of character*. It is the *love of character* for which the poet has sung, the philosopher toiled, the hero bled. It is the *love of character* which wrought miracles at ancient  
55 Greece; the *love of character* is the eagle on which Rome rose to empire. And it is the *love of character* animating the bosom of her sons, on which America must depend in those approaching crises that may "try men's souls." Will a jury weaken this our nation's  
60 hope? Will they by their verdict pronounce to the youth of our country, that character is scarce worth possessing?

We read of that philosophy which can smile over the destruction of property—of that religion which enables  
65 its possessor to extend the benign look of forgiveness and complacency to his murderers. But it is not in the soul of man to bear the laceration of slander. The philosophy which could bear it, we should despise. The religion which could bear it, we should not despise—  
70 but we should be constrained to say, that its kingdom was not of this world.

69. *Thunder Storm.*

They came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor 5 of summer heat ; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores ; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues that mocked it from every cliff.

10 I gazed about me in mute delight and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height, forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's 15 Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it ; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms 20 here and there scooped out among the precipices ; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of my admiration, I remarked a pile of 25 bright, snowy clouds peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere : and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard 30 rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees ; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all 35 nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain tops ; their summits still bright and snowy, but the low-

40 er parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops ; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves ; at length it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down.

45 The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stottest forest trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions ; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain ; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled 50 up the long défile of the highlands ; each headland making a new echo, until old Bull hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There 55 was a fearful gloom, illuminated still more fearfully by the streams of lightning, which glittered among the rain drops. Never had I beheld such an absolute warring of the elements ; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had 60 brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

*Irving.*

### 70. *Slavery.*

My ear is pained,  
My soul is sick, with every day's report  
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.  
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,

5 It does not feel for man : the natural bond  
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax  
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
Not coloured like his own ; and having power

10 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,  
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed  
Make enemies of nations, who had else

15 Like kindred drops been mingled into one,  
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;  
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,

As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

20 With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
 Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
 Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,  
 And having human feelings, does not blush,  
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?

25 I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews, bought and sold, had ever earned.  
 No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's

30 Just estimation prized above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave,  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 We have no slaves at home—then, why abroad?  
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave

35 That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud

40 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein  
 Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too. *Cowper.*

### 71. *Irruption of Hyder Ali.*

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he

5 decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and

10 to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith, which holds the moral el-

ements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his 15 dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his 20 new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. While the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this men- 25 acing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All 30 the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, with- 35 out regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an 40 unknown and hostile land. Those, who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this de- 45 struction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds 50 of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they did not see one man, not one woman, not

one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region."

*Burke.*

72. *Apostrophe to Sleep.*

Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

5 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in simpy cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber :  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,

10 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody.  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,  
In loathsome beds ; and leav'st the kingly couch.  
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

15 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them

20 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,  
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?  
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose  
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude ;  
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,

25 With all appliances, and means to boot,  
Deny it to a king ?

*Shakspeare.*

73. *Vanity of Power and misery of Kings.*

No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes.  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

3 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,  
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?  
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,  
 And nothing can we call our-own, but death ;  
 10 And that small model of the barren earth,  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories to the death of kings :—  
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;  
 15 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;  
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;  
 All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
 Keeps death his court : and there the antic sits,  
 20 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;  
 Allowing him, a breath, a little scene  
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 25 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king !  
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,  
 30 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have but mistook me all this while :  
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends :—Subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me—I am a king ?

*Shakspeare.*

74. *Reproof of the Irish Bishops.*

Here are the sovereign pontiff of the Catholic faith,  
 and the Catholic king of Spain, distributing one third  
 part of the revenues of their church for the poor, and  
 here are some of the enlightened doctors of our church  
 5 depreciating such a principle, and guarding their riches  
 against the encroaching of Christian charity ; I hope  
 they will never again afford such an opportunity of com-

paring them with the pope, or contrasting them with the apostles. I do not think their riches will be diminished ; but if they were to be so—is not the question directly put to them, which will they prefer? their flock or their riches? for which did Christ die, or the apostles suffer martyrdom, or Paul preach, or Luther protest? was it for the tithe of flax, or the tithe of barren land, or the tithe of potatoes, or the tithe-proctor, or the tithe-farmer, or the tithe-pig? Your riches are secure; but if they are impaired by your acts of benevolence, does our religion depend on your riches? On such a principle your Saviour should have accepted of the kingdoms of the earth, and their glory, and have capitulated with the devil for the propagation of the faith. Never was a great principle rendered prevalent by power or riches;—low and artificial means are resorted to for fulfilling the little views of men, their love of power, their avarice, or ambition; but to apply to the great designs of God such wretched auxiliaries, is to forget his divinity and to deny his omnipotence. What! does the word come more powerfully from the dignitary in purple and fine linen than it came from the poor apostle with nothing but the spirit of the Lord on his lips, and the glory of God standing on his right hand? What! my lords, not cultivate barren land; not encourage the manufactures of your country; not relieve the poor of your flock, if the church is to be at any expense thereby!—Where shall we find this principle? not in the Bible. I have adverted to the sacred writings without criticism, I allow, but not without devotion—there is not in any part of them such a sentiment—not in the purity of Christ nor the poverty of the apostles, nor the prophecy of Isaiah, nor the patience of Job, nor the harp of David, nor the wisdom of Solomon! No, my lords, on this subject your Bible is against you—the precepts and practice of the primitive church are against you—the great words increase and multiply—the axiom of philosophy, that nature does nothing in vain—the productive principle that formed the system, and defends it against the ambition and encroachments of its own elements—the re-

productive principle which continues the system, and which makes vegetation support life, and life administer back again to vegetation ; taking from the grave its sterile quality, and making death itself propagate to life and succession—the plenitude of things, and the majesty of nature, through all her organs, manifest against such a sentiment ; this blind fatality of error, which, under pretence of defending the wealth of the priesthood, checks the growth of mankind, arrests his industry, and makes the sterility of the planet a part of its religion.

*Grattan.*

### 75. *Speech on the Greek Revolution.*

It may, in the next place, be asked, perhaps, supposing all this to be true, what can *we* do ? Are we to go to war ? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause ? Are we to endanger our 5 pacific relations ?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for us ? If we will not endanger our own peace, if we will neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power ?

10 Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has come a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, 15 in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced ; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression ; and, as it 20 grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy 25 of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part,  
Cannot, but by annihilating, die."

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for  
 30 power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in  
 35 the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that  
 40 arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe,  
 45 though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the sceptre of his victory is a barren sceptre; that it shall confer neither joy nor honour, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and  
 50 civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

Webster.

### 76. *Character of Hamilton.*

That writer would deserve the fame of a public benefactor, who could exhibit the character of HAMILTON, with the truth and force, that all who intimately knew him, conceived it: his example would then take the  
 5 same ascendant, as his talents. The portrait alone, however exquisitely finished, could not inspire genius where it is not; but if the world should again have possession of so rare a gift, it might awaken it when it sleeps, as by a spark from heaven's own altar; for sure-

10 ly if there is any thing like divinity in man, it is his admiration of virtue.

15 But who alive can exhibit this portrait? If our age, on that supposition, more fruitful than any other, had produced two HAMILTONS, one of them might have depicted the other. To delineate genius, one must feel its power: HAMILTON, and he alone, with all its inspirations, could have transfused its whole fervid soul into the picture, and swelled its lineaments into life. The writer's mind, expanding with its own peculiar enthusiasm, and glowing with kindred fires, would then have stretched to the dimensions of his subject.

20 Such is the infirmity of human nature, it is very difficult for a man, who is greatly the superior of his associates, to preserve their friendship without abatement; 25 yet, though he could not possibly conceal his superiority, he was so little inclined to display it, he was so much at ease in his possession, that no jealousy or envy chilled his bosom, when his friends obtained praise. He was indeed so entirely the friend of his friends, so magnanimous, so superior, or, more properly, so insensible to all exclusive selfishness of spirit; so frank, so ardent, yet so little overbearing, so much trusted, admired, beloved, almost adored, that his power over their affections was entire, and lasted through his life. We do not believe, that he left any worthy man his foe, who had ever been his friend.

30 Men of the most elevated minds, have not always the readiest discernment of character. Perhaps he was sometimes too sudden and too lavish in bestowing his confidence; his manly spirit disdaining artifice, suspected none. But while the power of his friends over him seemed to have no limits, and really had none, in respect to those things which were of a nature to be yielded, no man, not the Roman Cato himself, was more 35 inflexible on every point that touched, or seemed to touch integrity and honour. With him, it was not enough to be unsuspected; his bosom would have glowed like a furnace, at his own whispers of reproach. Mere purity would have seemed to him below praise;

50 and such were his habits, and such his nature, that the pecuniary temptations which many others can only with great exertion and self-denial resist, had no attractions for him. He was very far from obstinate; yet, as his friends assailed his opinions with less profound thought 55 than he had devoted to them, they were seldom shaken by discussion. He defended them, however, with as much mildness as force, and evinced, that if he did not yield, it was not for want of gentleness or modesty.

The tears that flow on this fond recital will never dry 60 up. My heart, penetrated with the remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water. I could weep too for my country, which, mournful as it is, does not know the half of its loss. It deeply laments, when it turns its eyes back, 65 and sees what HAMILTON was; but my soul stiffens with despair, when I think what HAMILTON would have been.

Ames.

### 77. *State of French Republic.*

With the jacobins of France, marriage is in effect annihilated; children are encouraged to cut the throats of their parents; mothers are taught that tenderness is no part of their character; and to demonstrate their attachment to their party, that they ought to make no scruple to rake with their bloody hands in the bowels of those who come from their own.

To all this let us join the practice of cannibalism, with which, in the proper terms, and with the greatest 10 truth, their several factions accuse each other. By cannibalism, I mean their devouring, as a nutriment of their ferocity, some part of the bodies of those they have murdered: their drinking the blood of their victims, and forcing the victims themselves to drink the blood of their 15 kindred, slaughtered before their faces. By cannibalism, I mean also to signify all their nameless, unmanly, and abominable insults on the bodies of those they slaughter.

As to those whom they suffer to die a natural death,

20 they do not permit them to enjoy the last consolations of mankind, or those rights of sepulture, which indicate hope, and which mere nature has taught to mankind in all countries to soothe the afflictions, and to cover the infirmity of mortal condition. They disgrace men in  
25 the entry into life: they vitiate and enslave them through the whole course of it; and they deprive them of all comfort at the conclusion of their dishonoured and depraved existence. Endeavouring to persuade the people that they are no better than beasts, the whole  
30 body of their institution tends to make them beasts of prey, furious and savage. For this purpose the active part of them is disciplined into a ferocity which has no parallel. To this ferocity there is joined not one of the rude, unfashioned virtues which accompany the vices,  
35 where the whole are left to grow up together in the rankness of uncultivated nature. But nothing is left to nature in their systems.

The same discipline which hardens their hearts relaxes their morals. Whilst courts of justice were thrust  
40 out by revolutionary tribunals, and silent churches were only the funeral monuments of departed religion, there were no fewer than nineteen or twenty theatres, great and small, most of them kept open at the public expense, and all of them crowded every night. Among  
45 the gaunt, haggard forms of famine and nakedness, amidst the yells of murder, the tears of affliction, and the cries of despair; the song, the dance, the mimic scene, the buffoon laughter, went on as regularly as in the gay hour of festive peace. I have it from good authority,  
50 that under the scaffold of judicial murder, and the gaping planks that poured down blood on the spectators, the space was hired out for a shew of dancing dogs. I think, without concert, we have made the very same remark on reading some of their pieces, which being written  
55 for other purposes, let us into a view of their social life. It struck us that the habits of Paris had no resemblance to the finished virtues, or to the polished vice, and elegant, though not blameless luxury, of the capital of a great empire. Their society was more like that of a

60 den of outlaws upon a doubtful frontier ; of a lewd tavern for the revels and debauches of banditti, assassins, bravos and smugglers mixed with bombastic players, the refuse and rejected offal of strolling theatres, puffing out ill-sorted verses about virtue, mixed with the  
 65 licentious and blasphemous songs, proper to the brutal and hardened course of life belonging to that sort of wretches. This system of manners in itself is at war with all orderly and moral society, and is in its neighbourhood unsafe. If great bodies of that kind were any  
 70 where established in a bordering territory, we should have a right to demand of their governments the suppression of such a nuisance. What are we to do if the government and the whole community is of the same description ? Yet that government has thought proper to  
 75 invite ours to lay by its unjust hatred, and to listen to the voice of humanity as taught by their example.

*Burke.*

78: *Cicero for Cluentius.*

You, T. Attius, I know, had every where given it out, that I was to defend my client, not from facts, not upon the footing of innocence, but by taking advantage merely of the law in his behalf. Have I done so ? I  
 5 appeal to yourself. Have I sought to cover him behind a legal defence only ? On the contrary, have I not pleaded his cause as if he had been a senator, liable, by the Cornelian law, to be capitally convicted ; and shown, that neither proof nor probable presumption lies against  
 10 his innocence ? In doing so, I must acquaint you, that I have complied with the desire of Cluentius himself. For when he first consulted me in this cause, and when I informed him that it was clear no action could be brought against him from the Cornelian law, he instantly besought and obtested me, that I would not rest his defence upon that ground : saying, with tears in his eyes, that his reputation was as dear to him as his life ; and that what he sought, as an innocent man, was not only to be absolved from any penalty, but to be acquitted  
 15 in the opinion of all his fellow-citizens.

Hitherto, then, I have pleaded this cause upon his plan. But my client must forgive me, if now I shall plead it upon my own. For I should be wanting to myself, and to that regard which my character and station require me to bear to the laws of the state, if I should allow any person to be judged of by a law which does not bind him. You, Attius, indeed have told us, that it was a scandal and reproach, that a Roman knight should be exempted from those penalties to which a senator, for corrupting judges, is liable. But I must tell you, that it would be a much greater reproach, in a state that is regulated by law, to depart from the law. What safety have any of us in our persons, what security for our rights, if the law shall be set aside ? By what title do you, Q. Naso, sit in that chair, and preside in this judgment ? By what right, T. Attius, do you accuse, or do I defend ? Whence all the solemnity and pomp of judges, and clerks, and officers, of which this house is full ? Does not all proceed from the law, which regulates the whole departments of the state ; which as a common bond, holds its members together ; and, like the soul within the body, actuates and directs all the public functions ? On what ground, then, dare you speak lightly of the law, or move that, in a criminal trial, judges should advance one step beyond what it permits them to go ? The wisdom of our ancestors has found, that as senators and magistrates enjoy higher dignities, and greater advantages than other members of the state, the law should also, with regard to them, be more strict, and the purity and uncorruptedness of their morals be guarded by more severe sanctions. But if it be your pleasure that this institution should be altered, if you wish to have the Cornelian law concerning bribery extended to all ranks, then let us join, not in violating the law, but in proposing to have this alteration made by a new law. My client, Cluentius, will be the foremost in this measure, who now, while the old law subsists, rejected its defence, and required his cause to be pleaded, as if he had been bound by it. But, though he would not avail himself of the law, you

60 are bound in justice not to stretch it beyond its proper limits.

79. *Extract from Demosthenes.*

Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man, who has confidence enough to deny it? Let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and 5 prosperity of Philip—"But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity; a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, 10 houses repaired and beautified?"—Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! are these acquisitions to brag of? Cast your eye upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious 15 improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have 20 their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

To what are we to impute these disorders, and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain. The 25 servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; all honours, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favour of the people; but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary 30 authority over his ancient and natural lord. You, miserable people!—the meanwhile, without money, without friends,—from being the ruler, are become the servant; from being the master, the dependent: happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your 35 own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if recovering from this leth-  
argy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit  
of your fathers—if you would be your own soldiers and  
40 your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs  
in foreign or mercenary hands—if you would charge  
yourselves with your own defence, employing abroad, for  
the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at  
home—the world might once more behold you making  
45 a figure worthy of Athenians.—“ You would have us,  
then, (you say,) do service in our armies in our own per-  
sons ; and, for so doing, you would have the pensions we  
receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war.  
Is it thus we are to understand you ?”—Yes, Athenians,  
50 ’tis my plain meaning.—I would make it a standing rule,  
that no person, great or little, should be the better for  
the public money, who should grudge to employ it for  
the public service. Are we in peace ? the public is  
charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or un-  
55 der a necessity, as at this time, to enter into a war ?  
let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay in defence  
of your benefactors, what you receive, in peace, as mere  
bounty.—Thus, without any innovation—without alter-  
ing or abolishing any thing but pernicious novelties,  
60 introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness  
—by converting only for the future, the same funds,  
for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at pres-  
ent, upon the unprofitable, you may be well served in  
you armies—your troops regularly paid—justice duly  
65 administered—the public revenues reformed and increas-  
ed—and every member of this commonwealth rendered  
useful to his country, according to his age and ability,  
without any further burden to the state..

80. *Brougham's Speech, on the speech made by the Duke of York in the house of Lords, on the Catholic question, which his Lordship concluded by saying " I am determined, to whatever censure or obloquy I may be exposed by making this declaration, to persevere in my opposition to these claims, so HELP ME GOD."*

Will any man tell me that he has now confident hopes of the Catholic question ? We are told that we are not to try the question of the 40s. freeholders on its own merits, but that the measure is expedient, because it will 5 ensure the passing of the Catholic Bill. This argument might have been used twenty-four hours ago, but does any man believe, after what has passed, that the enactment of this measure will be sure to carry the Catholic Bill ? What earthly security have I, that if I abandon 10 my privileges and my duty as a legislator, by voting for this measure in the dark, I shall even have the supposed compensation, for this abandonment and betrayal of my duty, the passing of the Catholic Bill ? I repeat, that this might have been urged as an argument two or 15 three days ago ; but does any man really believe now that the Catholic Bill will pass ? Does any man believe that the ominous news of this day, which has gone forth to England and Ireland, will not ring the knell of despair in the ears of the Catholics ? I am not an enemy 20 to consistency of action ; I do not condemn the candid expression of sincere conviction ; I do not even complain of the violence of zeal, or censure the promulgation of honest obstinacy, however erroneous ; but when I behold those manly feelings darkened by ignorance 25 and inflamed by prejudice, and blinded by bigotry, I will not hesitate to assert, that no monarch ever came to the throne of these realms in such a spirit of direct and predetermined, and predeclared, hostility to the opinions and wishes of the people. I repeat, then, that when 30 that event\* shall have taken place, it will be impossible to carry the question of emancipation ; nay, that its suc-

\* The accession of the Duke of York, who was heir apparent to the throne.

cess is even at present surrounded by doubt and danger, while such opposition is brewing against it in such a quarter. Instead of a majority of twenty-seven members of this house, to save the empire from convulsion, which, within the last twenty-four hours, has become ten thousand times more petrifying to the imagination ; I believe nothing can save Ireland—nothing can preserve the tranquillity of Ireland and save England from new troubles, but a large increase of the majority on the question. Now, then, is the time to carry it or not for years—and even now you can carry it only by an overwhelming majority of this House. This is the hour of its good fortune. This reign—the present reign, is the critical moment of its probable success. The time may pass quickly by you—the glorious opportunity may soon be lost. After a little sleeping, and a little debating, and a little sitting upon these benches, and a little folding of your arms, and a short, passing space of languid procrastination, the present auspicious occasion will have disappeared, and the dominion of bigotry and despotism will come in all its might upon our slumberings, like an armed man in the night, and destroy the peace of Ireland, and endanger the safety of England, and threaten the liberties of the general empire.—But God forbid that such a time may ever arrive ! Yet, if it is destined to come upon us, late and far, far distant from us be the ill-omened crisis. If I were a lover of discord—Sir, I am not a lover of discord—and those perhaps who consider me so, are only not lovers of discord, because they prefer, to what they call discord and commotion, the solitude, which absolute, unthinking obedience pays to unmitigated despotism. I respect all men's consciences. God forbid that I should not give to their honest differences of opinion that toleration which I challenge for myself. I have said that a want of conscientious honesty and frankness is the last charge which I would bring against any man, either within these walls or out of doors ; but I have lived long enough to know that most antagonists, provided they be not honest, enlightened men, are very often the most perverse and pertinacious antagonists, and that all hopes of reclaiming them

from their errors, "so help them God," is impossible. It becomes us then, to set our House in order by times, 75 and to recollect, that if we carried up the Bill, on a former occasion, with a majority of nineteen, and it failed in the House of Peers, there is ten thousand fold the necessity of taking this last opportunity of bringing the question to a conclusion because an event may happen 80 —God knows how soon or how late, but God forbid that it should be soon, when you will no longer have the option; when even if the Bill should be carried—not by a majority of nineteen or twenty-seven—but by a unanimous vote of both Houses of Parliament, and the voice 85 of the whole country—even if the country streamed with blood, the measure could not be effected except by an inseparable breach of the Crown.

81. *Dangers which beset the Literature of the age.*

There are dangers of another sort, which beset the literature of the age. The constant demand for new works and the impatience for fame, not only stimulate authors to an undue eagerness for strange incidents, 5 singular opinions, and vain sentimentalities, but their style and diction are infected with the faults of extravagance and affectation. The old models of fine writing and good taste are departed from, not because they can be excelled, but because they are known, and want 10 freshness; because if they have a finished coloring, they have no strong contrasts to produce effect. The consequence is, that opposite extremes in the manner of composition prevail at the same moment, or succeed each other with a fearful rapidity. On one side are to 15 be found authors, who profess to admire the easy flow and simplicity of the old style, the naturalness of familiar prose, and the tranquil dignity of higher compositions. But in their desire to be simple, they become extravagantly loose and inartificial; in their familiar- 20 ity, feeble and drivelling; and in their more aspiring efforts, cold, abstract, and harsh. On the other side, there are those who have no love for polished perfection of style, for sustained and unimpassioned accuracy, for

persuasive, but equable diction. They require more  
25 hurried tones, more stirring spirit, more glowing and ir-  
regular sentences. There must be intensity of thought  
and intensity of phrase at every turn. There must be  
bold and abrupt transitions, strong relief, vivid coloring,  
forcible expression. If these are present, all other  
30 faults are forgiven, or forgotten. Excitement is pro-  
duced, and taste may slumber.

Examples of each sort may be easily found in our  
miscellaneous literature, among minds of no ordinary  
cast. Our poetry deals less than formerly with the sen-  
35 timents and feelings belonging to ordinary life. It has  
almost ceased to be didactic, and in its scenery, and de-  
scriptions reflect too much the peculiarities and mor-  
bid visions of eccentric minds. How little do we see  
40 of the simple beauty, the chaste painting, the uncon-  
scious moral grandeur of Crabbe and Cowper? We  
have, indeed, successfully dethroned the heathen de-  
ities. The Muses are no longer invoked by every un-  
happy inditer of verse. The Naiads no longer inhabit  
45 our fountains, nor the Dryads our woods. The River  
Gods no longer rise, like old father Thames,

“And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.”

In these respects our poetry is more true to nature,  
and more conformable to just taste. But it still insists  
too much on extravagant events, characters, and pas-  
sions far removed from common life, and farther remov-  
50 ed from general sympathy. It seeks to be wild, and  
fiery, and startling; and sometimes, in its caprices, low  
and childish. It portrays natural scenery, as if it were  
always in violent commotion. It describes human emo-  
tions as if man were always in ecstacies or horrors.  
55 Whoever writes for future ages must found himself upon  
feelings and sentiments belonging to the mass of man-  
kind. Whoever paints from nature will rarely depart  
from the general character of repose impressed upon her  
scenery, and will prefer truth to the ideal sketches of  
60 the imagination.

Story.

82. *Tribute to Henry Kirk White.*

Unhappy **WHITE** ! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young Muse just wav'd her joyous wing,  
The spoiler came ; all, all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.

5 Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When **Science**' self destroy'd her favourite son !  
Yes, she too much indulg'd thy fond pursuit,  
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,

10 And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low :  
So the struck eagle stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart ;

15 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,  
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel.  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

*Byron.*

## SACRED ELOQUENCE.

### 83. *Defence of Pulpit Eloquence.*

It is sufficiently evident, that eloquence has a strong influence over the minds and passions of men.

I do not call the attention of the reader to those compositions which filled Athens with valour, which agitated or calmed, at the will of the orator, the bosoms of a thousand warriors, and which all nations have consented to immortalize. The thunder which Demosthenes hurled at the head of Philip, continues to roll to the present hour; and his eloquence, stripped as it is of action and utterance, mutilated by time, and enfeebled by translation, is yet powerful enough to kindle in our bosoms, at this remote age, a fire, which the hand of death has extinguished in the hearts of those who were originally addressed! We pass over, also, the eloquence which Cicero poured out, in a torrent so resistless, that the awful senate of Rome could not withstand its force; an eloquence that could break confederacies, disarm forces, control anarchy!—an eloquence that years cannot impair, age cannot weaken, time cannot destroy! But we appeal to its influence, in an age not very remote, nor very unlike the present, in a neighbouring country, in the ministerial profession. The name of Massillon was more attractive than all the perfumes that Arabia could furnish; and this was the incense that filled the churches of spiritual Babylon. The theatre was forsaken, while the church was crowded; the court forgot their amusements, to attend the preacher; and his spirit-controlling accents drew the monarch from his throne to his feet, stopped the impet-

30 vous stream of dissipation, and compelled the mocking world to listen ! This is not a picture delineated by fancy, but a representation of facts ; and it is well known, that no fashionable amusements had attractions when the French bishop was to ascend the pulpit. While he  
 35 spoke, the king trembled ; while he denounced the indignation of God against a corrupted court, nobility shrunk into nothingness ; while he described the horrors of a judgment to come, infidelity turned pale, and the congregation, unable to support the thunder of his  
 40 language, rose from their seats in agony ! Let these instances suffice to show the power of eloquence, the influence which language well chosen has upon the mind of man, who alone, of all the creatures of God, is able to transmit his thoughts through the medium of speech,  
 45 to know, to relish, and to use the charms of language.

I am well aware that an argument is deduced from the power of eloquence against the use of it in the pulpit. 'It is liable to abuse,' say they, 'it tends to impose upon the understanding, by fascinating the imagination.' Most true ! it is liable to abuse ; and what is there so excellent in its nature that is not ? The doctrines of grace have been abused to licentiousness ; and the liberty of Christianity 'used as a cloak of malice.' This, however, is no refutation of those doctrines, no argument against that liberty. Because eloquence has been abused, because it has served Anti-christ, or rendered sin specious, is it, therefore, less excellent in itself ? or is it, for that reason, to be rejected from the service of holiness ? No ; let it be employed in the service of God, and it is directed to its noblest ends ; it answers the best of purposes !

'But the most eloquent are not always the most useful ; and God hath chosen the ignorant, in various instances, to confound the wise.' It is granted. But  
 65 does God uniformly work one way ? When he sends, it is by whom he will send ; and he can qualify, and does qualify those whom he raises up for himself. He can give powers as a substitute for literature, and by his own energy effect that which eloquence alone

70 cannot. But we set not up this attainment against his energy, we know that it is useful only in dependence upon it. We know, too, why the ignorant are frequently exalted in the scale of usefulness, to show that 'the power is not of man, but of God ;' and 'that no flesh 75 should glory in his presence.' But has he not blessed talents also, for the same important purpose ? Has he never employed eloquence usefully ? Has his favour been uniformly limited, or ever limited to the illiterate ? Because he sometimes works without the means, and 80 apparently in defiance of the means, are we therefore to lay them aside ? Who possessed more advantages, or more eloquence than the apostle, whose words are alluded to in this objection ? Did Paul make a worse preacher for being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel ?

85 But the gospel of Jesus despairs such assistance : for the apostle says to the Corinthians, ' I came not to you with excellency of speech :—' and my speech, and my preaching, was not with enticing words of men's wisdom.' That the gospel of Jesus despairs the assistance of eloquence, in a certain sense, I admit. It will not accept of any thing as its support. It stands upon its own inherent excellence, and spurns all extraneous aid. It is a sun absorbing every surrounding luminary. Its beauty eclipses every charm brought in comparison 90 with it. Yet, is this a reason why, in enforcing its glorious truths upon our fellow-men, we should disdain assistance which, although it aids not the gospel, is useful to them ? Follow the opposite principle, and lay aside preaching. The gospel approves itself to the 95 conscience ; every attempt to illustrate and enforce it is useless, when applied to the truth itself, for it cannot be rendered more excellent than it is : yet it may be rendered more perspicuous to our fellow-men, it needs enforcing as it regards them ; and preaching has been 100 instituted by God himself for that express purpose. So eloquence cannot render assistance to the gospel itself ; but may be useful to those who attend it. True eloquence has for its object, not merely to please, but to render luminous the subject discussed, and to reach the 105 hearts of those concerned.

We live in a day when it becomes us to be equal every way to our adversaries. This we never can be, if we cherish a contempt for liberal science. Infidelity lifts her standard, and advances, with daring front, to

115 'defy the armies of the living God.' Distinguished talents rally around her ensign. The charms of eloquence, the force of reason, the majesty of literature, the light of science, are all enlisted under her banner; are all opposed to 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' Let us,

120 in reliance upon divine aid, meet them upon equal terms, contend with them on their own ground, turn against them their own weapons! Let us meet them in the plain, or upon the mountain; let us ascend to their elevation, or stoop to their level! Let us oppose sci-

125 ence to science, eloquence to eloquence, light to light, energy to energy! Let us prove that we are their equals in intellect, their colleagues in literature: but that, in addition to this, 'One is our master, even Christ,—that we have 'a more sure word of prophecy,'—and

130 that our light, borrowed from the fountain of illumination, will shine with undiminished lustre, when their lamp, fed only by perishable, precarious supplies, shall be for ever extinguished !

#### 84. *The Blind Preacher.*

One Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such

5 a wilderness, was not the least of my motives.

On entering the house, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man—his head, which was covered with a white linen cap; his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaken

15 under the influence of a palsy, and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah ! How soon were all my feelings changed ! It was a day of the administration  
20 of the sacrament, and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times ; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence  
25 would give to this topic, a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbol, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my  
30 blood run cold, and my whole frame to shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour—his trial before Pilate—his ascent up Calvary—his crucifixion—and his death. I knew the whole history ; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so  
35 selected, so arranged, so coloured ! It was all new ; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable ; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

40 His peculiar phrases, had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet—my soul kindled with a  
45 flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched. But when he came to touch the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour—when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven—his voice breathing to God, a  
50 soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,”—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised  
55 his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud

and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so 60 far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which 65 he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

70 The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau : "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God ! !" Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

Wirt.

### 85. *Joel 2: 1—11.*

JOEL ii.—1 Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain : let all the inhabitants of the land tremble : for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand ; 2 A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains : a great people and a strong ; there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations. 3 A fire devoureth before them ; and behind them a flame burneth : the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness ; yea, and nothing shall escape them. 4 The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses ; and as horsemen so shall they run. 5 Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle-array. 6 Before their face the people shall be much pained ; all faces shall gather blackness. 7 They shall run

like mighty men ; they shall climb the wall like men of war ; and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks : 8 Neither shall one thrust another ; they shall walk every one in his path : and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9 They shall run to and fro in the city ; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses ; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10 The earth shall quake before them ; the heavens shall tremble : the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining : 11 And the Lord shall utter his voice before his army : for his camp is very great : for he is strong that executeth his word : for the day of the Lord is great and very terrible ; and who can abide it ?

## 86. 2 Samuel 1: 17—27.

2 SAMUEL i.—17 And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son : 18 (Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow : behold, it is written in the book of Jasher.) 19 The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen ! 20 Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon ; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. 21 Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings : for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. 22 From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. 23 Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in there lives, and in their death they were not divided : they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. 24 Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights ; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel. 25 How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thy high places. 26 I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love

to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. 27 How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished !

87. *Revelation.*

All truth is from the sempiternal source  
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,  
Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we  
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain-head.

5 To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd  
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams  
Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,  
But falsely. Sages after sages strove  
In vain to filter off a crystal draught

10 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd  
The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred  
Intoxication and delirium wild.  
In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth  
And spring-time of the world ; ask'd, Whence is man ?

15 Why form'd at all ? and wherefore as he is ?  
Where must he find his Maker ? with what rites  
Adore him ? Will he hear, accept, and bless ?  
Or does he sit regardless of his works ?  
Has man within him an immortal seed ?

20 Or does the tomb take all ? If he survive  
His ashes, where ? and in what weal or wo ?  
Knots worthy of solution, which alone  
A deity could solve. Their answers, vague  
And all at random, fabulous and dark,

25 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,  
Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak  
To bind the roving appetite, and lead  
Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.  
'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,

30 Explains all mysteries except her own,  
And so illuminates the path of life,  
That fools discover it, and stray no more.  
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,  
My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades

35 Of Academus—is this false or true ?

Is Christ the able teacher, or the schools ?  
 If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn  
 To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short  
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside

40 Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store ?  
 How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,  
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully preach'd ?  
 Men, that, if now alive, would sit content  
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,

45 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,  
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too !

*Cowper.*

88. *Daniel 9: 3—19.*

DAN. ix.—3 And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fastings, and sack-cloth, and ashes : 4 And I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession, and said, O Lord, the great and dreadful God, keeping the covenant and mercy to them that love him, and to them that keep his commandments ; 5 We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments : 6 Neither have we hearkened unto thy servants the prophets, which spake in thy name to our kings, our princes, and our fathers, and to all the people of the land. 7 O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of faces, as at this day : to the men of Judah, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and unto all Israel, that are near, and that are afar off, through all the countries whither thou hast driven them, because of their trespass that they have trespassed against thee. 8 O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face, to our kings, to our princes, and to our fathers, because we have sinned against thee. 9 To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him ; 10 Neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in his laws, which he set before us by his servants the prophets. 11 Yea, all Israel have transgressed thy law, even by departing, that they might not obey thy voice ; therefore the curse is pour-

ed upon us, and the oath that is written in the law of Moses the servant of God, because we have sinned against him. 12 And he hath confirmed his words, which he spake against us, and against our judges that judged us, by bringing upon us a great evil : for under the whole heaven hath not been done as hath been done upon Jerusalem. 13 As it is written in the law of Moses, all this evil is come upon us : yet made we not our prayer before the Lord our God, that we might turn from our iniquities, and understand thy truth. 14 Therefore hath the Lord watched upon the evil, and brought it upon us : for the Lord our God is righteous in all his works which he doeth : for we obeyed not his voice. 15 And now, O Lord, our God, thou hast brought thy people forth out of the land of Egypt with a mighty hand, and hast gotten thee renown, as at this day ; we have sinned, we have done wickedly.

16 O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, I beseech thee, let thine anger and thy fury be turned away from thy city Jerusalem, thy holy mountain : because for our sins and for the iniquities of our fathers, Jerusalem and thy people are become a reproach to all that are about us. 17 Now therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake. 18 O my God, incline thine ear, and hear ; open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name : for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies. 19 O Lord, hear ; O Lord, forgive ; O Lord, hearken and do ; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God : for thy city and thy people are called by thy name.

### 89. *Success of the Gospel.*

The assumption that our cause is declining is utterly gratuitous. We think it not difficult to prove that the distinctive principles we so much venerate, never swayed so powerful an influence over the destinies of the 5 human race, as at this very moment. Point us to those nations of the earth to whom moral and intellectual cultivation, inexhaustible resources, progress in arts and

10 sagacity in council, have assigned the highest rank in political importance, and you point us to nations, whose religious opinions are most closely allied to those we cherish. Besides, when was there a period, since the days of the Apostles, in which so many converts have been made to these principles as have been made, both from christian and pagan nations, within the last five 15 and twenty years. Never did the people of the saints of the Most High look so much like going forth in serious earnest, to take possession of the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven as at this very day.

20 But suppose the cause did seem declining, we should see no reason to relax our exertions, for Jesus Christ has said, preach the gospel to every creature, and appearances, whether prosperous or adverse, alter not the obligation to obey a positive command of Almighty God.

25 Again, suppose all that is affirmed were true. If it must be, let it be. Let the dark cloud of infidelity overspread Europe, cross the ocean, and cover our beloved land—let nation after nation swerve from the faith—let iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, even 30 until there is on the face of this earth, but one pure church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—all we ask is, that we may be members of that one church. God grant that we may throw ourselves into this Thermopylæ of the moral universe.

35 But even then, we should have no fear that the church of God would be exterminated. We would call to remembrance the years of the right hand of the Most High. We would recollect there was once a time, when the whole church of Christ, not only could be, 40 but actually was gathered with one accord in one place. It was then that that place was shaken, as with a rushing mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. That same day, three thousand were added to the Lord. Soon, we hear, they have filled Jerusalem 45 with their doctrine.—The church has commenced her march—Samaria has with one accord believed the gospel—Antioch has become obedient to the faith—the name of Christ has been proclaimed throughout Asia

Minor—the temples of the gods, as though smitten by  
 50 an invisible hand, are deserted—the citizens of Ephesus  
 cry out in despair, Great is Diana of the Ephesians—  
 licentious Corinth is purified by the preaching of Christ  
 crucified. Persecution puts forth her arm to arrest the  
 55 spreading superstition, but the progress of the faith can-  
 not be stayed. The church of God advances unhurt  
 amidst rocks and dungeons, persecutions and death—  
 she has entered Italy, and appears before the walls of  
 the Eternal City—idolatry falls prostrate at her approach  
 —her ensign floats in triumph over the capitol—she has  
 60 placed upon her brow the diadem of the Cæsars.

*Wayland.*

90. *The events of Providence promotive of the end  
 of Missions.*

Little did Julius Cæsar imagine, when the white cliffs  
 of Britain, glittering in the sun, excited his ambition and  
 drew him across the Channel, for what purpose he dis-  
 embarked his legions on our coast; but we know that it  
 5 was to open a door through which the Gospel might en-  
 ter our beloved country. Little did the spirit of com-  
 mercial enterprise imagine, when urged only by its  
 thirst for gold, it fixed its establishments at the mouth  
 of the Hoogley or on the banks of the Ganges, that it  
 10 was sent thither as the forerunner of Christian Mission-  
 aries. Little does the genius of war imagine, when im-  
 pelling its mad votaries to new contests, that Christianity  
 is following at a distance, in the rear of victorious  
 armies, to plant her stations on the fields of their en-  
 15 campment, to bear away the best of the spoils, and as-  
 sume the dominion which other potentates have lost.  
 Little did Columbus imagine, when with a heart big  
 with mighty projects, he walked in silence on the shores  
 of Andalusia, and watched the star of evening down the  
 20 western sky, who it was that dictated the purpose to ex-  
 plore the region which she went nightly to visit on the  
 other side of the Atlantic. We, however, live at a  
 time when all these events are clearly seen to connect  
 themselves with the grand purpose of Jehovah, to bring

25 all men to Christ." And the people of future generations will as clearly discern the same relation in the circumstances of our day.

I am about to urge a crusade to the heathen world ; far different, however, from that dreadful superstition, 30 which in the midnight of the dark ages, disturbed the deep slumbers of the globe, and bursting forth like a volcano, precipitated all Europe in a state of fusion, upon the lovely valleys of Judea. Our object is not to recover the holy sepulchre from the possession of heretics, but to make known the death of Him that descended to it, to wrest the keys of empire from the king of terrors :—the weapons of our warfare, are not carnal, as the sword, the spear and the battle axe ; but spiritual as the doctrines of the Gospel exhibited in the sermons of our Missionaries :—the line of our march will not be marked by ensanguined fields, and the reign of desolation, but by the comforts of civilization and the blessings of Christianity. We shall not be followed in our career by the groans of dying warriors, and the 45 shrieks of bereaved widows, but by the songs of redeemed sinners, and the shouts of enraptured angels ; our laurels will be stained with no blood but that of the Lamb of God, and drip with no tears, but those of penitence and joy :—while our trophies will consist, not of 50 bits of the true cross, or shreds of the Virgin's robe, but in the rejected idols of Pomare, with the regenerated souls of those who once adored them.

James.

### 91. *The hatefulness of war.*

Apart altogether from the evil of war, let us just take a direct look of it, and see whether we can find its character engraven on the aspect it bears to the eye of an attentive observer. The stoutest heart of this assembly 5 would recoil, were he who owns it to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence. Were the man who at this moment stands before you in the full play and energy of health, to be in another moment laid by some deadly aim a lifeless corpse at your

10 feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relentings of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed,—who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart, which nothing but time could wear away,—who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or for enjoyment,—who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments,—who would 15 dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed which you courted as a retreat from the torments of an ever-meddling memory, into a scene of restlessness.

But generally the death of violence is not instantaneous, and there is often a sad and dreary interval between 20 its final consummation, and the infliction of the blow which causes it. The winged messenger of destruction has not found its direct avenue to that spot, where the principle of life is situated; and the soul, finding obstacles to its immediate egress, has to struggle for hours 25 ere it can make its dreary way through the winding avenues of that tenement, which has been torn open by a brother's hand. 'O! if there be something appalling in the suddenness of death, think not that, when gradual in its advances, you will alleviate the horrors of this 30 sickening contemplation by viewing it in a milder form. O! tell me, if there be any relentings of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it to behold the agonies of the dying man,—as goaded by pain he grasps the cold ground in convulsive energy, or faint with the loss of 35 blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance, or wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body,—or lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a 40 look of imploring helplessness, for that succour which no sympathy can yield him?

It may be painful to dwell on such a representation,—but this is the way in which the cause of humanity is served. The eye of the sentimental turns away from

50 its sufferings, and he passes by on the other side, lest he hear that pleading voice, which is armed with a tone of remonstrance so vigorous as to disturb him. He cannot bear thus to pause, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual ; but multiply it ten thousand  
 55 times,—say, how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field,—give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation,—and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd  
 60 of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read to them out of the registers of death. O ! say, what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren, —which deafens to our ear the voice of bleeding hu-  
 65 manity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands,—which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter, throw a softening disguise over its cruelties, and its horrors,—which causes us to eye with indifference the field that is crowded with the most revolting  
 70 abominations, and arrests that sigh, which each individual would singly have drawn from us, by the report of the many who have fallen, and breathed their last in agony, along with him ?

Chalmers.

## 92. *The Preservation of the Church.*

The long existence of the Christian church would be pronounced, upon common principles of reasoning, impossible. She finds in every man a natural and inveterate enemy. To encounter and overcome the unanimous hostility of the world, she boasts no political stratagem, no disciplined legions, no outward coercion of any kind. Yet her expectation is that she live forever. To mock this hope, and to blot out her memorial from under heaven, the most furious efforts of fanaticism, the  
 5 most ingenious arts of statesmen, the concentrated strength of empires, have been frequently and perseveringly applied. The blood of her sons and her daughters has streamed like water ; the smoke of the scaffold

and the stake, where they wore the crown of martyrdom  
15 in the cause of Jesus, has ascended in thick volumes to  
the skies. The tribes of persecution have sported over  
her woes, and erected monuments, as they imagined,  
of her perpetual ruin. But where are her tyrants, and  
where their empires? the tyrants have long since gone  
20 to their own place; their names have descended upon  
the roll of infamy; their empires have passed, like shad-  
ows over the rock—they have successively disappeared,  
and left not a trace behind!

But what became of the church? She rose from  
25 her ashes fresh in beauty and might. Celestial glory  
beamed around her; she dashed down the monumental  
marble of her foes, and they who hated her fled before  
her. She has celebrated the funeral of kings and king-  
doms that plotted her destruction; and, with the in-  
30 scriptions of their pride, has transmitted to posterity  
the records of their shame. How shall this phenome-  
non be explained? We are at the present moment,  
witnesses of the fact; but who can unfold the mystery.  
The book of truth and life, has made our wonder to  
35 cease. 'THE LORD HER GOD IN THE MIDST OF HER IS  
MIGHTY.' His presence is a fountain of health, and  
his protection a 'wall of fire.' He has betrothed her,  
in eternal covenant to himself. Her living head, in  
whom she lives, is above, and his quickening spirit  
40 shall never depart from her. Armed with divine vir-  
tue, his gospel, secret, silent, unobserved, enters the  
hearts of men and sets up an everlasting kingdom. It  
eludes all the vigilance, and baffles all the power of the  
adversary. Bars, and bolts, and dungeons are no ob-  
45 stacle to its approach: Bonds, and tortures, and death  
cannot extinguish its influence. Let no man's heart  
tremble, then, because of fear. Let no man despair  
(in these days of rebuke and blasphemy,) of the Chris-  
tian cause. The ark is launched, indeed, upon the  
50 floods; the tempest sweeps along the deep; the billows  
break over her on every side. But Jehovah-Jesus has  
promised to conduct her in safety to the haven of *peace*.  
She *cannot* be lost unless the pilot perish. *Mason.*

93. *Obligations to the Pilgrims.*

Let us go back to the rock, where the Pilgrims first stood, and look abroad upon this wide and happy land, so full of their lineal or adopted sons, and repeat the question, to whom do we owe it, that "the wilderness has thus been turned into a fruitful field, and the desert has become as the garden of the Lord?" To whom do we owe it, under an all-wise Providence, that this nation, so miraculously born, is now contributing with such effect to the welfare of the human family, by

5 10 aiding the march of mental and moral improvement, and giving an example to the nations of what it is to be pious, intelligent, and free? To whom do we owe it, that with us the great ends of the social compact are accomplished to a degree of perfection never before realized;

15 20 that the union of public power and private liberty is here exhibited in a harmony so singular and perfect, as to allow the might of political combination to rest upon the basis of individual virtue, and to call into exercise, by the very freedom which such a union gives,

25 30 all the powers that contribute to national prosperity? To whom do we owe it, that the pure and powerful light of the gospel is now shed abroad over these countries, and is rapidly gaining upon the darkness of the western world!—that the importance of religion to the temporal welfare of men, and to the permanence of wise institutions is here beginning to be felt in its just measure;—that the influence of a divine revelation is not here, as in almost every other section of christendom, wrested to purposes of worldly ambition;—that the holy

35 40 Bible is not sealed from the eyes of those for whom it was intended;—and the best charities and noblest powers of the soul degraded by the terrors of a dark and artful superstition? To whom do we owe it, that in this favoured land the gospel of the grace of God has best displayed its power to bless humanity, by uniting the anticipations of a better world with the highest interests and pursuits of this;—by carrying its merciful influence into the very business and bosoms of men;—

by making the ignorant wise and the miserable happy ;  
 40 —by breaking the fetters of the slave, and teaching  
 “ the babe and the suckling ” those simple and sublime  
 truths, which give to life its dignity and virtue, and fill  
 immortality with hope ?—To whom do we owe all this ?  
*Doubtless to the Plymouth Pilgrims !*—Happily did one  
 45 of those fearless exiles exclaim, in view of all that was  
 past, and of the blessing, and honour, and glory that  
 was yet to come, “ God hath sifted three kingdoms, that  
 he might gather the choice grain, and plant it in the  
 wilderness ! ”

*Whelpley.*

#### 94. *A Future State.*

’Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
 And reigns tremendous o’er the conquer’d year.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !  
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends  
 5 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !  
 See here thy pictur’d life : pass some few years,  
 Thy flow’ring Spring, thy Summer’s ardent strength,  
 The sober Autumn fading into age,  
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
 10 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled  
 Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?  
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?  
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts  
 15 Lost between good and ill, that shar’d thy life ?  
 All now are vanish’d ! Virtue sole survives,  
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
 His guide to happiness on high. And see !  
 ’Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth  
 20 Of heav’n and earth ! awak’ning Nature hears  
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
 In ev’ry heighten’d form, from pain and death  
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,  
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole  
 25 Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,  
 To reason’s eye refin’d, clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r  
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd ; see now the cause

30 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
 And died neglected : why the good man's share  
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,

35 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants ; why heaven-born truth,  
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,

40 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more ;

45 The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all. *Thomson.*

95. *Present facilities for evangelizing the world compared with those of Primitive times.*

The means of extending knowledge, and influencing the human mind by argument and moral power, are multiplied a thousand fold. The Lancasterian mode of instruction renders the instruction of the world cheap

5 and easy. The improvements of the press have reduced immensely, and will reduce yet more, the price of books, bringing not only Tracts and Bibles, but even libraries within the reach of every man and every child. But in the primitive age, the light of science beamed

10 only on a small portion of mankind. The mass of mankind were not, and could not be, instructed to read. Every thing was transient and fluctuating, because so little was made permanent in books, and general knowledge, and so much depended on the character, the life

15 and energy of the living teacher. The press, that lever of Archimedes, which now moves the world, was unknown.

It was the extinction of science by the invasion of the northern barbarians, which threw back the world ten 20 centuries; and this it effected through the want of permanent instruction, and the omnipotent control of opinion which is exerted by the press. Could Paul have put in requisition the press, as it is now put in requisition by Christianity, and have availed himself of literary societies, and Bible societies, and Lancasterian schools to teach the entire population to read, and of Bibles, and Libraries and Tracts, Mahomet had never opened the bottomless pit, and the pope had never set his foot upon the neck of kings, nor deluged Europe with the 30 blood of the saints.

Should any be still disposed to insist, that our advantages for evangelizing the world, are not to be compared with those of the apostolic age, let them reverse the scene, and roll back the wheels of time, and obliterate 35 the improvements in science and commerce and arts, which now facilitate the spread of the Gospel. Let them throw into darkness all the known portions of the earth, which were then unknown. Let them throw into distance the propinquity of nations: and exchange their 40 rapid intercourse for cheerless, insulated existence. Let the magnetic power be forgotten, and the timid navigator creep along the coasts of the Mediterranean, and tremble and cling to the shore when he looks out upon the loud waves of the Atlantic. Inspire 45 idolatry with the vigor of meridian manhood, and arm in its defence, and against Christianity, all the civilization, and science, and mental power of the world. Give back to the implacable Jew his inveterate unbelief, and his vantage ground, and disposition to oppose Christianity 50 in every place of his dispersion, from Jerusalem to every extremity of the Roman Empire. Blot out the means of extending knowledge and exerting influence upon the human mind. Destroy the Lancasterian system of instruction, and throw back the mass of men into 55 a state of unreading, unreflecting ignorance. Blot out libraries, and Tracts; abolish Bible and Education and Tract and Missionary Societies; and send the nations for knowledge parchment, and the slow and limited pro-

ductions of the pen. Let all the improvements in civil  
60 government be obliterated, and the world be driven from  
the happy arts of self government to the guardianship of  
dungeons and chains. Let liberty of conscience ex-  
pire, and the church, now emancipated, and walking  
forth in her unsullied loveliness, return to the guidance  
65 of secular policy, and the perversions and corruptions  
of an unholy priesthood. And now reduce the 200,  
000,000 of nominal, and the 10,000,000 of real Chris-  
tians, spread over the earth, to 500 disciples, and to  
70 twelve apostles, assembled, for fear of the Jews, in an  
upper chamber to enjoy the blessings of a secret prayer-  
meeting. And give them the power of miracles, and  
the gift of tongues, and send them out into all the earth,  
to preach the gospel to every creature.

Is this the apostolic advantage for propagating Chris-  
75 tianity, which throws into discouragement and hopeless  
imbecility all our present means of enlightening and  
disenthraling the world ? They, comparatively, had  
nothing to begin with, and every thing to oppose them ;  
and yet, in three hundred years, the whole civilized, and  
80 much of the barbarous, world, was brought under the  
dominion of Christianity. And shall we with the ad-  
vantage of all their labors, and of our numbers, and a  
thousand fold increase of opportunity, and moral power,  
stand halting in unbelief, while the Lord Jesus, is still  
85 repeating the injunction, Go ye out into all the world,  
and preach the Gospel to every creature : and repeat-  
ing the assurance, Lo I am with you alway, even to the  
end of the world ? Shame on our sloth ! Shame upon  
our unbelief !

Beecher.

#### 96. *Civilization merely ineffectual to convert the world.*

Suppose that, out of compliment to the mockers of  
Missionary zeal, we relinquished its highest, and indeed  
its identifying object ; suppose we confined our efforts  
exclusively to civilization, and consented to send the  
5 plough and the loom instead of the cross : and admitting  
that upon this reduced scale of operation, we were as  
successful as could be desired, till we had even raised

the man of the woods into the man of the city, and elevated the savage into the sage, what, I ask, have we effected, viewing man, as we with the New Testament in our hands must view him, in the whole range of his existence? We have poured the light of science on his path, and strewed it with the flowers of literature, but if we leave him to the dominion of his vices, it is still the path to perdition. We have taught him to fare sumptuously every day; but alas! this, in his case, is only like offering viands to the wretch who is on his way to the place of execution. We have stripped off his sheep-skin kaross, and clothed him with purple and fine linen, but it is only to aid him, like Dives, to move in state to the torments of the damned. We may raise the sculptured monument upon his bones, in place of the earthly hillock in the wilderness, but while his ashes repose in grandeur, the worm that never dies devours his soul, and the flame that can never be extinguished consumes his peace. We confer a boon, which is valuable, it is true, while it lasts, but it is a boon which the soul drops as she steps across the confines of the unseen world, and then passes on to wander through eternity, "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." But let us aim first to save the soul, by bringing it under the influence of Christianity, and then as we advance to the ultimate end of our exertions, we shall not fail to scatter along the path of our benevolence all the seeds of civilization and social order.

What is it which, at this moment, is kindling the intellect, softening the manners, sanctifying the hearts, and purifying the lives of the numerous tribes of the degraded sons of Ham? It is the faithful saying, that "Christ 40 Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It is this, poured in artless strains from the lips of our Missionaries, and set home upon the soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, which is more than realizing the fable of Amphion's lyre, and raising up the stones of African deserts, into the walls of the church of God.

O, had the cannibal inhabitants of Taheite been persuaded to renounce their wretched superstition and cru-

el customs, by any efforts of a purely rational nature ; 50 had the apostles of philosophy been the instruments of their conversion, and had the gods of Pomare been sent home by them, to be deposited in the Museum, instead of the Missionary Rooms, how would the world have rung with the praises of all-sufficient Reason. New 55 temples would have been raised to this modern Minerva, while all the tribes of the Illuminati would have been seen moving in triumphal procession to her shrine, chanting as they went the honours of their illustrious goddess. But thine, thou crucified Redeemer ; 60 thine is the power, and thine shall be the glory of this conquest. Those isles of the Southern Sea shall be laid at thy feet, as the trophies of thy cross, and shall be added as fresh jewels to thy mediatorial crown.

And, indeed, not to quit our own age, or our own 65 land, do we not see all around us the attractions of the cross ? What is it that guides and governs the tide of religious popularity, whether it rolls in the channels of the Establishment, or those of Dissent ? Is it not this, which causes the mighty influx of the spring tide in one 70 place ; and is it not the absence of it, which occasions the dull retiring ebb in another ? Yes ! and raise me but a barn, in the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, and give me a man who shall preach Christ crucified, with something of the energy which the all-inspiring 75 theme is calculated to awaken ; and in spite of the meanness of the one, and the magnificence of the other, you shall see the former crowded with warm hearts, while the matins and vespers of the latter, if the Gospel be not preached there, shall be chanted to the statues 80 of the mighty dead.

James.

### 97. *The forebodings of a heathen approaching death.*

With what feelings must an intelligent heathen approach his final catastrophe ! He has seen his ancestors go down to the dust, and often, when standing upon their graves, has felt a distressing solicitude, which 5 nothing could relieve, to know something of that state

taste, embraced it with ecstasy as the means of salvation. The idolatrous rites were deserted, the altars 50 overturned, the deities left to themselves to sympathise with each other in dumb consternation, the lying voice of the oracles was hushed, the deceptive light of philosophy was extinguished, Satan fell like lightning from heaven, while the ministers of light rose with the number, the order, and the brilliancy of the stars. Resistance only promoted the cause it intended to oppose, and persecution, like the wind of heaven blowing upon a conflagration, served only to spread the flame. In 55 vain " did the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord." The Imperial eagle collecting all her strength, and rousing all her fury, attacked the Lamb of God, till she too, subdued and captivated by the cross, cowered beneath its emblem, as it floated from the towers of the capitol, 60 and Christianity with the purple waving from her shoulders, and the diadem sparkling upon her brows, was proclaimed to be the Truth of God, and the Empress of the world, on that very throne of the Cæsars where she had been so often arraigned as a criminal, and condemned- 65 70 ed as an impostor.

What was it, I ask, which, by the instrumentality of Luther, and Melancthon, and Calvin, and Zuingle, dissolved the power of the Beast on the continent of Europe, and drew away a third part of his worshippers, 75 within the pale of a more scriptural communion? It was the doctrine of justification by faith in the blood of Christ.

David Brainerd, the apostle of the American Indians, has left upon record an essay to inform the world, that 80 it was by preaching Christ crucified, he was enabled to raise a Christian church, in those desolate wilds where he laboured, and among a barbarous people devoted to witchcraft, drunkenness, and idolatry.

The Moravian Missionaries, those holy, patient, unostentatious servants of our Lord, have employed with peculiar effect these heaven appointed means, in converting and civilizing the once pilfering and murderous Esquimaux. With these, have they also " dared the ter-

rors of an Arctic sky, and directing their adventurous  
 90 course through the floating fields and frost reared pre-  
 cipices that guard the secrets of the Pole," have caused  
 the banner of the cross to wave over the throne of ever-  
 lasting winter, and warmed the cold bosom of the shiv-  
 ering Greenlander with the love of Christ. *James.*

99. *The Fall of Niagara.*

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,  
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem  
 As if God pour'd thee from his ' hollow hand,'  
 And hung his bow upon thy awful front;  
 5 And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him  
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,  
 ' The sound of many waters ; ' and had bade  
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,  
 And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.  
 10 Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,  
 That hear the question of that voice sublime ?  
 Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung  
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !  
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make  
 15 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !  
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,  
 Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far  
 Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,  
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

*Brainard.*

100. *Reform in Morals.*

The crisis has come. By the people of this genera-  
 tion, by ourselves probably, the amazing question is to  
 be decided, whether the inheritance of our fathers shall  
 be preserved or thrown away ; whether our Sabbaths  
 5 shall be a delight or a loathing ; whether the taverns,  
 on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards,  
 or the sanctuary of God, with humble worshippers ;  
 whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and  
 poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and vio-

10 lence our land, or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceiv-

15 ed. Human nature in this state is like human nature every where. All actual difference in our favor is adventitious, and the result of our laws, institutions and habits. It is a moral influence, which, with the blessing of God, has formed a state of society so eminently

20 desirable. The same influence, which has formed it, is indispensable to its preservation. The rocks and hills of New-England will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and re-

25 ligious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no more surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defence.

30 If we neglect our duty, and suffer our laws and institutions to go down, we give them up forever. It is easy to relax, easy to retreat, but impossible, when the abomination of desolation has once passed over New England, to rear again the thrown down altars, and gather

35 again the fragments, and build up the ruins of demolished institutions. Another New-England, nor we, nor our children shall ever see, if this be destroyed. All is lost irretrievably, when the land marks are once removed, and the bands which now hold us are once broken.

40 Such institutions, and such a state of society, can be established only by such men as our fathers were, and in such circumstances as they were in. They could not have made a New-England in Holland. They made the attempt, but failed.

45 The hand that overturns our laws and altars, is the hand of death unbarring the gate of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and the miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast, not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it

50 would seem to be full of superlative woe. But he will

not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God.

55 The day of vengeance is in his heart, the day of judgment has come; the great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this then a time to remove foundations, when the earth itself is

60 shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking

65 blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? To cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders

70 are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea and island is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God? *Beecher.*

### 101. *Universal spread of the Bible.*

It has been well said by a great politician of another country, by Edmund Burke, that "religion is the basis of civil society"—and especially, he might have added, of a free state. And it has been said by a greater than

5 he, by our own Washington, that "of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports." And without pursuing the idea through all its illustrations, (for which I have not time) what, I would ask, without their

10 genial influences, what is to moderate and chasten that pride of self-government, that lust of power, which is generated and inflamed by all our institutions? What is to prevent our liberty, great as it is, from lapsing into licentiousness? we hold, you know, (and rightly too,) that all government is or ought to be, made and manag-

15

ed for the benefit of the people. And we say that "we the people" are the sovereigns of the country, the fountain of law and honor; and we appoint our rules for servants, to follow our instructions, and obey our will in

20 all things. And we maintain, (or many do) that we the people can do no wrong, and that our voice is the voice of God. Here, you see, is absolute power, and it is the nature of absolute power, we know, to corrupt and inflate its holders, and that whether they be many or

25 few. And what now, I ask you, is to save us from the abuse of all this power? What is to prevent our free democracy—especially when our country becomes crowded with people, as it will be by and by, even through the woods and prairies, and our cities are chok-

30 ed with men, almost stifling each other with their hot breath—what is to prevent our free democracy from following its natural bent, and launching us all, or those who come after us, into a wild and lawless anarchy? I know, that we plume ourselves, and with some rea-

35 son too, upon that principle of our government, almost unknown to the ancients, which we are pleased to call our invention, or discovery, though we might more truly and modestly term it our felicity, growing out of our situation and circumstances, by the good providence of

40 God our elective franchise; and this, we think, is to save us from their fates. But what, I would ask our politicians, is to save our elective franchise itself? What is to make it worth having? What is to make us choose wise and honest men to make our laws? What

45 is to execute them after they are made? What is to save us the people from the ambition and treachery of our own elected servants? What is to keep our servants from becoming our masters? And what is to save us from ourselves—from our own passions and vices,

50 the only formidable enemies of republics; the only ones at least that we can or ought to dread? Our general intelligence and virtue—the general intelligence and virtue of all classes of our people—with the blessing of God Almighty upon us—and nothing else. But this

55 intelligence and virtue are to be shed abroad, in a great measure, by the Bible, and the Bible alone. It is quite

clear at least, I think, that they can never be diffused to any proper or sufficient extent through the mass of the people, without a free and generous circulation of 60 this book. And all experience, I think, ancient and modern, confirms my sentiment. You remember Athens—she was the eye of Grece—the eye of all the earth—and you remember how she rose, and flourished in arts and arms, and diffused herself abroad, till she became 65 the light and beauty of the world. But now, alas ! how changed !—she sits among her fallen columns, and her broken shrines—accusing fate. And why ? Her oracle is dumb ; but I will answer for her—it is because she had no Bible. True, she was religious enough, and 70 overmuch, in her own way and style. For she had always, you know, a large stock of gods and goddesses, (such as they were) on hand, to suit the taste of every body. And she manufactured them at home, and imported them from abroad. And she commanded her 75 philosophers to extol them, and commended the books of her atheist scribbler to the flames. And she built temples for them, and raised statues to them, as fine, and fair, and fashionable, as the genius of sculpture could make them. And she had an altar for every one of 80 them that she knew or had ever heard of, or dreamed about ; and one more—and it was inscribed “ TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.” But there it was,—with all her wisdom she knew not God—for she had no Bible, bringing life and immortality to light, to reveal him to her. In 85 vain, therefore, did she guard that statue of Minerva in her temple. She had no Bible to diffuse the knowledge of God, and intelligence and virtue along with it, among her people—she had no Bible—and she fell. And what now, I ask you, is to save our city, our republic, from the same fate ? That Bible which she wanted ; but which, I thank God, we have. Yes, the Bible, the Bible is our true palladium, sent down to us from Heaven, to preserve our freedom ; and we will guard it with holy care—for we know that whilst we keep it, our 90 city cannot be taken, our country will be safe. Yes, and I cannot help imagining at this moment, remember-

ing whose words I have been extending, with what joy that great and good man, whom we fondly and truly call, The Father of our country, would have hailed  
 100 the day of this Society. O ! if he could have seen its light rising upon our land, with what zeal would he have come forward from the shade of his retirement, to enrol himself among its members and friends. With what patriotic pride, with what Christian ardor, he  
 105 would have embraced our cause—and, like the good old prophet in the temple, when he held up the young Desire of Nations in his arms, he would have exclaimed, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word ; for mine eyes have seen thy  
 110 salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel !” Alas ! he “died without the sight.” But, from heaven where he lives, on this auspicious anniversary of our society, with the associated spirits of our venerable Boudinot, and Clarkson, he looks down upon our institution with a smile of complacency, because he sees in all our toils new pledges for the peace, and safety, and freedom of his  
 115 still beloved country.

*Maxwell.*

### 102. *Isaiah xiii.*

- 1 *The sentence against Babylon, which was revealed to Isaiah the son of Amots.*
- 2 On the lofty mountain, elevate the banner,  
Lift up the voice to them,\* wave the hand,  
That they may enter into the gates of the tyrants.
- 3 I have given orders to my consecrated [warriors]  
I have ordered my heroes [to execute] my indignation,  
My proud exulters.
- 4 [Hark] The noise of a multitude upon the mountains,  
like that of a great nation !  
The tumult of kingdoms, of assembled nations !  
Jehovah God of Hosts mustereth his army for battle.
- 5 They come from a distant land,  
From the end of the heaven.

\* The Medes.

1 Jehovah and the instruments of his indignation,  
To lay waste the whole country.

6 Howl ye, for the day of Jehovah is near,  
Yea, destruction from the Almighty is coming.

7 Therefore all hands shall hang down,  
And every heart of man shall be melted.

8 They shall be in consternation,  
Distress and anguish shall lay hold upon them,  
As a travailing woman shall they be distressed,  
One shall gaze upon another with astonishment,  
Their faces shall glow like flames.

9 Behold ! The day of Jehovah cometh,  
Dreadful is his anger and fierce indignation,  
To make the country a waste,  
And to destroy sinners out of it.

10 For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof,  
Shall not give their light ;  
The sun shall be darkened in his march,  
And the moon shall withhold her splendoar.

11 For I will visit upon the land its evil,  
And upon the wicked, their iniquity,  
I will make the glorying of the proud to cease,  
And the haughtiness of the tyrants will I bring down.

12 I will make a man more scarce than gold,  
Yea men, than the gold of Ophir.

13 Moreover I will make the heavens to shake,  
And the earth shall totter from its place ;  
Because of the indignation of Jehovah of hosts,  
In the day of his fierce anger.

14 And men shall be like a frighted doe,  
And like sheep, which no one collects together.  
Each one shall turn to his own people,  
And each fly to his own country.

15 Every one who is overtaken shall be thrust through,  
And all who are collected together shall fall by the  
sword.

16 Their children shall be dashed in pieces before their  
eyes,

Their houses shall be rifled, and their women ravished.

17 Behold, I will raise up against them the Medes,  
Who make no account of silver,  
And as to gold they regard it not.

18 Their bows shall strike down the youth,  
On the fruit of the womb they will have no compassion.  
Their eye will not pity the children.

19 So shall Babylon, the pride of kingdoms,  
The boast and glory of the Chaldeans,  
Be like Sodom and Gomorrha which God destroyèd ;

20 It shall never more be inhabited,  
Nor shall it be dwelt in, from generation to generation.  
There the Arabian shall not pitch his tent,  
Nor the shepherds make their flocks to lie down there.

21 But there the wild beasts of the desert shall lie down,  
And howling monsters shall fill their houses,  
There the ostriches shall dwell,  
And the satyrs shall revel there.

22 The jackals shall howl in their palaces,  
And the dragons in their magnificent pleasure-houses ;  
For her time is near,  
And her days shall not be prolonged.

## CHAPTER XIV.

1 Then will Jehovah have compassion upon Jacob,  
And set his love again upon Israel ;  
And he will transfer them to their own country,  
And strangers shall be joined to them,  
They shall be connected with the house of Jacob.

2 The nations shall take them and bring them to their  
place,  
And the house of Israel shall possess them as servants  
and handmaids,  
In the land of Jehovah ;  
And their captors shall become captives,  
And they shall rule over their oppressors.

3 Then it shall come to pass,  
When Jehovah shall give thee rest from thy trouble and  
thine adversity,

And from the oppressive service which was laid upon thee,

4 Thou shalt utter this song over the king of Babylon, and say ;  
 How has the oppressor come to an end,  
 The exactor of golden tribute ceased !

5 Jehovah has broken the staff of the wicked,  
 The rod of the tyrants.

6 He smote the people in anger,  
 With a stroke that was not remitted ;  
 He lorded it over the nations in wrath,  
 With oppression that never ceased.

7 But now the whole country is quiet,  
 They break out into singing.

8 The fir trees, also, exult over thee,  
 And the cedars of Lebanon, [saying],  
 " Since thou art laid there,  
 No feller has come up against us."

9 Hades from beneath is in commotion on account of thee,  
 To meet thee at thy coming.  
 Because of thee she rouses up her ghosts,  
 All the mighty ones of the earth she raises from their thrones,  
 All the kings of the nations.

10 All of them will accost thee, and say,  
 " Art thou become feeble, as we are ?  
 Art thou become like unto us ?"

11 Down to Hades goes thy pomp,  
 And the noise of thy harps !  
 The worm is thy couch under thee,  
 And the maggot is thy covering.

12 Bright and morning star,  
 How art thou fallen from heaven !  
 How art thou prostrate upon the earth,  
 Who didst crush the nations !

13 But thou didst say in thine heart ;  
 " I will ascend the heavens,  
 Above the stars of God I will elevate my throne ;  
 I will sit on the mount of solemn assembly,

In the recesses of the north ;

14 I will mount above the height of the clouds,  
I will be like the most high."

15 But, to Hades hast thou come down,  
To the recesses of the pit.

16 Those that see thee shall gaze upon thee,  
They shall attentively view thee, [and say,]  
" Is this the man who made the earth to quake ?  
Who made kingdoms to tremble ?

17 Who made the world a desert,  
And laid waste its cities ?  
Who dismissed not his prisoners to their home ?"

18 All the kings of the nations,  
Yea all of them, repose in glory,  
Each in his own place.

19 But thou art cast out from thy grave,  
Like a loathsome branch ;  
Thou art covered with the slain,  
With those who are pierced through by the sword,  
Who go down into the stony pit ;  
Thy carcase is trodden under foot.

20 Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial,  
For thou hast destroyed thy country,  
Thou hast slain thy people ;  
The seed of evil doers shall never more be named.

21 Prepare ye\* slaughter for his children,  
Because of the iniquity of their fathers ;  
That they may never rise up and possess the [promised]  
land,  
Nor fill the country with enemies.

22 I will rise up against them,  
Saith Jehovah of hosts ;  
I will cut off from Babylon the name and the residue,  
Posterity and offspring, saith Jehovah.

23 I will make it a possession of the porcupine,  
And [turn it] to pools of water ;  
I will sweep it with the besom of destruction,  
Saith Jehovah of hosts. *Stuart's Translation.*

\* To the Medes.

103. *Eternity of God.*

If all who live and breath around us are the creatures of yesterday, and destined to see destruction to-morrow; if the same condition is our own, and the same sentence is written against us; if the solid forms of inanimate nature and laborious art are fading and falling, if we look in vain for durability to the very roots of the mountains, where shall we turn, and on what can we rely? Can no support be offered; can no source of confidence be named? Oh yes! there is one Being to whom we can 10 look with a perfect conviction of finding that security, which nothing about us can give, and which nothing about us can take away. To this Being we can lift up our souls, and on him we may rest them, exclaiming in the language of the monarch of Israel, "Before the 15 mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure, 20 yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed, but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

The eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, 25 which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immovable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying, mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain 30 reason, that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed from all eternity, for the plain reason, that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of 35 all existence, must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And, as it had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here then is a support, which will never fail ; here is 40 a foundation which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, “ the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.” What a sublime conception ! He inhabits eternity, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills throughout, this boundless 45 dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, he had existed in infinite majesty, and ages on ages will roll away after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still he will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity 50 of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, for ever sending forth the word, which forms, supports, and governs all things, commanding new created light to shine on new created worlds, and raising up new created generations to inhabit them.

55 The contemplation of this glorious attribute of God, is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependant, proceeding 60 from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away ; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing ; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand ; on our friends, and they have fled while we were gazing ; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they ; when we have looked on every object to which 65 we could turn our anxious eyes, and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support, because they were so feeble themselves ; we can look to the throne of God : change and decay have never reached that ; the revolution of ages has never moved it ; the 70 waves of an eternity have been rushing past it, but it has remained unshaken ; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it, but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

Greenwood.

104. *Epitaph on Mrs. Mason.*

Take, holy earth ! all that my soul holds dear ;  
 Take that best gift, which heaven so lately gave ;  
 To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,  
 Her faded form ;—She bow'd to taste the wave,  
 5 And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line ?  
 Does sympathetic fear their breast alarm ?  
 Speak, dead Maria ! breathe a strain divine :  
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm.  
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee ;  
 10 Bid them in duty's sphere, as meekly move ;  
 And, if as fair, from vanity as free,  
 As firm in friendship, and as fond in love,  
 Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die !  
 ('Twas even to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,  
 15 Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,  
 And bids the " pure in heart behold their God."

105. *Skepticism.*

O ! lives there heaven ! beneath thy dread expanse,  
 One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,  
 Content to feed with pleasures unrefined,  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;  
 5 Who, mouldering earthward, 'rest of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust,  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—  
 There live, alas ! of heaven directed mien,  
 10 Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,  
 Who hail thee, man ! the pilgrim of a day,  
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !  
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower !  
 15 A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
 Whose mortal life, and momentary fire,  
 Lights to the grave his chance-created form,  
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm ;

And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
 20 To night and silence sink forevermore!—  
 Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,  
 Lights of the world, and demi-gods of fame?  
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
 25 For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,  
 By shore and sea—each mute and living thing?  
 Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?  
 Or round the cope her living chariot driven,  
 30 And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven?  
 Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,  
 To waft us home the message of despair?—  
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!  
 40 Ah me! the laurelled wreath that murder rears,  
 Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,  
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
 As waves the night shade round the skeptic head.  
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
 45 I smile on death, if heaven-ward hope remain!  
 But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife  
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,  
 If chance awaked, inexorable power!  
 This frail and feverish being of an hour,  
 50 Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,  
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
 And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;  
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain  
 55 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!  
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
 Truth, ever lovely since the world began,  
 The foe of tyrants and the friend of man,—  
 60 How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
 Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!  
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,  
 And that were true which Nature never told,  
 Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;

65 No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed !

Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;  
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

*Campbell.*

### 106. *The Atheist.*

How wonderful the process by which a new man can grow to the immense intelligence that can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are necessary for this stupendous attainment ! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a

5 God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity by which even he would be

10 overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession

15 of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the

20 immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, unless he precludes another Deity by being one himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects, does not exist. But he must know that he

25 does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection and acts accordingly. And yet a man of ordinary age and intelligence may present himself to you with an avowal of being thus distinguished from

30 the crowd ; and if he would describe the manner in which he has attained this eminence, you would feel a melancholy interest in contemplating that process of which the result is so portentous.

Surely the creature that thus lifts his voice, and defies all invisible power within the possibilities of infinity, challenging whatever unknown being may hear him, and who may, if he will, appropriate that title of Almighty which is pronounced in scorn, to evince his existence, by his vengeance ; surely this man was not as yesterday 40 a little child, that would tremble and cry at the approach of a diminutive reptile.

*Foster.*

107. *Duelling.*

And now let me ask you solemnly ; will you persist in your attachment to these guilty men ? Will you any longer, either deliberately or thoughtlessly, vote for them ? Will you renounce allegiance to your Maker, 5 and cast the bible behind your back ? Will you confide in men void of the fear of God and destitute of moral principle ? Will you intrust life to murderers—liberty to despots ? Are you patriots, and will you constitute those legislators who despise you, and despise equal 10 laws, and wage war with the eternal principles of justice ? Are you christians, and by upholding duellists will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and orphans ? Will you aid in the prostration of justice—in the escape of criminals—in the extinction 15 of liberty ? Will you place in the chair of state—in the senate—on the bench of justice, or in the assembly, men who, if able, would murder you for speaking truth ? Shall your elections turn on expert shooting, and your deliberative bodies become an host of armed 20 men ? Will you destroy public morality by tolerating, yea, rewarding, the most infamous crimes ? Will you teach your children that there is no guilt in murder ? —Will you instruct them to think lightly of duelling, and train them up to destroy or be destroyed in the 25 bloody field ? Will you bestow your suffrage, when you know that by withholding it you may arrest this deadly evil—when this too is the only way in which it can be done, and when the present is perhaps the only period in which resistance can avail—when the remedy is so 30 easy, so entirely in your power ; and when God, if you

do not punish these guilty men, will most inevitably punish you ?

If the widows and the orphans, which this wasting evil has created and is yearly multiplying, might all 35 stand before you, could you witness their tears ; listen to their details of anguish ? Should they point to the murderers of their fathers, their husbands, and their children, and lift up their voice and implore your aid to arrest an evil which had made them desolate—could 40 you disregard their cry ? Before their eyes could you approach the poll and patronize by your vote the destroyers of their peace ? Had you beheld a dying father, conveyed bleeding and agonizing to his distracted family : had you heard their piercing shrieks, and wit- 45 nessed their frantic agony—would you reward the savage man who had plunged them in distress ? Had the duellist destroyed your neighbour—had your own father been killed by the man who solicits your suffrage—had your son been brought to your door, pale in death, and 50 weltering in blood, laid low by his hand—would you then think the crime a small one ? Would you honor with your confidence, and elevate to power by your vote, the guilty monster ? And what would you think of your neighbours, if, regardless of your agony, they 55 should reward him ? And yet, such scenes of unutterable anguish are multiplied every year. Every year the duellist is cutting down the neighbour of somebody. Every year and many times in the year, a father is brought dead or dying to his family, or a son laid breath- 60 less at the feet of his parents. And every year you are patronizing by your votes, the men who commit these crimes, and looking with cold indifference upon, and even mocking the sorrows of your neighbour.—Beware 65—I admonish you solemnly to beware, and especially such of you as have promising sons preparing for active life, lest, having no feeling for the sorrows of another, you be called to weep for your own sorrow ; lest your sons fall by the hand of the very murderer you vote for, or by the hand of some one whom his example has train- 70 ed to the work of blood.

With such considerations before you, why, in the

name of heaven, do you wish to vote for such men? What have they done for you—what can they do, that better men cannot as happily accomplish? And will 75 you incur all this guilt and hazard all these consequences for nothing? Have you no religion—no conscience—no love to your country? No attachment to liberty—no humanity—no sympathy—no regard to your own welfare in this life; and no fear of consequences in the 80 life to come?

Oh, my countrymen, awake! Awake to crimes which are your disgrace—to miseries which know not a limit—to judgments which will make you desolate.

Beecher.

### 108. *Character of the Puritans.*

The puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt 10 the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of 25 God. If their names were not found in the registers of

heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses

30 not made with hands ; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away !

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt : for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the spirits of light

40 and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been

45 ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all

50 nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring

55 God !

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion ; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker : but he set

60 his foot on the neck of the king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the beatifick

65 vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting

fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But, when he took his seat in the council, 70 or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their hymns, might laugh at them. But those had 75 little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle.

The Puritans brought to civil and military affairs, a coolness of judgment, and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their 80 religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure 85 its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them stoicks, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to 90 pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like Sir Artegales's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having 95 neither part nor lot in human infirmities: insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain; not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withheld by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. 100 We dislike the gloom of their domestick habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: And we know that, in spite of their hatred of popery, they too often fell into the vices of that bad system, in 105 tolerance and extravagant austerity. Yet, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hes-

itate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

*Edin. Review.*

109. *An enlightened ministry.*

Christianity now needs dispensers, who will make history, nature, and the improvements of society, tributary to its elucidation and support ; who will show its adaptation to man as an ever progressive being ; who 5 will be able to meet the objections to its truth, which will naturally be started in an active, stirring, inquiring age ; and, though last not least, who will have enough of mental and moral courage to detect and renounce the errors in the Church, on which such objections are generally built. In such an age a ministry is wanted, which will furnish discussions of religious topicks, not inferior at least in intelligence to those, which people are accustomed to read and hear on other subjects. Christianity will suffer, if at a time, when vigour and 15 acuteness of thinking are carried into all other departments, the pulpit should send forth nothing but wild declamation, positive assertion, or dull common places, with which even childhood is satiated. Religion must be seen to be the friend and quickener of intellect. It 20 must be exhibited with clearness of reasoning and variety of illustration ; nor ought it to be deprived of the benefits of a pure and felicitous diction, and of rich and glowing imagery, where these gifts fall to the lot of the teacher. It is not meant that every minister must be 25 a man of genius ; for genius is one of God's rarest inspirations ; and of all the beamings and breathings of genius, perhaps the rarest is eloquence. I mean only to say, that the age demands of those, who devote themselves to the administration of Christianity, that they 30 should feel themselves called upon for the highest cultivation and fullest developement of the intellectual nature. Instead of thinking, that the ministry is a refuge for dulness, and that whoever can escape from the plough is fit for God's spiritual husbandry, we ought to feel that 35 no profession demands more enlarged thinking and more various acquisitions of truth.

In proportion as society becomes enlightened, talent acquires influence. In rude ages bodily strength is the most honorable distinction, and in subsequent times 40 military prowess and skill confer mastery and eminence. But as society advances, mind, thought, becomes the sovereign of the world ; and accordingly, at the present moment, profound and glowing thought, though breathing only from the silent page, exerts a kind of omnipotent and omnipresent energy. It crosses oceans and 45 spreads through nations ; and at one and the same moment, the conceptions of a single mind are electrifying and kindling multitudes, through wider regions than the Roman Eagle overshadowed. This agency of mind 50 on mind, I repeat it, is the true sovereignty of the world, and kings and heroes are becoming impotent by the side of men of deep and fervent thought. In such a state of things, Religion would wage a very unequal war, if divorced from talent and cultivated intellect, if 55 committed to weak and untaught minds. God plainly intends, that it should be advanced by human agency ; and does he not then intend, to summon to its aid the mightiest and noblest power with which man is gifted ?

*Channing.*

### 110. *Prayer.*

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity ; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy : prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest 5 of our cares, and the calm of our tempest ; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness ; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into 10 a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be

wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For 20 so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings ; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise 30 and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministeries here below : so is the prayer of a good man ; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was 35 to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest and overruled the man ; and then his prayer was broken, 40 and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention ; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it, when his anger 45 is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of 50 heaven.

*Jer. Taylor.*

### 111. *Gray's Elegy.*

1 The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness—and to me.

2 Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

3 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
 The moping owl does to the Moon complain  
 Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
 Each in its narrow cell forever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

6 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

7 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
 Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

8 For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

9 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

10 There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

11 Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,  
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
 Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

12 One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill.  
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :  
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

13 The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne ;  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

## THE EPITAPH.

14 Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

15 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send ;  
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear ;  
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

16 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his father and his God. *Gray.*

112. *Obligation to the Heathen.*

Let me never fall into the hands of the man, who, while he refuses to aid the missionary efforts of his brethren, coolly says that he submits the fate of the heathen to God. Do you call this submission ? Put it to the test ;—does it preserve you equally composed by the bed of your dying child ? While the pressure of private afflictions can torture your soul, call not the apathy with which you view nations sinking into hopeless ruin,—call it not submission, nor bring the government of God to sanction a temper as cruel as it is common.

Will the government of God convert the heathen without the means of grace? What nation was ever so converted? It is contrary to the established method of divine grace. "How shall they believe in him of whom 15 they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" No, my brethren, missionaries must go among them; and they must be supported. They cannot support themselves; they cannot derive support from the heathen; nor can they expect to be fed by 20 ravens. Who then shall sustain the expense if not the christian world? and what portion of the christian world rather than the American churches? and what district of these churches rather than that in which we are assembled? and what individuals rather than ourselves? 25 Heaven has given us the means; we are living in prosperity on the very lands from which the wretched pagans have been ejected; from the recesses of whose wilderness a moving cry is heard, When it is well with you, think of poor Indians. This is not ideal; we have 30 received such messages written with their tears.

I have nothing to spare, is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a far different sentiment will be formed amidst the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can 35 support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour when you, and I, and all the pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation 40 of a single soul? Eternal mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions, in that hour, be found in our skirts! —Standing, as I now do, in sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with 45 terror, or rapt in the vision of the lamb,—I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth that ever omnipotence produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution, But I solemnly aver, that were there but one heathen 50 in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if

no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains for all the people in America to embark together to carry the gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead. Or rather consent for a moment to

55 change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment of the great day, in the darkness and pollution of pagan idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the church, how hard would it seem for your neighbours to

60 neglect your misery! When you should open your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the gospel to you. My flesh trembles at the prospect!—But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our brethren. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may entail on

65 70 generations yet unborn, if we can only effect the conversion of a single tribe.

*Griffin.*

### 113. *Infatuation of men with regard to the things of time.*

But if no danger is to be apprehended while the thunder of heaven rolls at a distance, believe me, when it collects over our heads, we may be fatally convinced, that a well-spent life is the only conductor that can a-  
5 vert the bolt. Let us reflect, that time waits for no man. Sleeping or waking, our days are on the wing. If we look to those that are past, they are but as a point. When I compare the present aspect of this city, with that which it exhibited within the short space of my own  
10 residence, what does the result present, but the most melancholy proof of human instability? New characters in every scene, new events, new principles, new passions, a new creation insensibly arisen from the ashes of the old; which side soever I look, the ravage of  
15 death has nearly renovated all. Scarcely do we look around us in life, when our children are matured, and remind us of the grave; the great feature of all nature,

is rapidity of growth and declension. Ages are renewed, but the figure of the world passeth away. God only remains the same. The torrent that sweeps by, runs at the base of his immutability ; and he sees, with indignation, wretched mortals, as they pass along, insulting him by the visionary hope of sharing that attribute, which belongs to Him alone.

25 It is to the incomprehensible oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination. Observe for what man toils. Observe what it often costs him to become rich and great—dismal vicissitudes of hope and disappointment—often all that can degrade the dignity of his nature, and offend his God ! Study the matter of the pedestal, and the instability of the statue.—Scarce is it erected—scarce presented to the stare of the multitude—when death, staring like a massy fragment from the summit of a mountain, dashes the proud colossus into dust ! Where, then, is the promised fruit of all his toil ? Where the wretched and deluded being, who fondly promised himself that he had laid up much goods for many years ?—Gone, my brethren, to his account, a naked victim, trembling in the hands of the living God !

40 Yes, my brethren, the final catastrophe of all human passions, is rapid as it is awful. Fancy yourselves on that bed from which you never shall arise, and the reflection will exhibit like a true and faithful mirror, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Happy they

45 who meet that great, inevitable transition, full of days ! Unhappy they who meet it but to tremble and despair ! Then it is that man learns wisdom, when too late ; then it is that every thing will forsake him, but his virtues or his crimes. To him the world is past ; dignities, honours, pleasure, glory ; past like the cloud of the morning ! nor could all that the great globe inherits, afford him at the tremendous hour, as much consolation, as the recollection of having given but one cup of cold water to a child of wretchedness, in the name of Christ

50

55 Jesus !

*Kirwan.*

114. *Death of Hamilton.*

A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence ; and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, for ever, fallen. His 5 intercourse with the living world is now ended ; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless is the eye, whose radiant and enlivening orb 10 beamed with intelligence ; and there, closed for ever are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen 15 that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur. The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst : and we again see that all below the sun 20 is vanity.

True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced. The sad and solemn procession has moved. The badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing 25 traveller his virtues.

Just tributes of respect ! And to the living useful. But to him, mouldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they ?—How vain ? how unavailing ? 30 Approach, and behold—while I lift from his sepulchre its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale ! how silent ! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements. No fascinated 35 ed throng weep—and melt—and tremble at his eloquence !—Amazing change. A shroud ! a coffin ! a narrow subterraneous cabin ! This is all that now remains of Hamilton ! And is this all that remains of

him ?—During a life so transitory, what lasting monument then can our fondest hopes erect ?

40 My brethren ! we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human. And is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, on which poor, frail, dying man can fasten ?

45 Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say ? He has already told you, from his death-bed, and his illumined spirit still whispers from the heavens, with well known eloquence, the solemn admonition.

50 “ Mortals ! hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors—Cultivate the virtues I have recommended—  
55 Choose the Saviour I have chosen—Live disinterestedly—Live for immortality ; and would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in God.” *Nott.*

### 115. *The Crucifixion.*

When our Redeemer expired on the cross, sympathizing nature was convulsed ! The sun was suddenly enveloped in midnight darkness, and confusion reigned ! But I shall pass by these terrific events, in order to lead 5 your attention to more important objects. The cross erected on Mount Calvary was the standard of victory, to which even thought was to be led captive, and before which imaginations were to be cast down ; that is to say, human wisdom and skeptic reluctance. No voice 10 sublime was heard sounding from a thunder-bearing cloud, as of old from the heights of Sinai ! No approach was observed of that formidable Majesty, before whom the mountains melt as wax ! Where, where was the warlike preparation of that power which was to subdue 15 the world ? See the whole artillery collected on Mount Calvary, in the exhibition of a cross, of an agonizing Sufferer, and a crown of thorns !

Religious truth was exiled from the earth, and idola

try sat brooding over the moral world. The Egyptians, 20 the fathers of philosophy, the Grecians, the inventors of the fine arts, the Romans, the conquerors of the universe, were all unfortunately celebrated for the perversion of religious worship, for the gross errors they admitted into their belief, and the indignities they offered 25 to the true religion. Minerals, vegetables, animals, the elements, became objects of adoration ; even abstract visionary forms, such as fevers and distempers, received the honours of deification : and to the most infamous vices, and dissolute passions, altars were erected. The 30 world, which God had made to manifest his power, seemed to have become a temple of idols, where every thing was god but God himself !

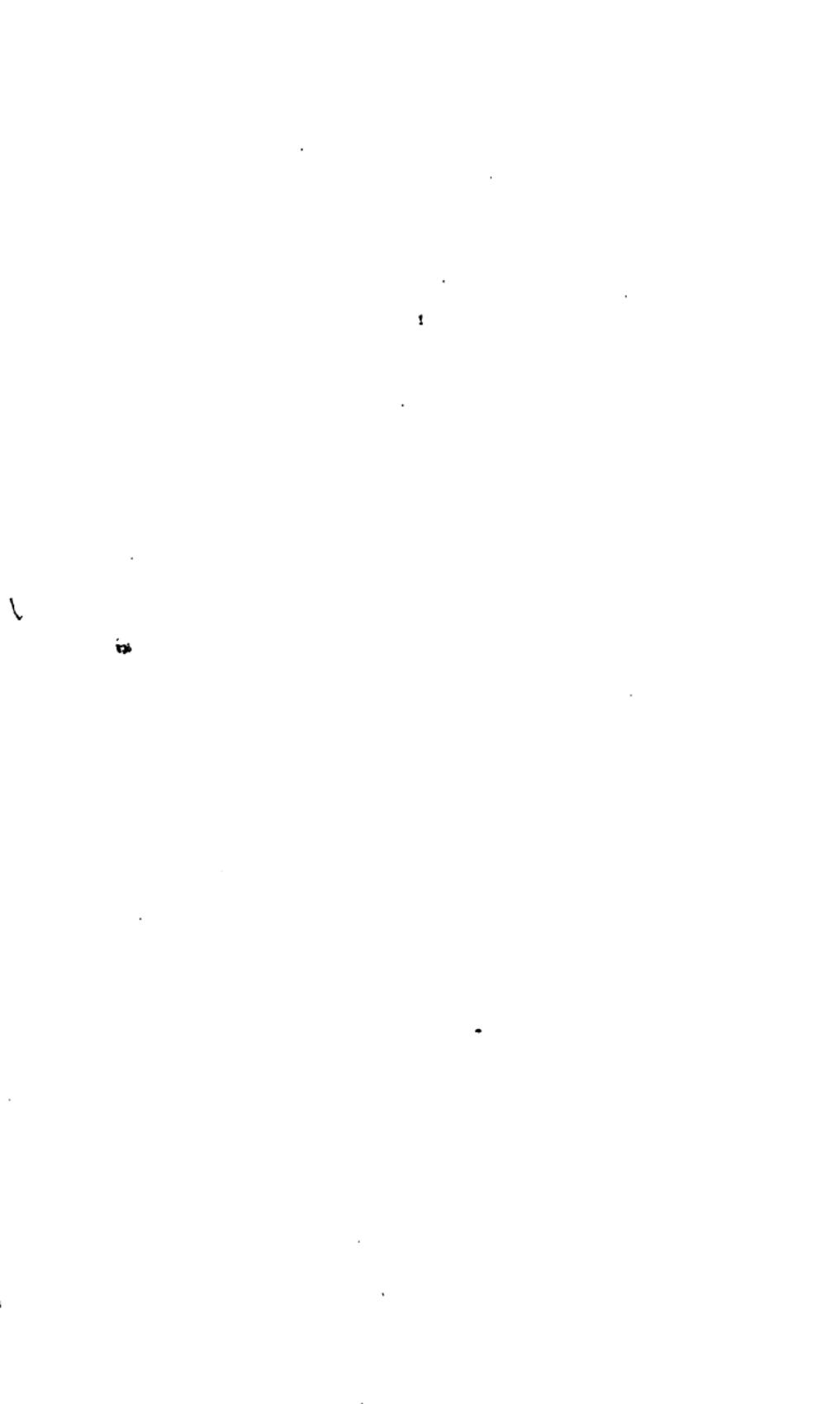
The mystery of the crucifixion was the remedy the Almighty ordained for this universal idolatry. He knew 35 the mind of man, and knew that it was not by reasoning an error must be destroyed, which reasoning had not established. Idolatry prevailed by the suppression of reason, by suffering the senses to predominate, which are apt to clothe every thing with the qualities 40 with which they are affected. Men gave the Divinity their own figure, and attributed to him their vices and passions. Reasoning had no share in so brutal an error. It was a subversion of reason, a delirium, a phrensy. Argue with a phrenetic person, you do but the 45 more provoke him, and render the distemper incurable. Neither will reasoning cure the delirium of idolatry. What has learned antiquity gained by her elaborate discourses ? her reasonings so artfully framed ? Did Plato, with that eloquence which was styled divine, over- 50 throw one single altar where monstrous divinities were worshipped ? Experience hath shown that the overthrow of idolatry could not be the work of reason alone. Far from committing to human wisdom the cure of such a malady, God completed its confusion by the mystery of 55 the cross. Idolatry (if rightly understood) took its rise from that profound self-attachment inherent in our nature. Thus it was that the Pagan mythology teemed with deities who were subject to human passions, weak-

nesses, and vices. When the mysterious cross displayed to the world an agonizing Redeemer, incredulity exclaimed it was foolishness ! But the darkening sun, nature convulsed, the dead arising from their graves, said it was wisdom !

*Bossuet.*

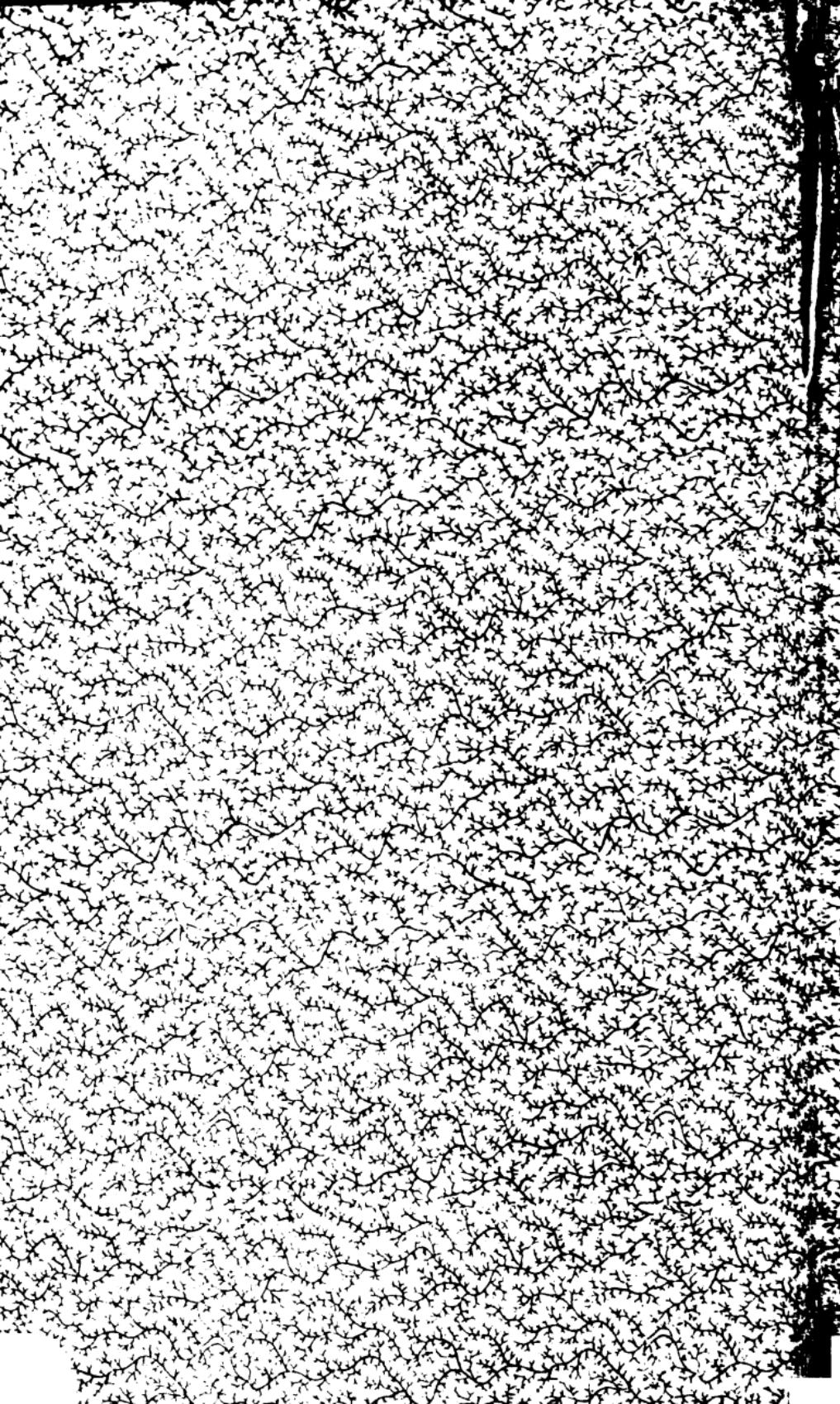
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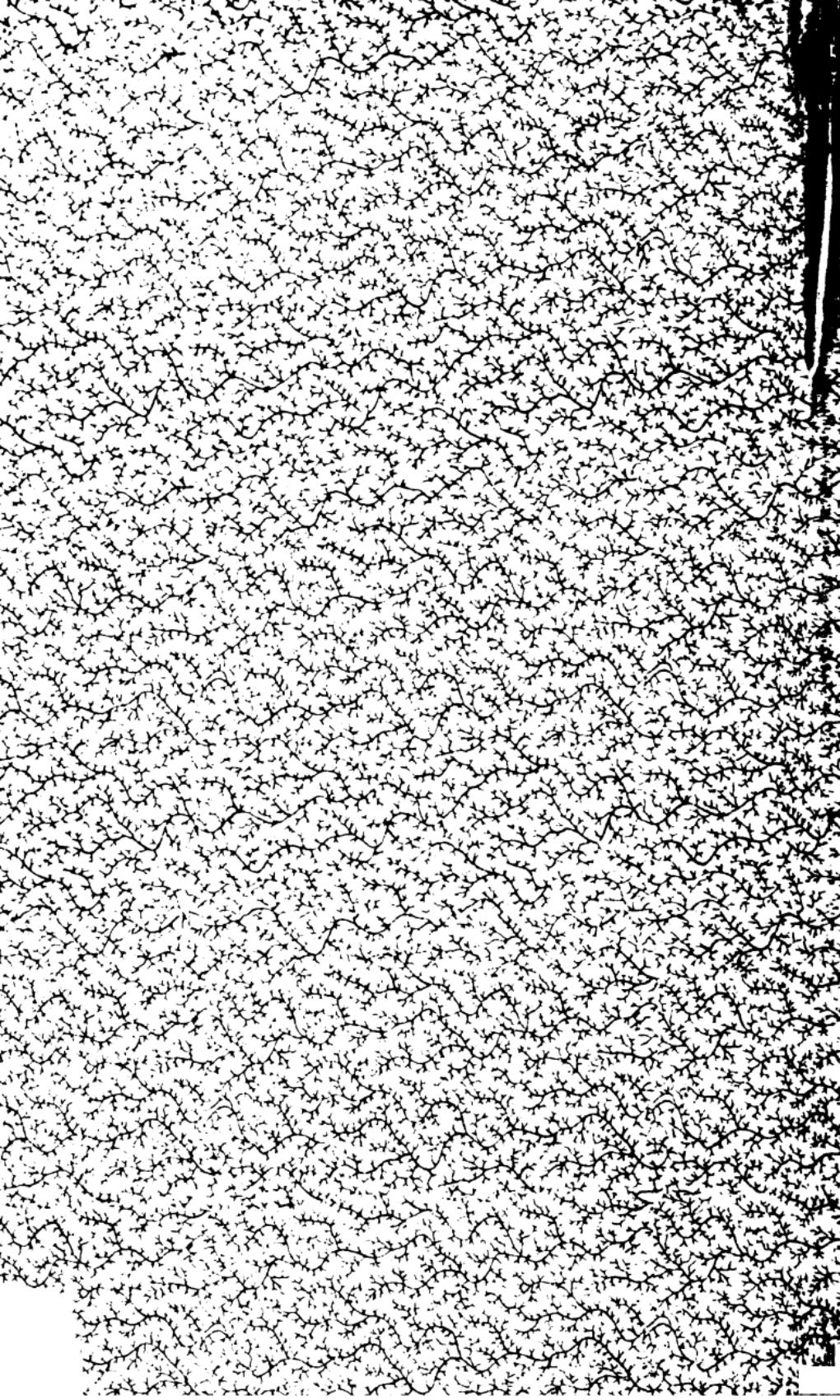






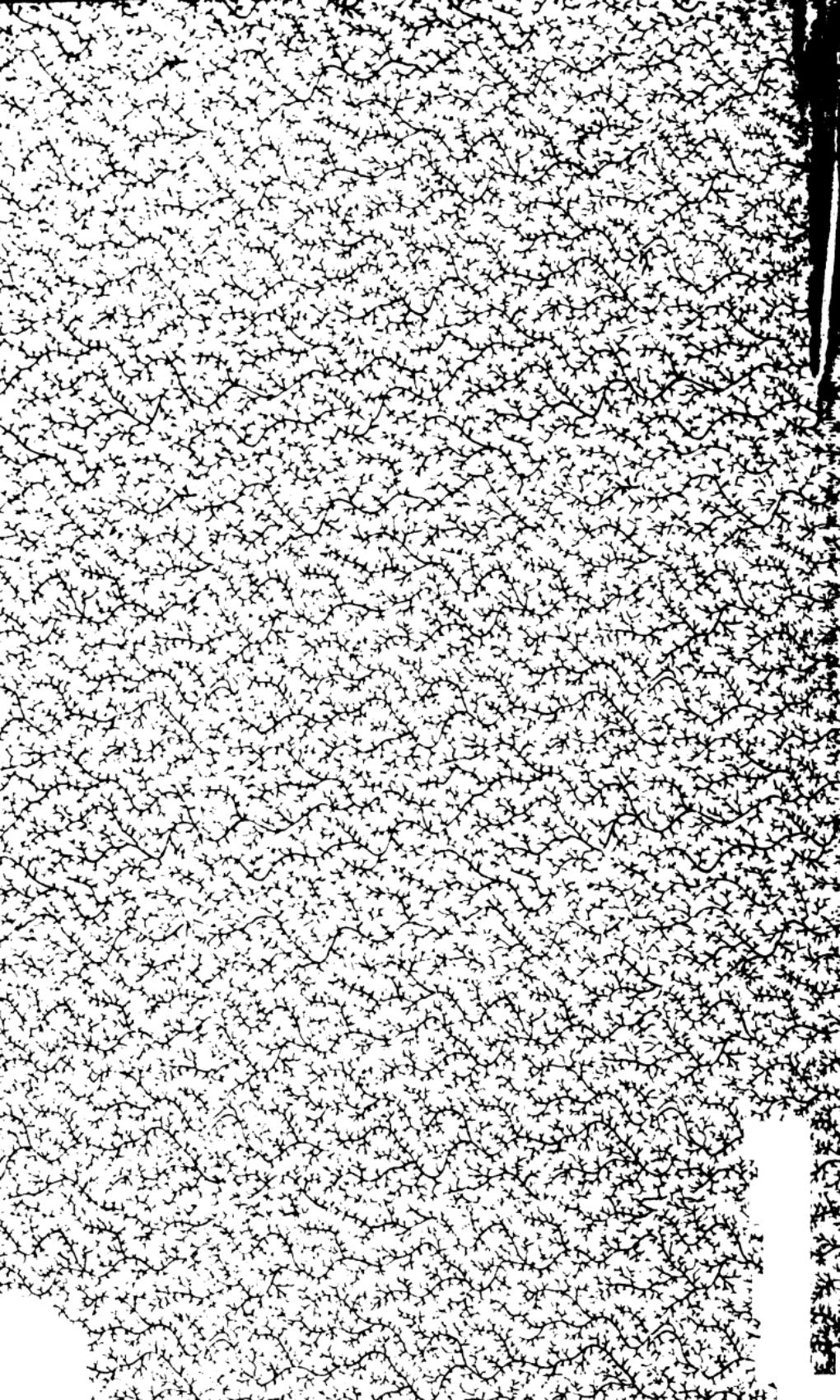
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